UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SAN DIEGO
3 1822 02465 1887

TO-DAY IN PALESTINE

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA
SAN DIEGO

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SAN DIEGO
3 1822 02465 1887

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/todayinpalestine00dunniala

THE MOSQUE OF OMAR

18674

TO-DAY IN PALESTINE

BY

H. W. DUNNING, PH.D.

Late Instructor in Semitic Languages in Yale University

Author of "To-Day On the Nile"

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

NEW YORK

JAMES POTT & COMPANY

1907

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY JAMES POTT & COMPANY

First Impression, November, 1907

PREFACE

No country has been so much studied by our ablest men and had so much written about it as Palestine. It is, however, an inexhaustible subject. As the land where Jesus lived, taught and died, it will never cease to be in the daily thought of the Christian. And therefore I think there is room for many more volumes that give to us a fuller knowledge of the land and people.

I have written primarily for the traveler. A visit to Palestine is no longer a difficult trip made by a few who delight and awe their friends and countrymen on their return. It is no more difficult than a tour in England, except that it is farther away and the country is not yet in all respects prepared to furnish the comfort and speed of more advanced lands. Many have made this tour and described it. But I do not think any person, however gifted, can gain a correct knowledge of the land in a single trip. The first trip only opens the way and gives a foundation upon which to build.

The only special claim that I can make for this book is that it embodies the observations of ten journeys. Often ideas that seemed reasonably well founded have with more experience been radically changed. A fair knowledge of colloquial Arabic has enabled me to learn directly from the people. And I trust that I

have gone about my task entirely open-minded and unprejudiced. It is important in the study of Palestine not to seek to prove or disprove the Scriptures, but to try to discover the actual facts.

As a result of the experience of many trips I may say that I have never had any trouble with the officials, consider the climate absolutely healthful, and can assure the intending traveler that he will find all reasonable comfort. I emphatically advise every Christian, old and young, man or woman, to see the land of the sacred book. Go as a pilgrim of old, nay more, go to learn and enjoy.

My thanks for assistance are due to my father, to Prof. John F. Genung, of Amherst, and to Mr. Albert E. Bailey. The photographs were taken by the photographer of the American Colony and by Mr. C. Raad, of Jerusalem.

BROOKLINE, MASS., *Nov.* 5, 1907.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	The First Day	1
II.	The Holy City	19
III.	Around Jerusalem	49
IV.	Hebron and the South Country	61
V.	Down to Jericho	71
VI.	Jerusalem to Nablus	86
VII.	Nablus and Samaria	104
VIII.	The Plain of Esdraelon	120
IX.	Galilee	133
X.	The Coast of Phoenicia	157
XI.	Beyrouth and Damascus	175
XII.	Beyond Damascus	200
XIII.	Palestine in Early Times	210
XIV.	When Jesus Lived	226
XV.	Palestine After Christ	239
XVI.	The Twentieth Century	249
XVII.	Practical Advice	260

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
Jaffa	4
The Jaffa Gate	20
The Church of the Holy Sepulchre	26
The Sacred Rock	34
Mosque El-Aksa	38
Easter Pilgrims	46
The Mount of Olives	52
Solomon's Pools	62
The Dead Sea	76
The Jordan	104
Tiberias	134
Mary's Well	142
Nazareth	154
Damascus	188
Hebron	212
Bethlehem	230
The Sea of Galilee	234
The Convent of Mar Saba	250
Christian Women of Ramallah	256
Jerusalem	266

TO-DAY IN PALESTINE

CHAPTER I

THE FIRST DAY

THE traveler and pilgrim of to-day usually comes to Palestine by way of Egypt. The steamer leaves Port Said in the early evening. Early the next morning we see a blue line on the eastern horizon which we know must be land. But it is not the coast of Palestine. It is the mountain range of Judea, the backbone of the country. As we draw nearer, the mountains become more distinct, and at last we see the sandy beach south of Jaffa. The town is on the promontory-like hill, which is more noticeable on account of the high stone buildings. They rise directly from the sea, in front of us, almost like terraces.

Some travelers, perchance, are inclined to muse on the Holy Land as they approach it, and to try to summon thoughts appropriate to the occasion. But most people will be occupied with the problem of landing themselves, those dependent on them, and their personal belongings. The landing at Jaffa is in evil repute. Several facts have conspired to bring this about. There is really no harbor in the modern sense of the

word. A reef of rocky ledges receives the oncoming waves of the Mediterranean. In time of storm the surf breaks heavily on the rocks, but the water inside is calm and untroubled. This protected basin is very small and shallow, in fact, capable of receiving only the smallest vessels. The little native craft run in here, and, once in, they are perfectly safe. There are only two entrances through the reef. In anything beyond an ordinary sea the entrance is difficult, dangerous and, in very boisterous weather, impossible. But the boats are not allowed to attempt to land passengers when it is really dangerous. A traveler's tale is prone to grow. Most women and some men who land in a moderate sea fall to imagining the dangers which might be, and persuade themselves that they have really been in great peril. I have come to Jaffa twenty or more times, at all seasons of the year, and have never yet failed to land with all safety and comfort. This is singularly good fortune, for I know that every winter and spring there are several storms which force the steamers to pass by. Therefore the question is whether we shall land or be carried on to Haifa or Beyrouth. A passenger carried to Haifa can either return by the next steamer or he can drive to Jaffa in a couple of days. If carried to Beyrouth, one must either come back by steamer or reverse his trip through Palestine. Sometimes during a quarantine it has happened that a steamer has gone to Beyrouth, passed through several days' quarantine, been unable to land at Jaffa, and deposited her passengers again at Port Said, whence they had originally sailed.

But let us return to our particular steamer. The anchor is dropped about half a mile from shore and

we await developments. The yellow flag is hoisted, denoting that our vessel has not yet been passed by the health officer, and is therefore technically in quarantine. A small fleet comes out through the reef and forms in line. The government boat, with the crescent flying at the stern, proceeds alone. In Egypt we have been actually under the Turkish flag, but the human atmosphere there is such that, although we have known that fact, we have not been fully conscious thereof. All eyes are gazing on that small boat, and, as it slowly approaches, the sight of the national flag reminds us that we are really coming to the land of the Turk.

We are interested in the line of small boats which we know are to take us ashore. They are no less interested in us, for the boatmen hope to receive some recompense in the form of currency in return for their labors in our behalf. Every eye is watching that yellow flag. When it falls—nay, when it starts to fall—the race for the ship begins. Each boat is manned by eight oarsmen, the finest and most expert in the world.

As usual, the disembarkation is a scene of great confusion and tumult. Those ascending and those descending use the same ladder, and do their best to use it at the same moment. Baggage of all sorts is brought to the same exit. However, all this is terrifying only to the traveler. The other actors are unconcerned, for it is their daily experience. At last we are all safely in the proper boats and start for the landing.

The view of Jaffa from the sea is impressive and grows on us as we approach. We pass through the reef, and even those to whom it is no new experience feel a thrill at the critical moment. Even before we

set foot on land our thoughts go back to the distant past, not to the time and scenes of the Bible, but to the dawn of the world according to the pagan Greeks and Romans. For it was here, on these rocky reefs, that the maiden Andromeda was chained as an offering to the wicked and voracious sea monster. The hero Perseus hastened to the rescue, slew the dragon and won undying fame and a beautiful bride. The chains were kept as a memorial and were shown to tourists until the Middle Ages.

The prophet Jonah set sail from here on his adventurous voyage. The wrath of Jehovah burst forth in the form of a tempest, and the frightened and superstitious sailors cast the worthy prophet into the waves. We are all familiar with the story. Some of us will later see the place between Sidon and Beyrouth where the whale landed his passenger.

A motley assemblage greets us at the landing. Willing volunteers assist us from the boat and direct us to the low shed known as the custom-house. But the examination here has no terrors for the traveler. It is well understood that a good-natured and complacent customs official should not be compelled to await his reward in the next world, or even to depend upon his superiors at Constantinople for proper recognition. The general acceptance of this truth has led to the establishment of a fixed tariff satisfactory to both parties. The tourist agent who lands the traveler has his arrangements all in order. Our luggage must literally pass "through" the custom-house, but it can pass through unopened.

Here we meet another evidence that we are in an earlier stage of civilization. I do not say lower stage,

Jaffa

for I am by no means sure that in all respects our civilization to-day is higher than that of past centuries, or higher than that of countries which we commonly consider to be below our own level. Porters take charge of our trunks, and not only take them through the custom-house, but carry them on their backs to the hotel two miles away. And in the streets of Jaffa we notice that a great part of the work of transporting merchandise of every kind is done by men. The inner streets are not well adapted to vehicles, and, moreover, human labor is cheapest. Kind-hearted visitors sometimes express sorrow and indignation at the sight of men toiling at work which we relegate to beasts or machinery. Their sympathy is wasted and misplaced. These men have a healthy, outdoor profession. They are by no means looked down upon by their fellow-citizens. I consider their lot superior to and happier than that of our New England factory hands.

It is not far from the landing place to the little mosque which, according to the tradition, occupies the site of the house of Simon the tanner. We are told in the ninth chapter of Acts how the apostle Peter, hearing of the death of the good Dorcas, came to Jaffa and restored her to life. Then he "abode many days in the house of one Simon the tanner." This is really all we know about Simon, but he has obtained great fame from entertaining the apostle, not only in his native city, but throughout the world. The tradition that this is his house is modern and not of great authority. However, there is nothing else to argue against it. There are some good arguments in its favor. We may therefore accept the identification. It is not the province of the traveler to examine and pronounce upon the identifica-

tion of ancient sites. That is the work of the scholar and explorer. The view of the harbor reefs from the roof of the mosque is interesting. We have seen them from the sea, then with more or less nervousness passed through, and now complete our survey by the view from the land.

At the main road we find carriages waiting and drive rapidly to the hotel in the German colony. So we do not see much of the city. We are already struck with the fact that Palestine is essentially a different country from Egypt. The atmosphere is different. Egypt, at least the inhabited portion, is a flat country, almost at sea level. Here we are between the mountains and the sea. Even the continuous fine weather in Egypt, at first novel and delightful, becomes monotonous, and people who are used to a temperate climate long for a storm and the accompanying refreshment and clarification of the air. The very houses of Jaffa, stoutly built of stone, look substantial and of a higher civilization. To be sure, in Cairo we have large and high buildings in the fashion of Southern Europe, but these are distinctly foreign to the land. The real Egypt is a land of mud huts. Such also exist in Palestine, as we shall see, but they are confined to small country settlements.

One more site of biblical interest, but of very doubtful authenticity, demands our attention. We have already spoken of Dorcas, the widow who made a reputation by caring for the poor and needy of Jaffa. Many church benevolent societies to-day in far-away America honor her memory by appropriating her name. Of course she must have had a house and later a tomb, for the miracle of Peter did not prevent a later demise. The Russians have obtained possession of these sacred

places and built a church over the site of the house and established an altar at the tomb.

Poor as the harbor of Jaffa is, it is the best and almost the only one on the whole coast of Palestine, from Mount Carmel to the border of Egypt. From remote antiquity, therefore, it has been a prominent seaport. Solomon brought the materials for his temple from Tyre and Mount Lebanon hither by sea. It is thought that at that time there was a bay to the north of the present city and that Solomon constructed a harbor. But this is hardly probable. The ancients with their small vessels and large force of human labor to load and unload did not attach the same importance to a good harbor that we do to-day. Our old friend Thuthmes III., the great warrior king of Egypt, mentions Jaffa in his list of conquered Syrian cities. Sennacherib, king of Assyria, also mentions it. When the temple was rebuilt in the time of Ezra and Nehemiah, the materials again came through Jaffa. In the time of the Maccabees, that is, in the second century before Christ, it was an important city, largely inhabited by Greeks. In the time of the Crusades it was known rather on account of the populousness and importance of the country round about than as a seaport. The Crusaders made Acre their principal port, and even seem to have preferred Askalon to Jaffa as the port of Jerusalem. In the thirteenth century the city was taken and destroyed by Sultan Baibars of Egypt. When Napoleon came to Syria it revived, and now is again the principal seaport of Palestine.

Sometimes a timid tourist asks, "Why do they not build a decent harbor here?" Then it occurs to him that it is undoubtedly to be charged to the Turkish

government, a sort of universal scapegoat for everything that does not meet the approval of the traveler. The real reason, of course, is that the cost of such a work would be out of all proportion to the benefit to be gained. It would be very costly. Who is to pay for it? The city of Jaffa? It would cost more than the valuation of the entire place, and the people are very well satisfied as they are. The Turkish empire? They are notoriously not overburdened with funds and have other pressing works which must be given precedence. The tourist? He would be the person most benefited, but I am sure would indignantly refuse to bear a minute portion of the cost. The solution of this problem, which the present century is bound to witness, is the construction of a harbor at Haifa, and then a railroad either to Jaffa or to a connection with the Jaffa-Jerusalem railway. Another probable future event is the building of a railroad along the coast plain from Egypt. The distance is comparatively short—less than one hundred and fifty miles. There are no engineering difficulties. Then the journey from Cairo to Jerusalem will be possible in a day and the trip will lose some of its present terrors—real and imaginary. It does not require a very remarkable prophetic insight to foresee the junction of the present Damascus system of railways with those coming southwards from Constantinople through Asia Minor. The through train from Paris to Constantinople is now a commonplace reality. A few years hence may see one to Damascus, Jerusalem and Cairo.

Three great trade routes start from Jaffa. All of them are practicable for wheeled vehicles, but nevertheless the camel, the great wagon of the ancient and

modern Orient, the mule and the donkey carry the goods. The railroad to Jerusalem has now been in operation for fifteen years and enjoys a profitable and steadily increasing traffic. The camel train will take the goods in safety from the landing at Jaffa to the bazaar at Jerusalem in two or three days, and in a land where time is not money, but coal is, the railroad cannot successfully compete with it. The passenger, and especially the pilgrim passenger, supports the railroad. Of the three routes above mentioned, the northern one leads to Nablus. Thence the caravans proceed on the ancient route to Jenin, skirt the plain of Esdraelon to Beisan, or descend to Tiberias, and even go on to Damascus. Others pass between Mounts Ebal and Gerizim and go down to Es-Salt, the metropolis of the Jordan valley. From there their goods are spread far and wide through the country beyond Jordan. The middle route serves only Jerusalem; it is easier to transport goods destined even to the shores of the Dead Sea via Nablus than over the backbone of Judea. The third route leads to ancient Gaza. The Bedawin from the entire south country, from Beersheba and even from the boundaries of Egypt, come to the bazaar at Gaza to supply themselves with the products of more civilized lands, especially powder and tobacco.

To-day Jaffa is rapidly gaining fame and wealth from her orange groves. The finest oranges in the world grow here. The fruit bears transportation well and easily keeps in good condition for two months or more. The English appreciate good fruit, and are willing to pay for it, and accordingly quite a number of steamers carry to them full or part cargoes of this delicious fruit. From any housetop the traveler may see

the entire country around the city occupied by orange gardens, in winter and spring full of golden globes. In early spring the new blossoms come out and fill the air with their fragrance. Sometimes fruit and blossoms can be seen on the same tree.

The train leaves at 2 P.M. for Jerusalem. During the winter months it goes an hour earlier in order to arrive before dark. The railroad was built by a French company and has been in operation since 1892. I happened to be in Jerusalem the day the first locomotive arrived there, August 20, 1892. Not only the people from the city, but many from the villages came to see the new wonder. Among them was a Bedawy from beyond Jordan. He carried back the report to his tribe, "It is like a great big iron woman. It gives one screech and then runs away." This ingenious description spread rapidly through the ancient land of Moab. At first the railroad failed to meet expenses, but of late years its business has greatly improved. It is interesting to know that the locomotives are from the Baldwin works at Philadelphia. They were originally made for a road in Central America, which was unfortunately not in a position to pay for them when they were ready for delivery. They happened to be just right for the Jaffa-Jerusalem line and were at once purchased and shipped.

Our train moves deliberately from the station, passes through a shallow cut, and then runs for some time among the orange gardens. At last we emerge upon the plain of Sharon. Biblical sites, of greater or less authenticity and importance, abound. I shall only call attention to the most important and interesting. I am sure that it is a mistake to allow the attention to be taken up with unimportant things, or even to be partly

occupied with them. The man who goes through life looking out for pins on the ground may pick up a few, but he will miss greater things. The study and identification of each little village belongs only to the special student of the Bible, and even he cannot or ought not to devote himself to it on his first trip. I am satisfied to know and feel that I am crossing the plain of Sharon, to watch the mountains of Judea as we gradually draw near to them, and occasionally to notice the more important memorials of the land in ancient times.

Two mud villages on our right are noticeable. The first is Yazur, and is said to be the place where Samson bound burning firebrands to the tails of three hundred foxes and sent them out into the fields of ripe grain to the discomfiture of the Philistines. Beit Dejan is the ancient Beth Dagon, named after the god of the Philistines. It recalls the story of the capture of the ark of Jehovah and its wanderings among the cities of Ashdod, Gath, and Ekron, continually bringing trouble to the inhabitants until in despair they returned it to the Israelites, with great honor and propitiatory gifts.

The first station is Lydda. The town lies some distance to the north. Lydda is famous chiefly as the scene of a miracle by Saint Peter and as the home of Saint George. Of course the saint has a church built over his tomb. Lydda suffered severely in the cholera epidemic of 1902.

Ramleh, the next place, is a more important village. The inhabitants are principally Muslims. Tradition has been busy here. Although it is a well established fact that Ramleh was not founded until 716 A.D., there is a tradition that it represents the ancient Arimathea, whence came Joseph, in whose tomb Christ was laid. A

Franciscan convent marks his house. The Tower of Ramleh is known as the Tower of the Forty Martyrs, and it is said that their bones lie in the vaults beneath. According to the Muslims, they were forty companions of the prophet Muhammad. Even those who doubt both of these tales can enjoy the view from the top. Palestine is a land of beautiful and extensive views. From a few well-chosen vantage places a complete survey of the land can be had. Our first great view was from the steamer as we approached the coast, our second was from the roof of the Russian church at Jaffa—essentially the same but nearer. Now we are in the center of the plain of Sharon. It is still the same country, but we are now in the midst of the villages and can pick out the principal places. To the south lies the country of Philistia, whence, curiously enough, comes the modern name of Palestine. The name of the ancient enemies of Judah and Israel is now applied to their inheritance. On the east the ground rises gradually, then come the foothills, and further away the real mountains of Judea. In the late afternoon the sun, descending into the Mediterranean, lights up every peak and hilltop, and finally, just before he disappears, covers them with a radiance as of veritable gold. Northward stretches the plain, narrowing toward Mount Carmel, which can be seen only by the eye of faith or imagination. It is truly our first great picture of the land. Of course the through traveler by the train cannot expect to see it. Such scenes are visible only to the tourist of leisure traveling by the old road.

Soon after leaving Ramleh we notice a small hill on the left. This is Tell Abu Shusheh, or Tell Jezer, the ancient Gezer. Mr. Macalister, on behalf of The Pales-

tine Exploration Fund, has recently examined this mound with most interesting and valuable results. It was found that several cities successively occupied this site from before the time of Abraham. Articles of Egyptian origin, such as seals, rings, and other jewelry, show the wealth of the city and the great influence of Egypt in the land even as early as the twelfth dynasty (B.C. 2500). This was the very city which was given to Solomon as the dowry of Pharaoh's daughter. The discovery and excavation of the sanctuary brought forth information and material of unusual interest. Here we find a genuine ancient Canaanite "High Place" with the stone pillars still in position. Under the pavement were large clay vessels containing the bones of children, doubtless those of victims sacrificed to the deity.

Soon we enter the Wady es-Sarar, the ancient valley of Sorek, known as the residence of Delilah, one of the heroines of early Bible times. Farther on, to the left, we see a huge cavern, called to this day Samson's Cavern.

We have some two thousand feet to climb up the valley. The country becomes more and more mountainous. We enjoy some fine bits of mountain scenery and can almost fancy ourselves in Switzerland. But the pervading tone is of desolation, of dry, unfertile rocks. Ledges, boulders, stones of every size abound. We know that it can and does rain here abundantly. But the water slips over the ledges to the bottom of the valley and thence hastens to the plain, doing little good in the highlands. The hills are carefully terraced, and indeed must be so treated to provide a level place for cultivation and to keep the earth from being speedily

washed away. True there are trees—old, gnarled, gray olive trees. But they only accentuate the general barrenness. A few patches of level land with a scanty growth of wheat, and in summer a few vineyards, yielding profusely but at enormous cost in labor and taxes, complete the resources of this part of the country. We are unconsciously gaining an idea of the land, which will be useful later when we come to sum up the results of our trip, and invaluable to those whose interest or profession requires them to know the country historically and actually.

The latter part of our journey is a little wearisome. This is not the fault of the country or even of the railroad. It is a considerable mental task to go through all we have done to-day. Our day of mental activity began some two hours earlier than usual. And there has been no rest. For this is to us a new country, teeming with places to be seen, studied and remembered. The brain is a little empire in itself. It tires and becomes exhausted as surely and as easily as the body. And the consequences of forcing it are certain and terrible. The sight-seeing traveler, and especially he who would also be a student, must remember and ponder over this fact. Time is money, but health is greater than either.

The last station, Bittir, claims some attention. It was the center of the insurrection led by the false prophet Bar Kochba in the second century. The Romans captured the city after a siege of three and a half years. Exaggerated tales are told of the size of the place and of the numbers who were massacred.

At last the train stops and the general exodus of the passengers leads us to think that we have arrived at

Jerusalem. There is a small station, two or three stone houses, and quite a gathering of men and carriages. We have, in fact, reached the station of Jerusalem, but the city is hidden by a low hill. There is the usual harmless confusion of the East, and finally we are established in one of the rickety carriages. Our driver is not content to wait his turn to pass through the narrow lane to the main road, but struggles to force his way ahead of his rivals. In a moment we get our first sight of the Holy City, the southwest corner, Mount Zion. But the striking view on the right seizes upon our attention. The land falls away down, down into the valley of Himmon. Farther away we see an empty space which we know is the Dead Sea. Beyond are the mountains of Moab, apparently within a few miles, but actually some thirty miles distant.

There is usually an exciting race from the station to the hotel. The road descends rapidly, turns sharply to the right, crosses the valley by the causeway, turns again to the left and ascends steeply to the Jaffa gate. Our driver wishes to get as much momentum from the descent as possible to help him on the up grade. So it is apt to be a pretty wild ride.

I have described the railway journey from Jaffa to Jerusalem, for that is the route chosen by most travelers. Perhaps I ought not to say chosen, for most of them do not have enough knowledge of the subject to choose. In rainy or uncertain weather it is necessary to go by train. For most people this is the easiest way. But it makes a very fatiguing day to go through the landing at Jaffa, see the sights of that city, continue by the afternoon train and arrive at Jerusalem the same evening. It is better to spend the night at Jaffa

and proceed by train on the following day. The first day can be spent in visiting Jaffa. An interesting visit can be paid the next morning to the German " Temple " colony at Sarona. I shall have more to say of the German colonists later. Really the best way for those who wish to see and learn the most of the land, and who do not begrudge a little fatigue in so doing, is to drive to Ramleh in the afternoon and continue in our carriages to Jerusalem the next day. There is a comfortable hotel at Ramleh. The view from the tower alone is worth a great deal. I think it is of great importance to enter any new country, and especially Palestine, gradually. To plunge ahead and arrive at Jerusalem within eight or ten hours of landing at Jaffa is too much.

The road follows about the same course as the railroad until Ramleh is reached. Leaving Ramleh early in the morning, the traveler has good time to stop at Tell Abu Shusheh and visit the excavations. Further on are the ruins of Latrun and the village of Amwas. The former place was famous in mediæval Christendom as the home of Dismas, the penitent thief. Of course a church was built in his honor. Amwas was an important place in the centuries just before Christ. It is probably not the Emmaus of the New Testament, for it is much too far from Jerusalem.

Bab-el-Wad, as the name implies, is the entrance to the valley, the Wady Ali. It boasts a coffee house, and is the usual place to halt for refreshment for man and beast.

The road ascends the valley. After about an hour it reaches the top of the shephelah, or foothills. We must look back across the plain of Sharon and see again the places which we have noted in our ride. Jaffa, Ramleh

and Lydda stand forth prominently and are the principal features in the mental picture which we carry away with us.

The village of Abu Ghosh gained great fame in the middle of the last century as a nest of bold thieves and robbers. They were the terror of the traveler and pilgrim. It mattered not if he possessed much or little, they wanted even that little, and took possession of it if they could. The children of Abu Ghosh to-day are obliged to hold these pleasant traits in concealment, but nevertheless they have an air of superiority over the fellahin on account of their honorable ancestry.

We cannot call any drive in Palestine uninteresting, but we may say that the next few miles offer nothing of great interest. There are a few villages, each claiming to represent some biblical site. Kuloniyeh claims to be the ancient Emmaus, with perhaps more plausibility than Amwas. But the weight of evidence and tradition seems to point to El-Kubeiheh, near Neby Samwil.

As we approach Jerusalem we get a glimpse of Bethlehem, Mar Elyas, and the Monastery of the Cross. Farther on we see the Mount of Olives, the dome of the Mosque of Omar, and the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. It is our first view of the Holy City, and is fully as impressive as, and more complete than that enjoyed by the rail traveler from the Hebron Road.

It is unfortunate that we must approach Jerusalem from the west, for the city slopes from northwest to southeast. I wish that all travelers could have their first view of the Holy City from the place where the road from Jericho and Bethany sweeps around the Mount of Olives. This point is higher than the city,

but not enough to make one feel that he is far above it and looking down upon it. The temple area is directly before him and the city rises behind the great black dome of the Mosque of Omar, as if placed in a great amphitheater.

CHAPTER II

THE HOLY CITY

I USE this title purposely and it requires no apology. From the first days of its existence Jerusalem has been a holy city, and to-day among several cities sacred in the estimation of mankind Jerusalem easily holds first place. The followers of three great religions reverence it. The Jew, scattered throughout the wide world, turns his thoughts hither morning and evening. To him the psalms of the exile are still full of meaning as when they were uttered "by the rivers of Babylon." He knows that the inheritance of his race is in the power of the stranger and that he is only permitted to dwell there as a stranger. But he inwardly rejoices that its lord is the Muslim and the Turk, not the hated and despised Christian. The Christian reveres the city as the sanctuary where his religion was slowly forming before the birth of its Founder, the place where He lived and labored during much of His short ministry on earth and the scene of His crucifixion and resurrection. Muhammad, the prophet of Islam, pronounced it a holy city and for a time caused his followers to direct their prayers toward it. Later he made Mecca the rallying point for the faith, and at his death the possession of his tomb gave Medina the next place. But Jerusalem still is a holy city in the eyes of the Muslim, ranking only after these two homes of their prophet.

The visitor, whether traveling by rail or by carriage, usually arrives as night begins to fall. It is of course out of the question to do any sightseeing at once. Fortunately we have ample time and it is therefore unnecessary. For this is not a land for the rushing tourist sightseer. It is difficult to tell a man who thinks he can devote only two weeks to Palestine and four days to Jerusalem that he ought not to come. But most people who do come to Palestine can arrange to have a reasonable time if they seriously wish it.

Jerusalem is not a city for the stranger unacquainted with the vernacular to wander around alone in, especially on the night of his arrival. But, with proper escort, a walk through the city on our first evening is a better and more fitting introduction to the Holy City than to come upon it in the bustle and confusion of the early morning. We enter at the Jaffa Gate. Here we run into danger, for two shops with tourist goods are situated just inside the gate. They keep open as long as there is any hope of business, and even have watchers to secure any unwary traveler who may chance to pass by. From their point of view, an hour can be spent to much better advantage in their brightly lighted showrooms than wandering about the dark and unattractive streets. Of course you are not expected to purchase. The merchant invites you to enter that he may have the pleasure of exhibiting his wares to you.

Having safely passed Scylla and Charybdis (both on the same side of the street) we plunge into David Street. Until within a few years the city was entirely unlighted, and the law required everyone to carry a lantern after sundown. This, of course, furnished a fine opportunity for demanding bakshish from the

The Jaffa Gate

unlighted pedestrian. Now, however, there are occasional oil lamps in the principal thoroughfares. A special tax is levied for this improvement. Strange to say the chief protestants against it were the foreign property owners.

We go down David Street and turn to the left into Christian Street. It is hardly correct to term these alleys streets. The first is a series of steps. Christian Street is level and comparatively broad. Both are lined with shops and are the most important passageways of the city.

In a few moments we find ourselves at the court of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. It is impressive to stand there for a few minutes and gaze on the scene before us. It is familiar from pictures. But no picture ever equals the reality, or can call forth the thoughts and emotions awakened by the actual scene. For a moment the question of the genuineness of the site can be put aside. We see before us the church which for fifteen hundred years has been the most sacred place in the world to Christendom. What matter whether the identification of St. Helena and the early Christian fathers is correct or not? This is the church for which the crusades were fought, for which the warriors of our faith and blood fought and died, never doubting that it was the place where the Messiah had yielded His life on the cross for the children of men.

The absence of tawdry ornamentation is most fitting. Later we can appreciate this better when we contrast it with the interior of the church. We have entered through a doorway. Apparently there is no other entrance, though we shall find that there is a small

door, less than five feet in height, by which we may leave. Back of us is a high plain white wall. The buildings on either hand are severely plain. In front of us rises the church, not very high, surmounted by its great black dome. The scene grows on the beholder. The architecture of the church cannot be called crude or unpleasing. The utter plainness of the other three sides of the court brings the main building out into greater prominence.

Unfortunate is the traveler who comes here for his first visit in the glare of day, when the court is filled with human beings of every race and condition. Occupied in repelling beggars, peddlers, guides, and nuisances of every description, he is, of course, totally unable to indulge in any contemplation of the scene or thoughts of the history which has been enacted here. On the other hand, even in the early evening, the place is usually deserted. A full moon shines directly on the church, and he who is so favored as to see it then for the first time is doubly fortunate. Even on a moonless night the outlines can be distinguished.

Near Easter we can generally gain admittance to the church in the evening. A small bakshish may be necessary to get in, and, perhaps, a larger one to get out. Pilgrims who are indifferent to creature comforts spend the night huddled together on the bare stone floor. An occasional candle or primitive lamp burning before the holy pictures or over a holy spot hardly makes the darkness visible. Of course little can be seen, but it may be worth while to enter. Every new scene or impression has its value.

We leave the court by the low door on the west and find ourselves at the new Prussian Church of the

Redeemer. Proceeding north, we come in due time to the ascent to the Damascus Gate. We could go down the Via Dolorosa and out St. Stephen's Gate. The view of Olivet by moonlight is beautiful, but human powers have a limit, and it is best to leave this for another time. Unless there is a good moon I rather advise against going beyond the Holy Sepulcher.

The Damascus Gate is almost on the top of the Bezetha Hill. It can be mounted, and from the top the whole of Jerusalem proper can be seen. On a clear moonlight night everything is visible as clearly as in the day. But all is quiet, and the very softness of the light renders the picture more pleasing and lessens the work of looking at and enjoying it. The reader may think that I dwell too much on views and impressions. But of what else is a trip made up? Surely one's enjoyment of a tour, the resultant knowledge which he brings home with him is only the composite picture, as it were, of these views and impressions. How important, then, that they be obtained under the most favorable circumstances. Does it not make all the difference in the world in any tour whether the skies are clear, the mind open and unfatigued, and the stomach full? I have had considerable experience in travel and am sure of my ground here. The impressions and resultant pictures of men traveling and seeing under favorable conditions, or the opposite, are as far apart as the poles.

The description of the view from the Damascus Gate can be applicable equally to night or day. In front of us is the great black dome of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, which we have just seen. Beyond is Mount Zion with the two Jewish synagogues. On our right

we have the Tower of David and the large buildings of the convent of Notre Dame de France. In front, and a little to the left, is the Mosque of Omar standing alone on the rocky plateau. Nearer is a square tower known as the Tower of Antonia. On the extreme left is the Mount of Olives. The gilded domes of the Russian church glitter, and we know that just beneath them is the Garden of Gethsemane. Back of us is the low range of Mount Scopus. It is from the Damascus Gate that we get the best idea of the physical features of Jerusalem. We are on Bezetha. Mount Zion is on our right. Mount Moriah appears much lower. The line of the Tyropean or Cheesemaker's Valley is distinctly traced between them. We know that in early times it was much more marked. For Jerusalem has been frequently destroyed, and the débris of a ruined city always tends to fill up the valleys. It is estimated that the ancient surface is, in some places, more than one hundred feet below the level of to-day.

Time goes fully as quickly in Jerusalem as in our own homes, and it is pretty late when we get back to the hotel. But the time has been well spent and we have gained a pleasant and valuable introduction to the city we have come so far to see.

Jerusalem, besides a host of objects of minor importance, has two great objects of interest for the traveler to see. I refer to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher and the Haram esh-Sherif, or the temple area. I have already spoken of the exterior view of the former, and briefly of its history. It is not my province to go minutely into the details of the interior. The guide-book and the dragoman will do that.

On entering we notice the Turkish soldiers at the

door. They are here to preserve the peace among the Christian visitors and pilgrims. It is a strange fact that the hatred of different sects of the same religion toward each other is vastly greater than that felt toward those of other faiths. Normally the Greek Christian hates the Latin with a pure and holy hatred. The latter cheerfully and freely reciprocates. Both look on the Muslim as beyond their love or hatred. And he calmly despises them. History tells us of frequent bloody conflicts within the very church. Within a century three hundred devout Christians fell at the solemn Easter festival. Every year there are tumults, often accompanied by bloodshed. And this is the picture offered to the world in its holiest sanctuary by a religion proclaiming "peace on earth, good will toward men." Humiliating though it is, yet we may be thankful that the Muslim rules here. For if Russia, representing the temporal power of the Greek church, should hold sway, the Latins would soon have a real or imaginary occasion to make trouble. And, if a Roman Catholic power should rule, we can hardly expect that the Greek would be allowed the full enjoyment of the holy place. Even if an enlightened Christian power, such as Germany, England, or the United States, were in control, I am quite sure that fair treatment to all Christians would not be as certain or as well maintained as under present conditions. The temptation to modernize, civilize, and improve would be great, and might lead to trampling upon the mere rights of some of our fellow-beings and co-religionists. Of course it would be for their good, but, as in the matter of reforming English orthography, I am content to let nature work slowly and surely. We cannot, or at least

ought not, to hasten the civilization of the world by violence.

Passing the stone of unction, near the entrance, we come to the chapel of the sepulcher, under the great dome. This is, of course, the holy of holies. All the sects have a right to entrance here, and the ownership and maintenance of the various lamps is carefully apportioned among them. Whatever may be our ideas about the Holy Sepulcher and its location, we are struck with the utter absence of fitness in this place. If it be, indeed, the place of the burial of our Lord, the superstitious care of the church has so transformed it that only the blind faith of the devout and ignorant can recognize it.

In one of the chapels leading from the rotunda, two niches resembling ancient tombs are shown. A late and valueless tradition asserts that these were the tombs of Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus. If they were genuine ancient tombs they would be valuable evidence that this knoll was outside the walls of the ancient city. For the presence of the dead would defile a Hebrew city, and no tomb would have been allowed within the walls of Jerusalem. But it is not at all certain that this idea prevailed in pre-Christian times. Biblical passages can be quoted which go to disprove it.

In the Latin sacristy are shown the sword, spurs, and cross of Godfrey de Bouillon. Baedeker doubts their genuineness, on what grounds I know not. Without any special knowledge I have always regarded these rusty relics as among the few things here worthy of acceptance and belief.

Several chapels, altars, pictures, and columns, each with its own claim to attention and honor, are shown

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre

by the dragoman. From one point we descend a flight of steps into a large and well-lighted church. This is the chapel of the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, the first Christian emperor. Still lower is a grotto or cavern in the natural rock. This is the chapel of the Invention (*i.e.*, Discovery) of the True Cross. The legend tells how the empress was directed in a dream to search for it in this place. She immediately set men to work and they were speedily rewarded by the discovery, not only of the actual cross on which Jesus was crucified, but also of those occupied by the two thieves. Nay, more, the cross was expansive, like the widow's cruse of oil, and sufficient material was obtained to supply most of the churches and religious establishments of her time and the succeeding centuries. Poor, indeed, was the church in the Middle Ages which did not have a genuine piece of the only genuine cross.

Coming back to the entrance of the church we mount to the chapels on Golgotha or Mount Calvary. Here we are shown the place where the crosses were inserted in the rock. Incidentally we are told that Adam was buried here, and that this was the place where Abraham was preparing to offer Isaac when the ram was miraculously furnished to take the place of the youth.

We emerge with a feeling of relief that the ordeal is over. We have been told so much, and it has been so huddled, that reason revolts. Even if all these things are true it is in the highest degree improbable that they all occurred in this small space. We must not, however, dismiss the subject hastily as a mass of falsehood. It is possible to put our ideas in order and perhaps gain some thoughts of value.

Probably no scholar of any Christian sect would

affirm an unquestioning belief in all these legends. Some might assert that it was necessary to maintain them in order that the church might keep its hold upon the ignorant mass of its members. Many Christian scholars, however, do hold that this was really the place of the crucifixion and burial of Jesus. The Greek and Latin churches have taken such a strong position that if one of their priests should doubt it he would *ipso facto* be guilty of heresy. So if they presume to investigate the question at all they do it not to find out the truth, but to support the teaching of their churches. The Protestant churches have had no theory to prove and uphold, and therefore their scholars have been able to make an unprejudiced examination of the facts. I find that the consensus of their opinion is agianst the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. They do not agree, however, upon any other site, and some of them do not even try to point out one. Ferguson, an eminent authority, maintained that the Church of Constantine was on the rock in the temple area, and that it was later transferred, together with all the holy relics and legends to the present site.

Just outside the Damascus Gate, and on the left of the great highway leading northward, is a small hill or knoll. It has a peculiar shape, not unlike a skull. Two grottoes happen to be placed just where the eyes belong. Even in a photograph we can see the remarkable resemblance. Some years ago a rock tomb was discovered in a garden near this hill. It contained receptacles for four bodies, but only one had been finished. Therefore, it is argued that it is the new tomb wherein no man had been laid. It was also closed by a rolling stone. Many scholars regard this mound as Golgotha,

the hill of the crufixion, and this tomb as the veritable Holy Sepulcher. These identifications rest, indeed, on nothing but conjecture, based on suggestion from the peculiar shape of this knoll. But they lead us to doubt the authenticity of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and to believe, with much feeling of confidence, that the hill and tomb outside the Damascus Gate are the places described in the Scripture narrative.

In speaking of the church we have had to deal considerably with traditions. Some of these are so ridiculous, so palpably false and untrustworthy, that they are not to be given a moment's serious consideration. But the untrustworthiness of some, or even of many, traditions should not be allowed to induce us, unjustly, to condemn all traditional evidence. How often we hear a place spoken of as the "traditional site," with the implication that merely because of the tradition it has to be rejected. But a tradition is evidence, as far as it goes, and must be reckoned with exactly according to its worth. A tradition of recent origin has not equal evidential value with an ancient one. A tradition which is at variance with other known facts must still be weighed as evidence. If these opposing facts are clearer, stronger or better supported, they will prevail, and the tradition will be outweighed. When Jesus Christ perished as a malefactor on the cross, his adherents were few and of low degree. Even these few lost heart. His resurrection reinspired them, and the faith slowly spread. The world was polytheistic, and, at first, the new religion was allowed to grow unmolested as merely the religion of another deity. It was only when it began to claim to be the only true religion and denied the divinity of the other gods and

religions that persecution arose. The prospect of a glorious existence in heaven, far superior to that enjoyed by ordinary believers, was held out to the martyrs. All religions use this weapon, especially in their infancy. Mankind, and to a far greater degree, womankind, is excited by opposition or persecution. And so the new faith grew apace. The day of triumph came when the emperor, Constantine the Great, became a Christian. The whole Roman world at once saw that Christianity was the true faith and hastened to adopt it. Paganism died hard, but none the less surely.

The Christians of the first centuries seem to have had little zeal in identifying and preserving the sacred sites. The Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, undertook the task of identifying and marking the sacred places. Therefore, many traditions date back to her. And it was not so very long after the death of Christ that she began her work of identification. The crucifixion took place in the year 29 of our era. It is reasonable to assume that some of those who witnessed it were still alive in the year 100. Many would still be living in 150 who had heard the story at first hand. The memory of aged Christians in the time of Helena (325 A.D.) would reach back to the year 250. Therefore we have a gap of only a century, a period easily bridged by two lives. So, from the eyewitnesses to Helena's authority, the tradition would need to pass through only three persons, and, possibly, through only two. Undoubtedly she did her best to obtain trustworthy information. But when this could not be had the lady was by no means ready to accept the situation. Something had to be done. Sometimes a dream oppor-

tunely helped. So, in one way or another, most of the sacred places were discovered and suitably cared for. The mania for holy places and holy relics spread rapidly, and soon all Palestine was covered with churches and crosses.

The other great object of interest at Jerusalem is the Haram esh-Sherif or temple area. In fact, on some accounts, this ought to be given the first place. We are much more certain of the historical facts connected with it. It is a place of beauty. Its quiet and cleanliness are in strong contrast with the tumult and crowd of the holy but unwashed at the Holy Sepulcher. Even if we omit the legendary tales of Adam and Abraham, the historical interest in the temple goes back one thousand years further than in the church. One is the holy place of the Old Testament, of the Jew and Judaism, the other is the holy of holies of the New Testament, of the Christian and Christianity.

When the Empress Helena conducted her search for holy places her zeal was entirely devoted to places connected with the life and work of Jesus Christ. The Christian pilgrim of the early centuries, as well as his descendant to-day, paid no attention to the scenes of the Old Testament. When the Muslim came, he found the temple area a waste and put his beautiful mosque there, by long odds the handsomest building in all Palestine. The Crusaders held Jerusalem for nearly a century. Like the early Christians, they concentrated their religious zeal on Christ, and the temple was left to the despised Jew and the hated Muslim. We are grateful for its escape. How much better it is, in its fresh simplicity, unmarred by church or pilgrim. The Jew comes to wail at the outer wall of the temple enclo-

sure. He would not enter if he could, for he might unwittingly tread upon the holy of holies, and so commit a deadly sin. Until within a few years, admittance was difficult for the Christian visitor. Now, however, although some formalities are necessary, all difficulty is overcome by proper payment. The place belongs to the Muslim, and we are not allowed to forget it. And we may thank him for preserving it through the centuries of darkness.

We have tarried a little in our narrative. I am sure, however, that it is worth while to have these historical thoughts in mind before going to the temple.

Due notice having been given at the consulate, the kavass, or consular attendant, is ready in full uniform. On the way we stop at the Serai (city hall) and obtain a Turkish soldier as escort. This is theoretically necessary, and to diminish or do away with the compulsory escort would amount to their voluntarily surrendering part of the entrance fees.

We enter at the "cotton" gate, so-called because it is opposite the old cotton bazaar. The vaults here are not now used for the storage of cotton, but for filthy garbage. The worst sight in the whole city is a group of children playing in these bins exactly as they would do on a clean sand heap. The passage through this place causes the brightness and cleanliness of the temple area to stand forth in strong contrast.

Probably the choice of this gate for the introduction of strangers is merely a matter of chance, or of convenience. It is fortunate that it is also the best entrance from the visitor's standpoint. Mounting a few steps we find ourselves on the upper paved platform. Before us is the Kubbet es-Sakra, or dome of

the rock. This is the most beautiful and historically the most interesting building in Jerusalem, and, indeed, in Palestine. We ought to go around it and spend some time in looking at it, appreciating and absorbing it from every side. But the regular program is to get inside as soon as possible. The wonders and marvels are there, and, moreover, we have a great deal to do in one short morning.

We put on the usual slippers in the little pavilion called "David's Judgment Place." The appearance of the motley slippers and the incongruous mistakes in allotting them, give occasion for joking and laughter, which is sadly out of keeping with the place. Not that the solemnity of the place should necessarily make us a lugubrious company, but that the contemplation of a ludicrous and utterly unimportant subject puts us in an inappropriate frame of mind, which it is difficult to shake off.

Inside there are only two things worthy of time and attention.

The great rock appeals to us by its hugeness and simplicity. Many traditions and stories are told about the rock. Abraham is said to have prepared to offer up Isaac here. It is not improbable that it was the threshing floor of Araunah, the Jebusite. It is admirably adapted for an ancient threshing floor, or for setting up an altar. There are evidences that the great altar for burnt offerings of Solomon's temple stood here. According to Muslim tradition, Muhammad started on his famous visit to heaven from the top of the rock. It even started to follow him, but the angel Gabriel put out his hand and restrained it. The impression of the hand is plainly visible. It did not

return to its place, and now stands suspended some four feet above the surface of the ground, and with no support except a wall built to reassure the visitor of insufficient faith. At the judgment day, God's throne will be placed here and all humanity will assemble in the valley of Jehosaphat, right in front of us.

Besides the dome, the visitor must enjoy and admire the interior of the mosque. The delicate screen work, the ornamentation of the cupola, the stained glass windows, the graceful pillars, and the Oriental carpets all harmonize into a beautiful whole. The effect is made all the stronger by contrast with the general aspect of the city, and the tawdriness and irreverent tumult of the Christian church.

A small marble table with curiously carved legs is said to have come from Solomon's temple. This is not improbable. We rather wonder that so little has survived. The hair of the prophet's beard, the stone with the three and a half nails, and other similar objects are worthy of attention only out of respect to the sheikhs of the mosque. The sheikhs have a regular tariff of fees which is paid them through the consular kavass. But these holy men are no whit behind the rest of the world in their desire for wealth. In fact they have a special arrangement so that some of the superfluous coin of their visitors may be attracted to their pockets in return for the promise of sure entrance into heaven and its delights. The sheikh takes position on the carpet and announces that a franc or a shilling placed in front of him will secure his prayers for the donor. He even goes so far as to guarantee admittance to heaven. In order not to shut out small contributions he states that half a franc will take you half way. Pre-

The Sacred Rock

sumably the balance must be paid later or made up by the good character or good deeds of the applicant.

The entire area of the Haram is filled with prayer niches, pulpits, holy places, cisterns, remains of ancient dwellings—all interesting to the student, but impossible of attention for most visitors. Still, some of them may be briefly noticed. We have already seen David's Judgment Seat. On the corner of the raised platform is a beautiful marble pulpit erected by a pious kadi four hundred and fifty years ago. Near the inner wall is the fountain of Kait Bey. We remember his burial mosque in the tombs of the caliphs near Cairo. Descending the steps we come to the circular pool supplied with water from the Pools of Solomon.

The mosque of Aksa is worthy of more attention than it usually receives from the visitor. Again I must protest, however, against trying to see too much at one time. The traveler should either firmly resolve to confine himself to the things of large importance and omit details and objects of interest merely as curiosities, or he should make two visits to the Haram.

We know that the Emperor Justinian built a large basilica church in honor of Mary, the Mother of Christ. Most authorities think that it stood here. But while the early pilgrims and Arab chroniclers tell us much about the Dome of the Rock, they have little to say about the mosque El Aksa. Like us they have exhausted themselves on the former. Nevertheless, El Aksa is the official or cathedral mosque of Jerusalem to-day. Hither on each Friday come the governor, the kadi, and all the civil and military dignitaries of the city to worship God. Moreover, is it not specially mentioned in the Quran, as the " most distant " mosque

(Sura XVIII.) to which the prophet was carried from Mecca by the wonderful steed, El Burak, on the occasion of his journey to the seventh heaven? The building has suffered severely from earthquakes. Being built on artificial foundations the trembling of the ground has shaken it more than its neighbor, built on the firm, natural rock. We can still trace the ground plan of the basilica. The interior reminds one of the earlier mosques at Cairo, such as that of Amr or Ibn Tulun. The rows of columns recall the mosque at Cordova. There is some fine work in the pulpit. Beautiful Oriental rugs cover the floor. The general appearance however, is rather bare. Several holy places are shown, such as the tomb of the sons of Aaron, and a genuine footprint of Christ. From the windows in the southeast corner we get a striking view of the valley of the Kedron.

The subterranean vaults are interesting, although we are, as usual, very uncertain as to their history. They may have been built by David or Solomon. Or the workmen of Justinian may have built them in order to level the ground for his church. In that case he probably used ancient material, as the stones seem to have been quarried by the Hebrews. It is evident that the Knights Templars, to whose charge the temple area and its mosques fell in the period when the city was in the hands of the Crusaders, stabled their horses here. We can see the holes at the foot of the pillars to which they were tied. We have no evidence that Solomon kept his horses here. To be sure we are told in Chronicles that Solomon had four thousand stalls for horses, and, if so, they must have occupied quite a large place, even more extensive than these vaults. We can, however, cut down these figures. Horses

were little known or used in Palestine at that time. The mountainous country around Jerusalem is not a place for horses, still less for chariots, and had Solomon possessed the number attributed to him he would certainly have found trouble in using them.

The evidences of the double and triple gate are interesting. The former is perhaps the "Huldah Portal" of the Talmud. The sacred processions from the Pool of Siloam entered the temple at this gate in the time of our Lord, and it is by no means improbable that He, himself, passed through it.

Coming again to the surface we must go to the Golden Gate. We know that there was a golden gate to the temple, the name being transferred to this gate of the Haram. It has been walled up for centuries because of a legend that a Christian conqueror of Jerusalem would enter the city through it. When the Crusaders were in power the procession from Bethany on Palm Sunday entered by it, representing as closely as possible Christ's triumphant entry. From the roof we enjoy a fine survey of the Valley of Jehoshaphat and the Mount of Olives. Still finer and more impressive is the view of the Haram. It is the same as that from the same elevation on Olivet. But we are nearer, so that there is nothing else in the picture. The Dome of the Rock stands out right in front of us, and apparently far to the left is the mosque El Aksa. There is nothing else in the picture. The glittering brightness of the stone pavement is tempered by the green sward interspersed with a few olive trees in our immediate foreground. It is emphatically the view of this historic place for us to take away in our mental album.

Near by is a small, bare, and dilapidated building. It

has been consecrated as a mosque and is called the Throne of Solomon. According to the legend, not to be called a tradition, Solomon was here engaged in superintending the building of the temple when he suddenly became aware of the presence of Azrael, the angel of Death. Perceiving that his time had come, Solomon requested that his body might remain uncorrupted and upright for the space of a year. For the demons who were building the temple were forced to labor only by the magic power of the wisest of monarchs. The request was granted. The toiling demons did not dare to raise their eyes, but continued busily at work thinking that their dread master was watching them. At the expiration of the appointed time one of them drew near to Solomon and discovered that he was dead. He announced the fact by a mighty shout heard throughout the whole country. The demons at once quit work, overjoyed to be free from their tyrant. Luckily the temple work was so nearly and so well done that it could easily be finished by mere human labor. A mass of dirty rags tied to the window gratings bears witness to the reverence and respect felt toward the departed Solomon by the lower class Muslims of to-day.

We have now seen the holy place of the Old Testament and that of the New. The one is to-day the shrine of the Muslim, the other that of the Christian. One is clean and bright, with beautiful but not overwhelming ornamentation. The other is sombre and tawdry, often the scene of tumult and wrangling. At the one all believers, rich and poor alike, remove their shoes, for to them it is holy ground. Fortunately they can compel this mark of respect and cleanliness from the unbelieving visitor. At the other all comers bring

Mosque El-Aksa

with them a portion of the filth and mud from the street right into the holy place, an offense to cleanliness and an actual defilement.

Having seen the two places of greatest interest in Jerusalem we can examine, as far as our time permits, other sights of less importance. The traveler spending five or ten days here cannot expect to make a historical, topographical, archæological or any other kind of study of the city. In proportion as he has prepared himself by previous study he can round out his knowledge. But the field of the investigator is not open to him.

The western hill of the city is, I think erroneously, called Mount Zion. The top of the hill is occupied by the Armenians. They have a large monastery and hospice with a church to their patron, St. James.

I was once in the main street near this church in company with an American gentleman. It chanced that the previous evening he had been regaling us at the hotel with a tale of attempted imposition on him by a railroad company, and how he fought for and gained his rights. A runaway camel came hastily down the lane and my friend hurried to the protection of the nearest doorway. When questioned afterwards he said that he undoubtedly had the legal right of way over the camel but had not cared to assert it.

The slopes of the hill and the Tyropean Valley are occupied by the Jews. Most of them are emigrants. They belong to two sects, the Askhenazim and Sephardim. Each has a large synagogue and several smaller ones. The quarter is a miracle of dirt and filth, far surpassing, in this respect, the rest of the city. The wealthy native Jews live on the Bezetha Hill with the Muslims.

Outside the walls, on the south, are the Tomb of David, the Cœnaculum or Hall of the Last Supper, and the site of the house of Caiaphas. All are of doubtful authenticity and little interest. The tombs of the Armenian patriarchs of Jerusalem are genuine, and, if the resting place of the departed is a fit object for the curious sightseer, worthy of some attention.

At the Jaffa Gate stands the square, grim, old citadel known as the Tower of David. If there is any building still standing on which Christ and his friends gazed, it is this forbidding old fortress. The very stones are ancient, and if the building does not date back to pre-Christian times the stones certainly do. As this is the real fort of the city to-day, and the barracks for the Turkish garrison, admittance is denied to the visitor. But the all-powerful bakshish properly and sufficiently applied will accomplish it. The interior is, however, bare and without interest. The view from the top of the tower can be had equally well from the roof of our hotel.

The Wailing Place of the Jews is another of the regulation sights of the city. Of course we want to see the performance as well as the place, so it is best to go late on Friday afternoon. There is supposed to be a feeble wail maintained by one or two actors every day. But on the eve of the Jewish Sabbath all turn out and do their best. It is hinted that the wailing is not entirely the disinterested lament of a few Jews voluntarily representing the nation in bemoaning the loss of the temple and city of their fathers, but that the wailers are properly paid by their pious brethren in distant lands. The beggars and thieves of the city, knowing that the rich tourist comes hither at the appointed time,

assemble to ply their professions as best they may. A very short time is usually ample for even the most ardent sightseer.

Near at hand are Barclay's Gate, Robinson's Arch, and the present Dung Gate or Gate of the Moghrebins.

The Via Dolorosa, the way which Christ journeyed to his death on the Cross, of course began at Pilate's Judgment Hall. It is generally agreed that this was in the Tower or Castle of Antonia, which was at the northwest corner of the temple area. It ended at Golgotha, the location of which is unknown. A way, however, is marked out with fourteen stations from the modern barracks on the site of the Tower of Antonia to the Golgotha in the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. The only station of interest is the third, the Ecce Homo arch. Under the convent of the Sisters of Zion an arch has been discovered and honored with this name. Ancient it undoubtedly is, probably Roman—more we cannot say. The old pavement probably dates from Roman times. If so, it was the very pavement known as the Gabbatha, to which Pilate caused Jesus to be brought from the Judgment Hall and where he delivered him over to the Jews to be crucified. Some lines rudely scratched in the ancient stones are pointed out as the places where the Roman soldiers played games.

Near the Damascus Gate is the entrance to the so-called "cotton grotto," also known as Solomon's Quarries. We have no positive knowledge that King Solomon's workmen obtained the stone for the temple foundations and other buildings here. But the presumptive evidence is strong. These quarries were certainly worked in very ancient times. It was a natural place for a quarry, furnishing an abundance of the

proper quality of stone. Solomon must have got his stone from somewhere, and no more likely place can be pointed out. The excursion is not a difficult one, and I consider it very interesting—much superior to some of the rather vague and meaningless sights which one is almost compelled to visit. We go a long distance under the city. That fact alone is interesting. We see the evidences of the work of the ancient quarrymen, the very marks of their tools on the rocks. And I have no doubt but that the workmen of David and Solomon wrought here. These quarries are of especial interest to members of Masonic fraternities. Solomon is revered by them as their great founder and grand master. And one of the chambers is especially dedicated to them.

Many travelers come to Jerusalem at Easter. Pilgrims come at that season because it is the most fitting time for them to visit the holy places and perform their vows. Tourists come in a curious sight-seeing mood, hoping to see something strange, even funny and ridiculous. If a traveler comes to Jerusalem at this time that his religious feelings may be awakened and quickened and that he may have a deeper religious experience connected with the last scenes of Christ's life on earth, I commend him and bid him come. He is truly a pilgrim. If he comes as to the circus, for amusement only, I would discourage him. Go to Rome or to Spain. There is the real Easter show, meant as a spectacle and so treated by all, actors and audience. There is always something repulsive to me in the making sport of the honest religious ceremonies of other people. Moreover, Jerusalem is such a small city that there is not sufficient room for the performers. The ceremony of the washing of feet on the Thursday before Easter takes place

in the small square in front of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. The Greek fire comes down from heaven and issues from an opening in the holy sepulcher itself. Only a small portion of the pilgrims can be present on these occasions. Yet the tourist insists that he must see it. Ladies are especially insistent and curious as well as timid. They want to be in the midst of the crowd and not be crowded.

Jerusalem is one of those cities which a man can spend a lifetime studying, but which the traveler can see very satisfactorily in four or five days. I speak here only of the city proper, not including the Mount of Olives, Bethlehem, and other places visited from Jerusalem. Even the student can see and examine all that is visible and available in a comparatively short time. If he can obtain an opportunity to explore and dig, the possibilities of work and discoveries are boundless. The American school for Bible study in Palestine was founded in 1900 on the lines of the American school at Athens. Its objects are most praiseworthy, and it has enabled a few of our scholars to reside for a time in Palestine and bring back to their work in America a deeper and fuller knowledge of the Holy Land. But other results, as far as I know, are scanty. Doubtless in this, as in other worthy enterprises, the difficulty is lack of necessary funds.

I must say a few words about the people of Jerusalem. In no one city of the world are so many different religions, nations, and languages brought together. It is not a large city. The most recent guide-book estimates the population at 60,000. The Muslims number 7,000, the Jews 40,000, the Christians 13,000. I think this estimate rather under than over the truth. The

Christians, especially, seem to be underestimated, though the total is probably obtained from the authorities of the various sects.

The Muslims are the rulers and are at the head of the social scale. They are the old families,—the aristocracy. Most of them are of the Arab race. All their lives they have looked haughtily at the quarreling Christians and the unprepossessing Jew, heartily and cheerfully despising them alike. They are by no means fanatical. They are accustomed to the presence of the unbeliever and thoroughly conscious of their own superiority in faith and power. The officials, civil and military, are Turks. They are, of necessity, carefully chosen, for Jerusalem is a difficult town to govern, and a mistake might speedily have unpleasant and terrible consequences.

According to the above figures the Jews constitute two-thirds of the entire population. Few of them are natives. Most are foreign born. Some come hither to satisfy their own longings to live and end their days in the holy city of their race. Others, I fear the majority, are here from purely mercenary and unworthy motives. They are supported by the Jews of Europe and America, who labor under the delusion that the more Jews in Jerusalem and the Holy Land the greater chance that it will again belong to them. They wish to do their part toward bringing this to pass and hastening it. But the beneficiaries are a lazy lot, glad to exist at the expense of others. Of course they are scrupulously careful about every jot and tittle of the law. Ceremonial ablutions are faithfully attended to; though an actual bath for the sake of cleanliness is rare.

The immigration of Jews into Palestine has been prohibited for some time past. But there are ways of prevailing on the most zealous and stony-hearted official at Jaffa. This probably accounts for the apparent increase of them at Jerusalem.

It is difficult to speak fairly of the Christians. The foreign consuls are there as the representatives of powerful countries, and, as such, are respected or perhaps feared by the Muslims. They are, of course, Christians, but do not put forward or parade their faith. I may remark that in this country no man can be without a religion. He must be classified. The foreign tourist is also a Christian. The Muslim knows that he does not come from religious motives but to gratify his curiosity. This motive for traveling is incomprehensible to the Muslim, so he sets him down as a lunatic. If, perchance, he does show that he has come hither to visit places holy to him because of their connection with his religion and its founder, he is apt also to be so certain that he has just the right and true faith that he feels justified in disregarding the rights and existence of other human beings. A typical instance occurred recently. I have already mentioned that Protestant scholars are inclined to think that the low hill just outside the Damascus Gate is the true Calvary or Golgotha. So every clergyman who came to Jerusalem felt it his duty and privilege to hold a more or less complete Sunday service there. Now the hill is also a cemetery of the Muslims. It is the place where their women come, especially on Friday and Sunday, to sit in the open air and meet and chat with the ladies of other households. Religious services of the Protestant Christian type, with preaching and

singing, could not fail to disturb them. They might have endured this, but the visitors were unnecessarily rude. It is well known that respectable Muslim women are heavily veiled. This fact seems to cause gentlemen of other countries to be especially anxious to see their faces. So, in their curiosity, many who came to attend the services on Calvary forgot the sacredness of the place and common courtesy. They pushed and jostled women, trying to see through or under their veils. In England or America equivalent rudeness would call for speedy vengeance and the avenger would be applauded. When the Muslims heard that a Sunday-School Convention was coming to Jerusalem they caused a stone wall to be built around this hill and refused admittance to all Christians. Of course a storm of indignant and unavailing protest arose.

The Russian pilgrims come to Jerusalem in large numbers, especially at Easter time. Ignorant and dirty though they are, they command respect by their sincerity. Some of them spend their lives in pilgrimages to holy shrines. Thus they secure untold blessings for their souls in heaven, and incidentally support for their bodies on earth. The Russian government houses and feeds them in their large buildings on Jaffa Road. They have also established churches and monasteries at strategical and holy points throughout the land. Some people think this is in preparation for the Russian occupation of the land when the opportune moment comes. This may be true, for Russia cannot be accused of neglecting her opportunities, or of shortsightedness in preparing for the future. But at present there seems no immediate prospect of her being able to push such plans, if indeed she cherishes them. Russia repre-

Easter Pilgrims

sents the political power of the Greek church. The Greek Christians are the most numerous sect in Jerusalem and in Palestine. They hold possession of a large part of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and of as many rights and privileges as they can secure.

The Latins or Roman Catholics come next in number and influence. They come from all European countries, and even from America and other lands. They seem sincerely devoted to their religious life and exercises. Some of them, as the Sisters of Zion, do much good in caring for and educating orphans and children of the poorer Christian communities.

The other Christian sects,—the Protestants, Armenians, Copts, Abyssinians, and Syrians, are comparatively unimportant. There are also groups of Christians who have peculiar ideas of religion in accord with which they try to live.

There are good Christian men in Jerusalem, even among the natives. I know some whom I do not hesitate to rank with any in the United States. But it is unfortunately true that the Christian community, as a whole in Jerusalem, does not maintain a high standard of character or do honor to its faith.

I must not close this chapter without a word of commendation on the sobriety and good order of the city. The first great cause of this is the absence of the saloon. Indulgence in strong drink is not a natural sin of the Asiatic or Semite. It is forbidden in the Quran, and that is sufficient to make all good Muslims total abstainers. The Jews are a temperate race. The Russian peasant pilgrim and the Greek Christian are not of a temperate nature. But they are now on a religious pilgrimage, and to take part in a drunken carouse would

be most unseemly. Moreover they have no spare funds. The few German, English and American visitors who require a glass of beer can be accommodated at their hotel or at a German establishment near the Jaffa Gate.

Disturbances are rare and almost always have their origin in a desire to strike a blow for the Lord, to defend and enhance the prestige of the faith of the fighters. I know few cities so quiet and orderly and so free from serious crimes as Jerusalem.

CHAPTER III

AROUND JERUSALEM

THERE are numberless places of minor interest around the sacred city. Two of them, in actual size and in real importance, so far surpass the multitude that we shall devote our attention largely to them. I refer to the Mount of Olives and Bethlehem. Here we have no question of identification. It is true that the identification of particular spots is fiercely fought over and that tradition has been busy here as throughout the whole land. But again I insist that we rise above these minor matters and look at these places with a broader view. Those who are always looking for the footsteps of Christ have their eyes so bent toward the earth that they are unable to see and comprehend higher things.

The Mount of Olives is the last, or most southerly, of the series of summits properly known as the Scopus range. Viewed from Jerusalem, it is simply a steep hill with a rounded summit. The most conspicuous objects are the tall Russian tower on the top and the new Russian church just above the tall cypresses of the Garden of Gethsemane. Three rough and crooked paths lead up the face of the hill. They start from the garden, or, more correctly, from the tomb of the Virgin, and come together again at the top near the chapel of the Ascension. The right hand or lower of these paths may have led to Bethany in ancient times, and

was perhaps the path over which Christ came on the memorable Palm Sunday. Certainly he would have a most striking and beautiful view of the city as he came over the ridge and slowly descended to the foot of the valley, before the Golden Gate.

In the very recent olden time, that is, up to about ten years ago, the visitor ascended the mount by one of these paths, either on foot or mounted on an ass. But a mighty potentate, the great emperor of Germany, journeyed to Palestine, and of course the way had to be made easy for him. So a carriage road was ordered by the sultan, and now most visitors drive from their hotel to the summit. In order to obtain an easy and practicable grade, the road runs first to the north, and, having gained the summit of Scopus, follows the tops of the hills. We have a new series of views of Jerusalem on the right, and then on the left enjoy that wonderful picture of the barren hills of Judea, each lower than the other, sinking down to the Jordan valley, the brown and arid plain, the green ribbon showing the hidden stream, and then the rising hills and the blue mountains of Moab. It is one of the most typical, strange, and fascinating landscapes in Palestine. And I am not sure that it is not seen at its best from the northern summit. There is some advantage in having it spread out before you simply as a panorama and without the distraction of numerous sacred sites to be looked at and identified.

The summit of the Mount of Olives is occupied by a curious village, part native and Muslim, part Russian and Christian. Some mendicants and bright-looking begging boys and girls greet us. Some beg because it is their profession, others because all travelers are rich,

and, moreover, whatever they may get is clear gain. We leave them at the gate of the Russian enclosure. This seems quiet and clean in contrast with the dirt and clamor of the native village.

We go first to a platform, really the roof of a building, and look toward the south and southeast. The most conspicuous object is the peculiar cone-shaped peak known as the Frank Mountain. It is said to be the tomb of Herod. I have visited and climbed it. The top is artificial, and probably was made by the labor of an army of slaves. The ruins of four towers bear witness to the great fortress where the Crusaders made one of their last desperate struggles against the victorious Muslim. The natives call it "Jebel Fureidis," or Mount Paradise.

But it is at the eastern edge of the hill that we get our finest picture. And I advise that most of our time be given to it as a whole rather than to picking out particular places. It is not quite the same view that we had lately from the carriage road. We see more of the Dead Sea and rather less of the Jordan valley. For the hills in the foreground seem to extend further into the plain. The valley looks narrower and the wavy line of descending hillocks prolongs itself. The blue-green Dead Sea holds our attention. This is due partly to the interest we feel in it on account of its peculiarities and partly to its own beauty. Apparently it is very near, at most three or four miles away. But we know that we have a long drive to Jericho and that then we still have a goodly distance to traverse in order to stand on its very shore. And beyond are the mountains supporting the tableland of Moab, forty and even fifty miles away.

We trace the carriage road—a white streak disappearing behind the hill and coming in sight again further away and lower down. Bethany is invisible, though we can see where it lies, just over the nearest hill. Abu Dis is the only settlement of man near at hand. We notice the ruin near the inn of the Good Samaritan, the wall surrounding the mountain of the temptation, the houses and hotels of Jericho, Elisha's fountain, and other similar places. A field glass helps us to locate the castle of Machærus, Mounts Nebo and Pisgah, and the Jordan ford and bridge. But we shall see most of these places on our trip to Jericho, and so may content ourselves with merely locating them now.

The Russians have built a tall square tower which points out Olivet to the surrounding country. It is furnished with two hundred and fourteen steps, and those who wish to exercise may climb it. But there is little reward, as the view is about as good from below.

In the early Christian centuries, that is, from the fourth to the seventh, a large village covered the hill. Several mosaics, pieces of pottery, sarcophagi and other remains have been unearthed and are exhibited in the Russian church.

We turn toward the gate with regret. I have stood here and watched this view many times, on bright days, clear days, cloudy days, and on moonlit evenings. And I never tire of it. It is one of the most beautiful, yet strangest and, so to speak, most uncanny landscapes in Palestine.

On the western brow of the summit we come to an octagonal chapel and minaret. The chapel occupies the traditional place of the ascension and contains a genuine and original impression of the footprint of

The Mount of Olives

Christ. The tradition placing the ascension here is old, going back to the time of Constantine. The statement of the Scriptures, that the ascension took place on the Mount of Olives, is plain. But we cannot identify the exact spot, and perhaps it is just as well. The minaret belongs to the place of prayer of the adjoining dervish monastery. From the gallery we have a good view of Jerusalem. But we are really too high, and the city appears flattened and dwarfed. In the afternoon the sun is directly in front of us, but in the morning it lights up the multitude of domes and spires, producing a beautiful, if not grand or imposing scene.

Usually the carriages descend empty and await the traveler near the Garden of Gethsemane. The road is so steep and stony that it is both unsafe and unpleasant to ride down.

On our way we stop at the Church of the Lord's Prayer. A mediæval tradition makes this the place where our Lord taught his disciples the universal petition known by that name. A French princess recently established a nunnery here. The sisters entirely renounce the world and, once received, refuse to see even their nearest relatives. The prayer in thirty-two languages on painted tiles is the great glory of the cloister. Outside and near the entrance is a subterranean corridor known as the Church of the Creed, said to be the place where the Apostles' Creed was formulated.

This is a good time to visit the Garden of Gethsemane, where Christ was betrayed on that eventful Thursday evening. Here was the beginning of the rapid series of events which came to a climax in the crucifixion the following afternoon and reached a second climax in the resurrection Sunday morning. It is startling

to think that only sixty hours elapsed from the betrayal to the resurrection. History and the world moved fast. There is little reason to doubt the location. Of course there are some people who always want to doubt and combat an identification, no matter how it is supported. And that tradition is its chief or only evidence is to them an excellent reason for doubting and denying. In this case the tradition is ancient, of the time of Constantine, and the location corresponds exactly to the Bible narrative. No other suitable place can be found. What more does one want? One of the ancient olive trees is pointed out as the tree under which Judas gave the kiss of betrayal. But this is going too far and is unnecessary. The tree is undoubtedly old. But two thousand years is too old even for an olive tree. It has aged so rapidly in the last few years that, like 'Abraham's oak, we shall lose it entirely before long. Moreover, we have good reason to believe that all the trees on the mount were destroyed during the siege of the city by Titus. This may be a younger shoot from the original root. In fact, another is already started, in training, as it seems, to take the place of our venerable friend. Here again I must confess that I do not think it important to point out the very tree. Let it suffice that we are near where the tree once stood.

People are apt to give themselves up to sad thoughts and reflections in the garden. One thinks of the midnight scene, of the agony just ended, of the base betrayal by one of the disciples for money, for thirty pieces of silver. But there is a brighter side. Let us look on it as the beginning of a great chapter in the history and life of the world. It was necessary to the divine plan of atonement. Christ himself did not wish

it otherwise. The scene in the garden was quiet and peaceful; it was terrible because of the baseness of the betrayal and because of the horror of the scenes to which it was leading up.

Let us also for a moment try to put history out of our thoughts. We have entered through a horde of miserable beggars, whose very wretchedness constitutes their claim for alms, and we know that they are outside awaiting our exit. But for the moment we have peace. We look toward the city and see the walls high above us. We notice the Golden Gate and reflect that above it is the temple area. Then our thoughts turn to the other side of the Mount of Olives whence we have just come. The garden is carefully tended by the Franciscan monks. All is quiet and peaceful. Truly this is one of the important places, one that cannot be seen in a moment and marked off our list.

The return to the hotel can be made by carriage around the northern wall, or one can walk through the city. Personally I recommend the latter, for I am sure that there is no better way to grasp the true spirit and significance of a place than by walking through its streets.

Of course no one will fail to visit Bethlehem. It is to be hoped that no one will so slight this little city as to merely call there on the return from Hebron, though it is easy to do so. Bethlehem is certainly worthy of more attention, and, if necessary, I should advise that Hebron be omitted.

Our road leads from the Jaffa Gate down the valley of Hinnom, crosses it, then ascends rapidly. After we gain the summit we find on our right a great plain sloping gently downward. This is the valley or plain

of Rephaim, where David vanquished the Philistines soon after he had captured Jerusalem and established his capital. It was a memorable occasion, for it marked the shaking off of the Philistine yoke, and the birth, or at least the independence, of the new kingdom.

Bethlehem and Jerusalem are invisible to each other. But from the top of the ridge, at the monastery of Mar Elyas, one can see both places. We descend the hill and soon come to a small domed building known as the Tomb of Rachel. Muslims, Jews and Christians unite in venerating the grave of this ancient woman who lived and died when the world was young. We have evidence that Rachel's burial place was once located north of Jerusalem. Of course modern critics do not accept, almost do not even notice, this tomb. But it conforms very closely to the account in Genesis, and, if not the very place, commands our respect because the people of the land have believed in it for centuries and even to the present day.

We turn to the left and soon reach our goal. Bethlehem belongs to the Old and to the New Testament, to the Hebrew and to the Christian. We first meet it under the name of Ephrath in the account of the death of Rachel. It is the scene of the tale of Ruth, the Moabitess. This is one of the most compact, complete and instructive stories of the old pastoral life which have come down to us. There are only four chapters, but each verse gives a picture of the social and economic conditions of the country and race at that time. I do not need to repeat it here. It cannot be abridged and does not need to be amplified. But it should be read as a preparation for a visit to Bethlehem.

Ruth's great-grandson, King David, brought fame

to the little town. True, his capital was on Mount Zion and his life and deeds belong largely to Jerusalem. But his boyhood, the time when he was growing to manhood and unconsciously preparing himself for his great career, was passed in the hilly fields around Bethlehem. And he never forgot it. His thoughts must have frequently turned toward his father's home there, which he later gave as a choice gift to Chimham, the son of Barzillai, the Moabite sheikh who had protected and defended him when he was fleeing from his rebellious son Absalom. A Semite could repay such hospitality only by the gift of some of his most valued possessions. And we remember how, when weary and thirsty in one of his last wars against the Philistines, he longed for a drink of water from the well at the gate of Bethlehem, three of his captains braved almost certain death to gratify the wish of their hero-king.

Bethlehem next appears in the book of Jeremiah. The prophet and his friends were obliged to leave Jerusalem, and here, at the ancient house of Chimham, halted to form their plans.

The village must have shared in the misfortunes of the country in the conquest and depopulation by Nebuchadnezzar. But being only a village, it probably did not suffer to the same extent as the larger and wealthier places.

And now we come to the crowning event in the history of Bethlehem. It was to be the birthplace of Jesus Christ, the Savior of mankind, the son of God, and the founder of the greatest religion, measured by any standard, that the world has yet known. The tale is told simply and clearly in the Gospels, and no one thinks of disputing the fact. And in my opinion there is no

need of doubting the authenticity even of the spot where the manger stood.

Jerusalem was the center and capital of the country. All roads led to it. On each of the great roads leading to the four cardinal points of the compass, the khan or halting place would be established at about three hours' or half a day's journey. For a caravan never accomplishes a full day when setting out from the city for a long journey. Also those coming like to make the last day short and arrive before noon. So Bethlehem was the first halting place on the great southern route to Hebron and Egypt. The privilege of maintaining the khan, or guest house, belonged to the principal sheikh, and it may well be that the honor came down from Boaz to Jesse, the father of David, and then was transferred to Chimham and his house. Certain it is that the khan of Boaz was known by his name in the time of Jeremiah. Christ was born in a grotto near and probably connected with the khan. Now we have no evidence that the same building existed through all these centuries and was the scene of all these events. But it is not impossible, and there is considerable presumptive evidence.

Of course there are those who maintain that the present site cannot be authentic. Any place would have its defenders and opponents. It is fair to assume that there was only one khan at Bethlehem, and that its location would be changed only for some extraordinary reason. There were only three centuries between the birth of Christ and the building of the church by the Empress Helena. A change in the site of an important khan would not have been passed over and forgotten. Moreover, the birthplace of Christ had not the same

importance in the eyes of the pre-Helena Christians as the places connected with the crucifixion and resurrection. There was not the same anxiety to find and commemorate it. It would hardly have been considered of sufficient importance to demand the invention of a place if the true one had been lost. And the doubters do not bring forward any more likely place.

The Latins, Greeks and Armenians have each a monastery and church here. Each has certain rights and privileges which they are careful to maintain, boast of, and fight for if opportunity offers. As at the Holy Sepulcher, the Turkish soldier represents the authority of the government and compels peace.

We descend several steps and come to two grottoes or caves, each lighted by the usual lamps. One is the Grotto of the Nativity and the other is the Chapel of the Manger. There is no positive proof that these identifications are correct and no real evidence against them. If we must have actual places pointed out to us, why not accept them?

A narrow, tortuous passage leads to the Chapel of St. Jerome, said to be the cave where he translated the Bible from the original Hebrew into Latin. This is the Vulgate, the youngest of the great ancient versions.

No time need be wasted on the Milk Grotto. The story is that the holy family once sought shelter here and that a drop of the Virgin's milk fell on the floor. The dust of the limestone rock is pressed into cakes, stamped with the picture of the Virgin, and sold to pious pilgrims, who believe that it has the power of increasing the milk of women or of animals, as may be desired.

A little further on we can look down upon the field of Boaz, where Ruth gleaned after the reapers, and still

further toward the east we see the field of the shepherds where they were watching their flocks when they heard the song of the angels.

Returning to the square near the churches, we find that the commercial spirit of the present age has seized upon even this small and sacred village. In fact, we learned that immediately upon our arrival, and have only with difficulty repelled the merchants and their emissaries sufficiently to see the real objects of our visit. The chief industries of the town are carving mother of pearl shell and making articles of olive wood. A great part of the production is sold through dealers in Jerusalem and elsewhere. The dealer in Bethlehem has usually only one chance of directly dealing with the tourist, and he tries to make the most of it. Prices are entirely a matter of bargain, even more so than is customary in this part of the world. The quality of the wares is often poor, and attempts to defraud in every way are common. The dealers are persistent and thorough nuisances.

At last we escape and retrace our way to Jerusalem. We have to go back the same way we came, so we can allow ourselves to think over what we have seen and formulate our impressions of Bethlehem. In my opinion one visit is enough. The sacred places can be easily and quickly visited and, once seen, the memory can preserve them. They illumine and make real to us some of the most human as well as most divine passages in the scriptures and in the history of the chosen people. So the traveler will long cherish the memory of his visit.

CHAPTER IV

HEBRON AND THE SOUTH COUNTRY

FEW travelers go to Hebron. This is partly because of the length and difficulty of the ride, partly due to lack of time, and partly from lack of interest. There is no hotel or other comfortable accommodation for the Christian tourist. So one must perforce go and return the same day. The road was once excellent, but neglect has reduced it to a mere track, impassable after heavy rain, and at all times rough and stony, hard for the horses, for the carriages and for their occupants. The people of Hebron are not only Muslims, but they are bad-tempered Muslims. They do not welcome the stranger of another faith. The small boy is apt to curse him. As these imprecations fall harmlessly, he may have recourse to stones. The stranger objects and attempts to chastise. Then the adult citizen protests. The Christian stranger must remember that he is accursed, a fit object for stones and bad language.

The way is long and, after passing Solomon's Pools, devoid of special interest. If one has only a few days in Jerusalem, it is hardly advisable to devote one of them to Hebron. Especially condemnable is it to try to do Bethlehem on the return, thus killing two birds with one stone, and killing the whole trip.

I have already described the road as far as Rachel's Tomb. On the right lies Beit Jala, a large village, supposed to be the native place of King Saul. A large olive grove, almost a forest, spreads away to the west and seems to promise that we are entering a region of prosperity and fertility. But this is a delusion, for the whole country hence to Hebron is a stony waste, fit only for the grazing of scattered flocks of sheep.

Soon we come to the Pools of Solomon. Water is and always has been a very precious article in Palestine. Here is a natural place for a reservoir. There are three copious and perennial springs, which, with the natural drainage of the hillsides, give a considerable supply of water. We are at the head of a great valley, the Wady Artas. In ancient times this valley was filled with farms and gardens. At the end of it is the Frank mountain. This whole region was a favorite resort in the time of Herod and until the end of the Crusades. Moreover, we are now higher than Bethlehem and Jerusalem, and so it is possible to convey water to these cities by a simple aqueduct. The natural supply fails to meet the demand. So water is brought to the reservoirs by two aqueducts from the Wady el-Biyar and the Wady el-Arrub. One of these supply aqueducts is nearly fifty miles in length.

We have no evidence, except the name, that these pools were constructed by Solomon. They are undoubtedly ancient, and there seems to be no reason to doubt that they were in existence and in use in the time of Herod. The upper spring is said to be the "sealed fountain" of Solomon's Song. We know the history of the large stone, khan-like building, for it was built in the seventeenth century to defend the reservoir from

Solomon's Pools

the Bedawin. It now serves as a home or shelter for a wretched native family who possess a few goats and levy a bakshish toll upon the traveler.

We return to the main road and ascend another hill. From the top we have a fine view of the pools, Bethlehem, and even the Mount of Olives. To the east is the fertile Wady el-Artas. The Frank mountain looms up beyond. We know that the region was the scene of much of David's wanderings and his flight from before Saul. The cave of Adullam, one of his famous hiding-places, is easily visited. Here is also the wilderness of Tekoa, the home of the prophet Amos, where he pursued his humble calling of herdsman and dresser of sycamore trees, and gradually became aware of his mission to proclaim the wrath of Jahve against the nations.

The rest of our journey is rather monotonous. We are high up on the top of the mountain country of Judea. In winter and spring it is often cold and windy. We see hills on all sides of us—stony, desolate and barren. At one place we can look through an opening in the hills and see the blue Mediterranean. Owing to the clearness of the atmosphere it seems very near. It is, however, about thirty miles in a straight line to the shore, and probably the bit of water that we are gazing on is some miles from the coast.

Hebron claims to be the oldest city in the world. In the Book of Numbers we are told that it was founded seven years before Zoan, that is, Tanis, the chief town of the Egyptian delta in the second millenium before Christ. Unfortunately, we do not know the exact date of the founding of Tanis. Moreover, seven is a peculiar number among the Hebrews, and we usually look on it as a mystic number rather than as an exact one.

According to the Scriptures its ancient name was Kirjath-Arba, the "city of Arba." In the book of Joshua we are told that Arba was the greatest of the Anakim, a race of giants. The folklore of a nation is prone to make their ancestors, and also the peoples whom their ancestors conquered, giants and mighty heroes.

Abraham, the progenitor of the Hebrews and also of the Arabs, wandering slowly with his possessions of cattle, sheep and goats, made his headquarters at the oak of Mamre, near Hebron. The locality suited him, for most of the countryside was unfenced and public grazing land. Moreover, the country to the south was desert, able only to support the poor Bedawin, each with his few animals. He became a settled nomad. He was recognized by the sheikhs of the cities as a wealthy man, the owner of much cattle, and the head of a powerful household. When the mighty Amraphel, King of Shinar, whom we now know as Khammurabi, king of Babylonia, made a raid upon the cities of the plain and then retreated northward with much spoil and many captives, the nomad chieftain gathered his retainers and slaves, pounced upon the victorious invaders and compelled them to abandon their booty and take refuge in a hasty flight, changing them in short order from victors to vanquished. The whole scene might easily be re-enacted in the twentieth century.

Equally interesting and more important to the traveler is the story of the purchase of the cave of Machpelah. Sarah, the wife of Abraham, died. A wandering nomad, or, more properly, a nomad on the march, buried his dead wherever he happened to be. He raised a heap of stones, and the memory of the departed lasted a

longer or shorter time, according to his fame. We have just seen the tomb of Rachel. Numerous instances from similar people of to-day and of old could be mentioned. But Abraham felt somewhat settled. He had lived in the neighborhood many years and there was every likelihood that he would end his days here and that his family would continue to abide here after him. So he wished a more substantial and permanent burial-place, not only for Sarah, but also for himself and his family. Death had come suddenly before he had attended to this important matter. But he had thought of it and knew just what he wanted. A certain Ephron, the Hittite, owned a piece of ground right in the city of Hebron. It had a double cave and would exactly suit Abraham for a family tomb. So at eventide he hies him to the city, knowing that he will find the sheikhs and principal citizens assembled at the main gate. They have probably just heard of his bereavement. Had Abraham himself or one of the important men of his household died, it would have been the principal topic of conversation. But as the deceased was a woman, Oriental politeness required that it be merely mentioned, for a woman is not usually a person of importance and a man's family affairs are strictly his own. After the preliminary salutations, Abraham introduces the object of his visit to the town in a general way. The instant and unanimous response is that he may bury his dead in any of the sepulchers of the children of Heth, and he is assured that it will not be withheld from him. But he does not want merely the use of a sepulcher. He wishes to purchase one outright for the exclusive use of his family. He has already made his selection, so he asks the assembly to act as agent for him in negotiating with

Ephron the Hittite. The latter is there, for he is one of the prominent men of the city, and usually attends these informal sunset gatherings. But Oriental manners require that Abraham should first introduce the subject to the whole body of citizens. Ephron at once speaks out and says that he makes a present of that piece of property to the distinguished stranger. This may be all that he has in the world, but politeness requires him to offer to give it freely as a gift. Abraham refuses the gift, but says that if Ephron is willing to part with it, he will gladly pay his price. Then Ephron announces that in his opinion the land is worth four hundred silver shekels. This is doubtless an extravagant price. Were he seeking a purchaser, the price would naturally have been much less. But he knows that Abraham is a wealthy man and that, under the circumstances, he would not bargain. Still a very exorbitant price would not be asked lest he disgrace himself in the eyes of his fellow-citizens. And the witness of these same bystanders forms the title-deed. Let us notice also how careful Abraham was that not merely the cave be specified in the transaction, but the trees and everything in the field carefully included.

I have dwelt upon this story of the purchase of the cave of Machpelah because it is so clearly and beautifully told, and because it is so typical and characteristic of the land and people then and to-day. And it is most fitting that we should read it at this place.

A mosque is now built over the cave. It is one of the few places in Palestine that no bribe will open to the Christian. Within the last century a few princes, each accompanied by a small suite, have been allowed to enter by a special irade of the sultan and as a mark of

great favor and honor. But they, of course, had no opportunity for investigation. As far as our knowledge goes, the dust of Abraham and Sarah, Isaac, Rebekah, Leah, and the mummy of Jacob lies here. We know that Jacob was embalmed, as were the pharaohs, and we have the mummies of the latter in perfect preservation. But the climate of Hebron is not that of Egypt, and it may have proved too much for the skill of the embalmer.

The tribe of Abraham went further south, even into the land of Egypt, and abode there many years. We know nothing of the life of Hebron during that period. But when the Hebrews returned they found the city still there and in much the same condition as in the time of their forefathers.

When they had conquered the country they gave Hebron to Caleb, the Kenizzite chieftain, who had made alliance with them and rendered important services in the conquest. Later it was made one of the cities of refuge and given to the Levites, the surrounding country and villages remaining in the possession of Caleb and his family.

King David began his reign here. Saul seems to have had no capital. He was rather the leader of a people engaged in guerilla warfare with their enemy, the Philistines. After his death David went to Hebron and was there anointed as king, first over Judah and later also over Israel. And from this city he ruled for seven years, until he captured the stronghold of the Jebusites and transferred his capital thither. This was the scene of the murder of Abner by Joab, and we are looking on the very pool where David caused the slayers of Ishbosheth to be hanged. Following David's exam-

ple, Absalom proclaimed himself king here and hoped to march victoriously to Jerusalem.

In the New Testament Hebron is not mentioned. Christ's life and ministry belong to Nazareth, Galilee and the country around Jerusalem. We have no record that he ever went south of Bethlehem, except when as an infant he was taken by his parents to Egypt to escape the wrath of Herod. Therefore Hebron did not attract the Christians of the time of Constantine, for there were no holy places to be sought out and marked. The Crusaders held possession of the city for many years, but their attention also was directed to the scenes of Christ's life. Had they possessed an inquisitive archæological spirit, we might have accurate information of the cave of Machpelah. Had they done anything here at all it would have been destructive, and we may be thankful that the place has been spared. When the Muslims drove out the Crusaders there was nothing to cause the monks to wish to stay or the pilgrims to come here. So for centuries the city has been entirely Muslim, not of the quiet and tolerant Muslimism, but of the fierce, arrogant and fanatic type. This is perhaps more due to the race than to the religion. It is just what we should expect from the conditions.

I have given considerable space to this retrospective and historical view of Hebron. It is necessary that we may understand and appreciate the city. It would be just as well not to go into the town. We get a good view of the mosque from a distance. Moreover, when we reach the mosque we are reminded that we are "unbelievers," and therefore can only go as far as the seventh step. So we really see nothing more of the mosque. The town is a labyrinth of dark tunnel-like alleys. Not

very long ago, on my first visit, I could have described them as filled with filth and almost impassable for civilized beings. The cholera came in 1903, and Dr. Paterson, the medical missionary, was commissioned to clean the streets. He did the work well and it has been partly kept up.

Hebron is the metropolis of the "south country," although it does not lie on the main caravan route between Palestine and Egypt. In ancient time, and also to-day, the principal land route for trade followed the coast, passing through Gaza.

The modern life of the inhabitants is not visible to the tourist who has but a few hours here. The most he can do is to pass through the streets and have a glimpse of the bazaar, visit the glassmakers, and call on the missionary. Dr. Paterson has lived here many years, and any information obtained from him may be accepted as authoritative.

After luncheon we drive to Abraham's oak. On my first visit here, in 1892, the tree was still green and vigorous. Since then it has failed rapidly and is now almost dead. I came here once in August, at the time of the ripening of the grapes. The whole neighborhood is a vast vineyard, and I am sure that no finer fruit can be imagined. While resting under the tree and eating our fill of the luscious fruit we talked of the story of the two men whom Joshua sent to spy out the land and who returned bearing a splendid cluster of these white grapes to testify to the excellence of the longed-for territory. We are told that they carried it slung on a pole between them, and one infers that it was carried in this way because of its enormous size and weight. I spoke of this to a German gentleman who had lived many years

in the country. He said that in his opinion it was not necessary to suppose that the clusters were any larger or heavier than those of to-day. There were two men. They had a rocky and difficult country to traverse. Now, a man carrying a bunch of grapes weighing three or four pounds on a long day's tramp over the mountains will find it difficult to keep his burden from injury. But where there are two men the solution is found at once. Suspended between them on a pole the great bunch of grapes hangs freely and can be carried a long distance without harm. This seems to be a simple and reasonable explanation.

From the oak tree we get a fine view of the vale of Hebron. No wonder that Abraham pitched his tent and settled here. He certainly had everything which a nomad chieftain four thousand years ago could want. He was rich and powerful, so that he could dwell in peace and security. He was held in respect and honor, even treated as an equal by the petty so-called kings of the various cities in the neighborhood. Only the comfort of a pipe was denied him. But in his case in this respect ignorance was bliss. He never knew what he missed.

We have had a pretty full day. It is true that hasty travelers manage to visit Hebron and Abraham's oak and yet start on their return northward so early in the day that they have " sufficient time " to make their visit to Bethlehem and so save their valuable time. But in my opinion the traveler who is sufficiently interested in the land to make the rather long trip to Hebron will want to spend all the time he can there. Bethlehem also deserves its own expedition.

CHAPTER V

DOWN TO JERICHO

IN the tale of the good Samaritan we are told that a certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho. Until we came here the meaning of the preposition has been somewhat vague, but when we stood on the Mount of Olives and looked toward Jericho we became conscious that it was down, far down beneath us. And we become more certain of this fact when we drive down, and still more when we toil laboriously up.

The usual program is to make an early start from Jerusalem and drive to Elisha's fountain before luncheon. Then with the same horses hasten to the Dead Sea, hurry on to the Jordan, and back to the hotel in Jericho in the early evening. An early start next morning and the traveler is back in Jerusalem before noon. But here again a little more time, a little less hurry, and the trip is a pleasure, not a task. Let us start after luncheon. Our road goes around the north of the city, past the Damascus Gate, and along the slope of Olivet. We pass Bethany, but postpone our visit until our return. Here, however, we usually meet our escort from Abu Dis. Years ago the route was infested with thieves who harrassed the traveler and the pilgrim. The Turkish authorities, wearied with complaints, gave the command of the road to the tribe of the Areekat, laying

upon them the duty of furnishing the tourist with an escort, of course, at the regular tariff. The road is now as safe as Broadway in New York City. But still the good old custom is kept up, for it furnishes employment for the loyal tribe of the Areekat, and moreover a portion of the spoil finds its way into the hands of the Jerusalem authorities.

Sheikh Rasheed is a fine specimen of the Bedawin Arab. In his youth and early manhood he was famed as the best rider of a race of horsemen. He is still erect and vigorous. But he is now known as the old sheikh. He has many sons, the pride of the Arab and the Semite. His oldest living son, Khaleel, has long been a friend of mine and always accompanies my parties. When he was a boy he attracted the attention of an English lady, who sent him for two years to Bishop Gobat's school at Jerusalem. He learned English and speaks it with remarkable fluency and correctness.

Our first halt is at the Apostles' Fountain. This is the only spring on the road, and it may well have been visited and used by our Lord and His disciples, although we have no certain knowledge thereof. On the downward trip we halt for a very few minutes.

I prefer to ride on horseback wherever possible. There is more freedom and, for me, less weariness than in a carriage. And this time I have a splendid horse. He is an iron-gray Arab stallion, about three years old, as fleet as the wind and easy riding at all paces. I have never before had a horse I could ride close alongside of the carriages. For the carriage horses trot rapidly down the hills, and riding horses in Palestine are usually enjoyable only on a walk or on a gallop. Kuftan requires a day to make my acquaintance. After that,

except on one occasion on Mount Hermon, I never had the slightest trouble with him. I never touched him with the whip and frequently rode him without a bridle, controlling him simply by a halter and a word.

Khaleel and I ride together behind the carriages. He tells me that he is thinking of marrying a second wife. Unfortunately his two sons died in infancy, and he now has no children. I happen to know that he has four little girls. In his estimation they are not to be counted. When they reach marriageable age they may be worth something to him, but until then they do not count. He is thinking of going beyond Jordan and taking a wife from thence in the hope that he may be blest with sons by her, and the reproach rolled away from him. The fathers of desirable girls beyond Jordan are, unfortunately, avaricious, demanding large dowries and retaining the money to swell their own possessions instead of giving it to the daughter to take with her to her new home. Khaleel says that if I were in a similar position he, as my friend, would strain every nerve to help me, and hints at a hope that I will assist him. Of course, he means that he would be glad to have me contribute to the dowry. I am giving this narrative as a plain tale, showing the manners and customs of the people to-day, and do not intend in any sense either to criticize them or still less to hold them up to ridicule. It is by no means certain that we, members of the dominant Anglo-Saxon race, have reached perfection in our social customs.

We now come to the "Inn of the Good Samaritan," where it is customary to make quite a halt. A few years ago a cup of Arab coffee was all the refreshment obtainable here. But the innkeeper has learned of the

appetite of the tourist for beer, soda, and other temperance drinks, and even for picture postal cards, shepherds' clubs, carved stones, and other products of the region. So he has now a well-stocked store. You are not compelled to purchase, but he will be distinctly and visibly disappointed if you do not.

Further on we dismount and ascend a small hillock whence we look down into the deep ravine known as the Wady Kelt. This is supposed to be the brook Cherith, where Elijah was fed by the ravens. Baedeker, without giving any reasons, says that this is undoubtedly wrong, and modern commentators have also spoiled the story by discovering that the Hebrew word translated "ravens" may have been the name of the tribe at that time in the vicinity. So the poetry of the scene is rudely destroyed. A later tale is told of a hermit who lived here, subsisting on four raisins per day until he died. Had he had twenty raisins per day he could have survived no longer.

The Greek Monastery of St. George is real and very picturesque. In the afternoon sun it is a fine mark for the amateur photographer. Those who wish can walk down the hill, cross the stream, enjoy the hospitality of the monks, and then follow the valley until they emerge into the plain of Jericho. It is a very interesting trip, but somewhat fatiguing. I rather recommend instead a visit to-morrow to the monastery on the Mount of Temptation.

Finally we come to the last summit. It is worth while to leave the carriages and enjoy the view of the plain of Jericho. Moreover the hill is very steep. I think it is best to walk down. We have ridden all the afternoon and most of us are not only willing but glad to walk.

At the foot of the hill we see the ruins of a pool or reservoir, known as the "Pool of Moses." It probably belonged to the irrigation system constructed by Herod. Roman Jericho lay here. It was not a large place, consisting, as it did, mainly of the royal palace and gardens. Ancient Jericho was a little further north, by the springs at the base of the Mountain of the Temptation. Modern Jericho lies to the east, a mile or more out in the plain. It is a wretched village of mud huts. It boasts, however, four hotels, surprisingly good and well managed.

It is a moonlight night. After dinner I recommend a stroll beyond the town out into the wilderness. One cannot make too much of such opportunities, for through them we get a picture of the land to be placed into the composite photograph which we are to take home with us.

It is lucky that we have had some experience of eastern nights in Egypt and at Jerusalem. So we are not disturbed by the barking of one or more dogs. This starts early and is well maintained until daylight. The bell of the neighboring Russian church rings at intervals. The monks and pilgrims seem not only to wish to pray at unseasonable hours, but to advertise that fact to the city and to the stranger within the gates.

As we have the whole day before us, we do not need to rise and start very early. But the noise of guests returning to Jerusalem wakes up the whole house. We easily get off by eight o'clock. There is no road, only a track over the plain. If it rains, the way is muddy and heavy; if it does not rain, it is dry and dusty. There is not much choice. We are headed for the Dead Sea,

and are somewhat surprised that, despite the fact that we are going at a good steady rate, we seem to approach it very slowly. But we are getting accustomed to this and no longer consider the distance short merely because it looks so.

There is a popular idea that the Dead Sea is a place of desolation. We are told that fishes cannot live in its waters, and it has even been asserted that birds could not fly across it and live. The shores have been pictured as a sandy, desolate waste, devoid of vegetation. As a matter of fact, the Dead Sea is a beautiful sheet of water. If we did not know of its peculiar saltiness, we should not be able to discover that fact from merely gazing at it. It has a peculiar deep-blue color which becomes sea-green as we draw near. True, the shore on the northern part, where we are standing, is rather desolate. This, however, is in no sense caused by the sea. The mountains on our right are also barren and treeless, but those on the left are covered with low, bush-like trees. Then, too, the entrance of the Jordan and, in fact, the whole course of the river, is marked by luxuriant growth of willows and poplars. It is probably true that fishes cannot live long in the water, although we see small ones near the entrance of the Jordan, where the water is not quite so salt. Birds are plentiful and do not suffer in the least from the sea.

We are, however, in a peculiar part of the world. In the first place, we are 1290 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. This means that if the ocean should suddenly break through on the south we should be buried in that depth of water. The whole valley up to the northern end of the Sea of Galilee, and including that whole body of water, would become one vast inland lake.

The Dead Sea

Nowhere else in the world can we reach this level in the open air. It would spoil an ordinary pocket barometer to take it down here, as the high pressure would probably run it off the scale and disable it. In the summer it must be stiflingly hot. Yet people live in Jericho and, with due precautions, I do not think a visit here at any time would be necessarily dangerous to a person in normal health.

The Dead Sea may be compared in size with the Lake of Geneva. At the northern part it is very deep, but the southern portion is comparatively shallow. Under this southern bay the ancient cities of Sodom and Gomorrah have been located.

As is well known, the water is very salt. I leave the statistics of its chemical composition to the guide-books. Those who are curious enough to taste of it will find out for themselves and will not need definite figures. I recommend a bath for the sake of the novelty. The water is quite cool, even cold in winter. Its buoyancy is such that no one need have any fear of drowning. In fact, it is difficult for a swimmer to keep the body sufficiently below the surface to make progress. The touch of the water causes a peculiar oily feeling. Many persons recommend a bath in the Jordan to wash away the traces of salt which may be irritating to the skin, but I think that a towel will remove the water quickly enough, and that to replace the clean Dead Sea salt by the dirty mud deposit from the Jordan would be a doubtful gain.

Occasionally a tiny sailboat is seen. There have also been rumors that a steamboat would be put on the lake. There is nothing to tempt the fisherman, and at present there is no other traffic that would require the presence of a fleet. This absence of all craft, in strong

contrast to the Sea of Galilee and, in fact, to all other large bodies of water in civilized lands, gives the Dead Sea an air of desolation, or rather an air of quiet and peace.

We stop at a sort of shed, which two or three Greeks have set up at the edge of the sea. They keep a little tobacco to supply any thoughtless coachman who may be unprovided, and some soda water and curiosities to sell to the tourist. The usual custom is for the men of the party to walk a short distance on the beach to the right and the ladies to go to the left, so that those of either sex can indulge in a bath, or a wade, or content themselves with watching the others.

It is interesting to note that the Arabs of to-day call the Dead Sea the "Bahr Lut," thus commemorating the nephew of Abraham. Standing on the shore, we can make out several places of interest in the land of Moab. A mountain directly opposite is pointed out as Mount Nebo and another as Mount Pisgah, although the identification rests on very slight authority. Further to the south we notice the castle of Machærus, famous as the place where John the Baptist was beheaded at the order of King Herod. Further still to the south we see the city of El Kerak, the ancient Kir-Moab, and to-day the chief place in that region. Up to very recent times it was like Hebron, a center of fanatical, Christian-hating Muslims. Lately, however, the inhabitants have become quite peaceable, largely owing to the presence of a regiment of Turkish soldiers. On the western shore of the sea are the old stronghold of Masada and the ancient Engedi.

It is not far from the Dead Sea to the ford of the Jordan. This latter is the traditional place of the labors

of John the Baptist, and of the baptism of Christ. Many scholars think that the weight of evidence is in favor of the ford far to the north, near Succoth. Other fords also have their supporters. But for our purposes, since none of the various suggested places rests on absolute proof, we may as well regard this as the correct place, and picture to ourselves the scene. It is narrated in a few well-chosen words in the first chapter of Mark.

At this time of the year the Jordan is capricious, delighting, as of old, in sudden floods which cause the river to flow in new channels through the thicket and compel us to look at it from a distance. Usually, however, we can come to the bank. I advise against bathing, for the current is swift, the banks muddy, and the water dirty. There is no pleasure in a bath, and we have no religious belief requiring us to enter the water. It is a harmless fad to carry home some water from the Jordan for use in baptisms. But it must be carefully boiled, otherwise it soon putrefies.

The bathing of the Russian pilgrims at Epiphany and in Easter week is an interesting and impressive scene. Like a great army, they come down from Jerusalem and encamp at Jericho. Before dawn they start on their march to the sacred river. At the bank they solemnly enter the water, most of them clad in long white robes, which they take home to serve later as their shrouds. Families bathe together, even infants being ducked, thus saving them the expense and trouble of the journey in their later life. To all of them it is perhaps the most sacred and solemn ceremony of their lives.

Our luncheon has been sent hither from the hotel at Jericho. After partaking thereof, we enter a small rowboat and ascend the river a short distance to some

bitter springs. Then we land on the eastern bank and climb a low but steep hill. This is of sufficient height to allow quite an extensive survey. We can trace the course of the river to the Dead Sea. We can also say that we have been to the land of Moab.

On our drive back to Jericho we stop for a few moments to look at the tree said to mark the site of ancient Gilgal, where Joshua and the children of Israel set up twelve stones as a memorial to commemorate their marvelous passage over, or rather through, the river. What matters it whether we have the exact spot or not? Is not the tree sufficient to mark and recall the occasion, one of the most momentous in Israel's history?

Elisha's Fountain, now known as the Sultan's Spring, lies about a mile to the north of modern Jericho. According to an early tradition, the water was originally brackish, but was miraculously made drinkable by the prophet Elisha, as is told in the second book of Kings. It is a copious and perennial spring and of great value for irrigation purposes.

A most interesting excursion can be made from here to the monastery of the Mount of the Temptation. There is a good path, and, given plenty of time, it is not fatiguing. The monks welcome the visitor with arrack and coffee, as well as bread and olives. From the guest-room of the monastery one can look over the whole plain. Here is a good place to rest and read the biblical references referring to ancient Jericho and the temptation of Christ. We can continue our walk to the summit. Here, of course, the view is still finer. Not only do we see more of the Jordan valley, but we can also look over the desert waste of Judea and even see the tower on the Mount of Olives. This tower, by the way,

has been our constant landmark on our downward journey and during the ride to the Dead Sea and Jordan.

It is interesting to watch the pilgrims. Most of them are from Russia. Each of them carries a bundle containing food and changes of raiment. It would be easy to leave this at the foot of the hill, or, in any case, at the monastery. But no. They carry the bundle with them right to the top and then carry it down again. Many of them are old, both men and women. They toil steadily up, with their eyes on the ground and their thoughts doubtless on holy things. Arrived at the top, they hastily say the prescribed prayers and within five minutes start on their downward journey. None of them thinks of or even looks at the wonderful view before them. Such thoughts are worldly, and, of course, should not enter into the mind of the true pilgrim. They have come there for just one purpose, namely, to ascend the mountain and say a prayer. This done, they hasten down and start at once for some new place of pilgrimage. I once saw a small company of Abyssinian pilgrims here. They had come from Abyssinia via Mount Sinai, on foot, and trusting to hospitality for their sustenance. They were a splendid group of men, tall, black and hardy. With them also the holy place was their first object. But they walked upright and betrayed possibly a trifle more interest in their worldly surroundings.

It would be pleasant to remain here for the night and to descend in the morning, joining our carriages at the foot of the long hill. Some time, if I am so fortunate as to be here at the time of the full moon, I hope to do so.

Let me warn the visitor against attempting to return

in a straight line from the Mountain of the Temptation to the Jericho Hotel. It looks easy, but there are hidden water courses, swamps, brooks, thorn thickets, dogs, and other obstacles in the way. Once started, it is impossible to regain the right path. I speak from experience.

We now feel like old residents of Jericho, for we have spent the entire day in the valley and had sufficient time to see it leisurely. In the evening we sit in the courtyard, now illuminated by a petroleum lamp, and call to mind again the scenes and biblical references to them in the time of Moses and Joshua. And, indeed, until after the time of Christ Jericho was one of the principal cities of the land and the chief place in the Jordan valley. It commanded two roads into the mountain country of Judea, the one leading to Jerusalem and the other by the city of Ai to Bethel. In Joshua's time it was a walled city surrounded with trees and gardens. Palms were a prominent feature, and must have seemed familiar to the strangers from the south. The stories of the visit of the spies, their concealment by Rahab, the miraculous destruction of the walls of the city, and its capture by the people of Israel, are all narrated in the book of Joshua. After the return from the captivity it was the custom of Jews traveling between Jerusalem and Galilee to follow the Jordan valley, that they might avoid passing through the country of the Samaritans. So on Christ's last journey he came down to Jericho and from there went up to Jerusalem, following very much the same way that we shall go on the morrow.

Roman Jericho, as we have seen, lay to the south of ancient Jericho, and was a favorite residence of King Herod. He died here and his body was carried hence

to be entombed in the Frank Mountain. The city had been formerly the property of Cleopatra, the famous Egyptian queen. A great deal of labor had been expended in irrigation, and the place must have been a veritable Paradise. Modern Jericho dates from the time of the Crusaders. The native town is a village of wretched mud huts, rather worse and more degraded than usual. When a native community becomes dependent upon a community composed chiefly of foreigners, laziness is speedily begotten, and from this other vices grow apace. Within the last few years small tracts of land have been fenced in, irrigated and cultivated. This work is now beginning to bring forth its reward and shows promise that in the future the country may become as fertile and productive as in the past. The Jericho oranges are in no way inferior to those of Jaffa and the coast. They ripen, however, earlier and are usually gone before the tourist season begins.

The hotels are surprisingly good when one considers the place, the fact that all supplies have to be brought from Jerusalem, and that the patronage is limited to the tourist season. Most travelers spend only one night and then hasten back to Jerusalem.

It is advisable to leave early on our return journey. Of course, five o'clock is an unearthly hour to arise, but one can retire early. It is well to have a long morning for the steep and difficult ascent. This is especially true of the first steep hills. Early in the morning the rays of the sun shine directly on them. It is entirely too steep to expect our horses to draw a full load. Most people are willing, and even prefer, to walk, so that it is well to get this part of the trip over before the sun begins to shine with full strength.

At the Good Samaritan Inn we make a long halt to rest and feed the horses. This gives ample opportunity for inspection and purchasing at the store. There is a ruined castle on the hill from which a view may be obtained. I went up there once with a friend and found the castle inhabited by a family of Bedawin. The men were away, but there were several women and numerous children. My friend had a kodak and took several snapshots. At this the people demanded bakshish. One lady in particular, who at the time was engaged in taking the sour milk cheese out of the churn, was even so violent as to lay her hands on him. He fled.

The most interesting part of the ride is from here to the Apostles' Fountain. It is still mostly up hill and sometimes steep. At the Apostles' Fountain we have another long wait. A short and steep path leads directly to Bethany, and the walkers can reach there some time before the carriages. This is the only path over which Christ could have come on that last journey.

At Bethany we see the traditional tomb of Lazarus, the houses of Simon the leper and of Mary and Martha. They are worthy of little attention or credence. In the fields above and to the west of the village are found numerous traces of old houses, cisterns, etc. I do not think we need doubt that this is Bethany, but do think that it is now impossible to localize the particular places.

We remember how, when Christ made his triumphal journey from Bethany to Jerusalem, and came to the point where the view of the city bursts upon him, he wept over it. We cannot point out the exact spot, but we can have the same view as we come on the road. Directly in front of us and across the Kedron valley

is the temple area, with the mosque of Omar standing out alone in its beauty. The city lies behind, almost as if in an amphitheater. All the prominent churches and other buildings are distinctly visible. From the north and northwest the view is not so good because the ground is falling away from us. On the top of the Mount of Olives we are too high and everything seems dwarfed. But from the Jerusalem road, as it sweeps around the edge of the hill, we get the best and most perfect view, the one which we should remember and take home with us.

CHAPTER VI

JERUSALEM TO NABLUS

UNTIL very recently Palestine was a roadless country. It is one of the oldest countries in the world, for centuries the highway in peace and war between the great nations of Assyro-Babylonia and Egypt, and then for centuries the goal of pilgrim and Crusader. Only the insatiate demand of the modern traveler for comfort and speed has brought forth roads and railroads. It is true that Egyptian armies with their chariots invaded the land. But they came up the coast plain, driving along a track as we drive to-day from Jericho to the Dead Sea. We read of Ahab, Jehu and others driving in their chariots. This was in the plain of Esdraelon and in the Jordan valley, not in the mountains. There are remains of Roman roads throughout the country. They were rough and stony and soon degenerated to mere paths. The country was difficult for the roadmaker. Moreover, to open up a district by roads in ancient times meant simply to lay it open and defenseless before the invader. Difficulty of access was and is an important means of defense.

Wars are now less frequent, and Palestine and Syria, as they are not world powers, are not likely to be the scene of world battles. Their fate will be decided elsewhere. The opening of highways and railways for the rapid and cheap transportation of persons and goods

will be of great benefit to the country and people. As travel becomes easier, the tourists will come in larger numbers and bring wealth and the knowledge and ideas of the rest of the world to the land. This is not an unmixed blessing. The difficulty and cost of transportation of goods has long been a curse. The country is so diverse in altitude, character and climate that grain may be plentiful in one section and at a prohibitive price in a neighboring district, merely because of the cost of transportation. The harvest may be poor in one place and superabundant not very far away. With cheap transportation the excess in one part can be given to another and returned when fickle fortune reverses her position.

In 1867 a carriage road from Jaffa to Jerusalem was built, and in 1892 a railroad was opened. Up to within a few years tourist parties have mounted horses on arrival at Jaffa and made the entire tour of thirty days with camp. Now it is more usual to go to Jerusalem by train or carriage, stay at a hotel there and make the trips to Bethlehem and Hebron, as well as to Jericho, the Dead Sea, and the Jordan by carriage. Then one can go by camp to Beyrouth or Damascus. It is possible now to go through Palestine and see a good deal of the country without camping, traveling by train, steamship and carriage, and stopping at hotels and monasteries. I shall describe this tour in a later chapter.

Having now made several camping tours through Palestine, both alone and as a leader of tourist parties, I may perhaps presume to advise the prospective traveler. Shall he camp or not? But here I at once get into trouble. For I know the country and its conditions, but I do not know the reader and his limitations.

Still I will do my best to give some idea of the trip and some practical advice.

The chief hardship of the journey is the horseback riding. This is, however, not a question of skill in riding and managing a horse, but merely of physical strength and endurance. Ignorance of horsemanship need deter no one. The horses are gentle, sometimes too docile, even slow. I have had children of eight years and old ladies of seventy. Usually I should advise elderly, corpulent people, or those who have not a fair normal physique, against the camping trip unless they arrange to have a palanquin. This is a stout box, a sort of sedan chair, carried tandem by two mules. It is cushioned and plentifully supplied with pillows. The united testimony of those whom I have seen in it has been that it is very comfortable. Sometimes two or three ladies hire a palanquin in partnership, thus reducing the cost and giving each a proportionate use of it.

I think the usual camping party try to go too fast and that they make too long a stage each day. It is customary to go from Jerusalem to Nablus in two days. This requires about eight hours' riding each day. For the novice this means that his entire attention and strength are devoted to covering the distance and reaching the night camp, leaving neither time nor energy to see and examine the country through which he is journeying. So the object of the trip is lost. Moreover, this makes a bad arrangement of the halting places. Nablus is an unpleasant place to spend the night, and we want to have time to see the city and to ascend Mount Ebal. So I advise shortening each day's journey to about six hours. This does not mean a fiery gallop, but a sober fast walk.

It is customary to try the horses before leaving Jerusalem. This is, I think, a bad plan. The novice can tell nothing about the suitability of the horse, and the man who knows how to ride at home knows nothing about the Syrian animal. Usually there is considerable disappointment when the horses are first seen, and they are pronounced a poor lot of hacks. I should not esteem the wisdom of the owner of a horse very highly if he entrusted a fine and valuable animal to a tourist to ride over the rocky paths of Palestine. The profits of two or three weeks' hire would not pay for the damage the horse would probably suffer. If the tourist wishes to buy a mount and sell him again at the end of the trip no one can object. But this would be expensive and would usually require more time than most travelers can afford. After two or three days' experience in riding through the country we find that good looks are not everything in a horse, and that really our animals are excellent for the work required of them.

The great point of difficulty and uncertainty which no one can foresee or provide against is the weather. Good weather makes a splendid trip, and minor discomforts and fatigue are speedily outlived and forgotten. It is useless to think of a pleasure trip in bad weather. But we can know something about the probable weather and do something to guard against and make ourselves more comfortable in possible storm. December, January and February are cold and rainy, impossible for camping and uncomfortable for any kind of traveling. March is uncertain. In some years the weather has been fine, in others the reverse. April and May are the best months. We may experience stormy weather in April, but it is unusual. May is always clear and

bright, but sometimes the land begins to get parched and we have some uncomfortably warm days. The summer months are always rainless. I have never camped at that time, but should not think it would be unsafe or uncomfortable in the mountain country and with careful regulation.

The tourist must be provided with protection against rain. Some form of mackintosh or waterproof cape with hood will be found satisfactory. This must be carried by the owner and be where it can be got at at any moment. A Palestine shower comes up suddenly, works briskly and departs. If your waterproof is not easily accessible, it will be of no use.

The details of management and provisioning can be safely left to the dragoman. The camp is fully equal in table and comforts of living to any hotel in the country.

There are two main routes from Jerusalem north. Both of them follow about the same course to Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee. From there the usual route is to go over the slopes of Mount Hermon to Damascus and then to Baalbec and Beyrouth. I do not like this route because it is rather difficult and, I think, rather barren of objects of interest. In fact, the only place of biblical or historic interest beyond the Sea of Galilee is Banias, the ancient Cæsarea Phillippi. The road from the Sea of Galilee to Banias is rough and apt to be very muddy. Thence to Kefr Hawr it is rough, stony, and uninteresting. The best plan, in my opinion, is to go from Jenin to the Sea of Galilee via Mount Tabor, spend a day or two at Tiberias, and then go to Nazareth and Haifa. From Haifa we can go to Beyrouth via the coast, visiting Acre, Tyre and Sidon. This is the ancient Phœnicia,

historically one of the most interesting sections of the country. The road is good. The weather is apt to be better than in the interior. We have beautiful views of the plain and mountains on one side and of the deep blue Mediterranean on the other. Therefore I shall describe this route more fully, giving, however, a chapter later to the direct route from the Sea of Galilee to Damascus.

I think it is well to leave Jerusalem on Monday. This gives us two Sundays in the Holy City and enables us to start after a day of rest. It also brings us to the Sea of Galilee on Saturday, an excellent place to spend the Sabbath. Then we arrive at Beyrouth or Damascus on the following Sunday.

The camp equipment is sent ahead very early in the morning. We do not need to make a very early start, for this first day is rather short. We go to the north of the city, following at first the same road over which we went to the Mount of Olives. We do not turn to the right, but keep to the north, directly over Mount Scopus. On the top of the Scopus range we must halt and take our last view of Jerusalem. We have now been here several days and are familiar with the principal features of the scene. We have seen the city from all sides and even have been underneath it on our visit to Solomon's Quarries, and, so to speak, above it on the top of the Mount of Olives. We shall never forget it.

We landed at Jaffa, originally probably a city of the Philistines and later allotted to the tribe of Dan. Our first journey was made through the territory of this tribe. Jerusalem was on the border between Benjamin and Judah. Practically it belonged to the latter tribe during the greater part of Hebrew history. Bethlehem,

Hebron and the South Country belonged to Judah. So also did most of the land to the southeast through which we journeyed to Jericho and the Dead Sea. Now we are going northward and entering the territory of Benjamin.

Benjamin was a small tribe, for it had sprung from the youngest of the sons of Jacob. Moreover we are told in Judges that the tribe was almost exterminated in one of the domestic quarrels. At the disruption of Israel it was the only tribe which cleaved to Judah, and was in a sense a buffer between that tribe and the northern kingdom. So the northern boundary was never steadfast, but moved as Judah or Israel was the more powerful.

On our left we see the hill of Neby Samwil, crowned by a mosque and minaret. This is the ancient Mizpah. There seems little doubt of identification. It was here that Samuel was born, lived and died. His tomb is in the mosque. Mizpah is worthy of a special trip from Jerusalem, not only for its associations with the prophet, but for the beautiful view. It is considerably higher than Jerusalem. From the minaret we see the entire hill country of Judea, the foothills, the coast plain and the Mediterranean. To the east we can see the blue mountains of Moab. A ruin on the left, now known as Sha'fat, is pointed out as the ancient city of Nob. Further on to the right another hill is identified as Gibeah, mentioned several times in the Scriptures. Further on we come to the modern village of Er-Ram, the ancient Ramah of Benjamin. Formerly this seems to have been the frontier fortress between the northern and southern kingdoms.

To-day we follow the new carriage road. This was

planned several years ago and the peasants taxed to construct it and keep it in repair. The actual work was not begun until 1901. Since then a little has been done each year, working north from Jerusalem and south from Nablus. At present there is a gap of some three hours' ride between the top of the hill above Khan Lubban and the top of the hill overlooking the plain of Mukhna. When the road is completed it will be possible for the traveler to drive in one day from Jerusalem to Nablus, spend a day there and then return to Jerusalem. Or he can drive from Nablus to Jaffa. Curiously enough, our horses do not like this beautiful carriage road. They even much prefer the rocky and stony path. Probably it is rather a matter of what they are accustomed to. A horse or a man accustomed to the dirt roads of the country finds it very fatiguing to walk on the paved streets and sidewalks of the city. So a horse will sometimes stumble frequently on this hard road. He thus gains a bad character with his rider and the natural timidity of the latter is greatly increased. But when the horse gets on the rough path he will be found to be sure-footed.

El Bireh is our first important village. We used to stop there for luncheon, but now it is my custom to lunch at Ramallah.

El Bireh is the ancient Beeroth, the place where tradition says Joseph and Mary missed Jesus when they started homeward toward Nazareth. This was the time when they went to Jerusalem in his twelfth year. They returned to the city and found him disputing with the elders in the temple. The story is told in the second chapter of Luke.

Beeroth is about three hours distant from Jerusalem.

It is naturally the first halting place on the way north, just as Bethlehem is on the southern road. Doubtless Joseph and Mary started with a large company, say two hundred or more persons. They naturally supposed that the boy was with the others in the procession and would not make any particular inquiry about him until they came to the first halting place. The story has every element of naturalness and probability.

The Crusaders built a church here. It is now in ruins; still it is interesting to visit it and to observe the mediæval Christian architecture. Another old building is pointed out as the site of the ancient khan.

Beeroth is a typical native village, and here we have good opportunity to witness some of the popular customs and manner of living which tend to illustrate the Scriptures and are therefore interesting to us. We must gather this information bit by bit in the various villages as we go along. In one of them we can perhaps see a native house. In another we shall see the operation of grinding corn; in another the baking of bread, and so on. This knowledge must be gathered and accumulated gradually.

Considerable speculation has been indulged in as to what was done with the stone taken from the quarry east of the village. I do not think we need bother much about it. It was probably used to construct the church. This is a simple and easy explanation. Often such are disregarded in order to build up more elaborate ones.

Ramallah is a large village, almost a city. It is a center for missionary labors. The Roman Catholics have a flourishing school here. There is also a Friends' mission. The latter is really an academy, to which the pupils come from all Palestine and even from Syria.

They have a department for girls, in which they teach not only the elements of education as we understand it, but the practical duties of housekeeping. They are surely doing great good. These girls return to their native villages. They may not have been converted or improved in religion and morals, but they have seen the advantages of a clean and well-ordered house, and such knowledge is bound to stay with them and to make them set good examples to their less fortunate sisters.

The village is almost entirely Christian. This does not necessarily mean Protestant Christian. There are Christians of all kinds and almost as widely separated as are Christians and Muslims. We have here the Greek Christian, the Maronite, the Syrian Christian, the Catholic, and the Protestant, and I doubt not other varieties. The mission work, so far as services and conversions go, is entirely among these native Christians.

The people of Ramallah, owing largely to the example and work of the missionaries, have attained a higher degree of material prosperity than most Palestine villages. There is even a summer hotel, managed by our dragoman, Shukrey Hishmeh, and his father. In the summer they have visitors from Jerusalem and even from Egypt. On the hills of Ramallah it is always cool, and, so far as weather and climate go, a stay here must be delightful.

We have only a short ride from Ramallah to Bethel. We go back to Beeroth and soon after forsake the main road for the ancient path. This is our first taste of a real country road. It is not, however, so bad as it looks. The horses are accustomed to it, and any timidity of the riders soon passes away.

Bethel is the usual place for luncheon, as it is only a

few hours' ride north of Jerusalem. But I think it is best not to try to go further the first day. We have not had a very long ride and even now are beginning to appreciate the fact that Palestine cannot be seen and understood in haste. I would not discourage those who cannot take the camping trip from trying to see as much as possible in other ways, but to all who are able to travel through the land I would say as I do to those who hesitate between a week's trip on the Nile by rail and the three weeks' tour by steamer: "There is a certain knowledge, an inner acquaintance with the people and land which cannot be gained from books, and is hidden from those who are transported from Cairo to Luxor in a night, on to Aswan in a few hours more, and then back to Cairo in another jump. A man cannot mark the exact time when he acquires this knowledge and say, 'Yesterday I had it not; to-day I have it.'" This is equally true of the tour through Palestine. We want the everyday knowledge of the country and people, the composite impression of the land, which only comes slowly and unconsciously as the reward of the patient traveler.

There are two camping grounds at Bethel. The tents may be pitched on top of the hill. In that case we have a fine view. But if the weather is threatening it is better to pitch in the valley. Here we are protected from the fierceness of the wind, and it is on the whole better to enjoy a quiet and secure night and forego the view. We can climb the hill to see it, and moreover we would not appreciate it in any event in our sleeping hours.

Our camp is a small city. We have sixteen tents, two large saloon tents, and a kitchen tent. Each of the

sleeping tents holds two or three persons and is furnished with cot beds, tables, rugs, and even mirrors. The comfort of the tents is equal or superior to that found in the hotels and houses.

Bethel is another old town, whose history reaches back into the early days of the Hebrew nation, even to the time of Jacob. For it was here that the patriarch Jacob, on his way to Mesopotamia in search of a wife, rested for the night. He sought a comfortable stone for a pillow. And he could not have had much difficulty in finding one, for there is no lack of stones of every size and degree of comfort. It was here that he had the vision of the ladder reaching from earth to heaven. At the top of it stood Jahve, his God, who made known to him that the entire land should be the inheritance of his descendants and foretold their future numbers and greatness.

In the division of the kingdom Bethel was given to Benjamin, as one of their frontier towns. It was evidently poorly defended, and Jeroboam and his adherents had little difficulty in getting possession of it and forcing the Benjamites further southward.

Soon after the establishment of the northern kingdom Jeroboam perceived that it would be unwise to allow the tribes of Israel still to regard Jerusalem as their holy city, the religious capital, and he endeavored to establish a new sanctuary. He caused two golden calves to be made. One was sent to the hill of Dan on his northern border, and the other was set up here at Bethel. He established a priesthood here and tried to make this city the religious center of the kingdom of Israel. It is rather surprising to find that he chose a place so near the frontier and within a very short journey of Jeru-

salem. He doubtless selected it because of its ancient sanctity. Still he never succeeded in making it a religious rival of Jerusalem. The thoughts of the Jew, whether in the time of the united kingdom or in the time of its dispersal, always turned to the city of David and Solomon.

We remember also that Bethel and its priests were an object of hatred and denunciation to the prophets. Amos especially thundered against them.

The traveler should by all means walk a short distance to the east of Bethel, to the hill on which there is a conspicuous ruin known as the Burj. From here one can look down into the Jordan valley, Jericho and to the Dead Sea. This is the route by which the children of Israel ascended into the mountain country. After they had crossed the Jordan and captured Jericho, they proceeded to Ai, captured that city, and then came on to Bethel. This seems almost to have been the capital and center whence the various tribes spread in all directions, conquering the portions of the land which had been assigned them by Joshua.

Politeness requires that we call at the house of the sheikh. He owns the principal house in the village, and it is also the highest point of land. From the roof we get a wide and far-reaching view, though it does not equal that from the hotel at Ramallah. The old sheikh, who died a few years ago, had attained a great age and was one of the characters of the country. His son, the present sheikh, is most hospitable. He orders coffee to be made and served and suggests that he would like to roast a sheep in our honor. We are obliged to plead haste as a reason for declining.

A camp must always move like clockwork. If it

starts right in the morning all goes well. So I always rouse and start the camp myself. Promptly at twenty minutes past five the procession starts around the tents. One man has the bells of our head mule, another has the dinner bell, a third has the kettle cover, and the others have noise-producers of their own selection. They make a tremendous din, and I have never yet had a late riser offer as an excuse that he did not hear the rising bell. Breakfast is served punctually at six o'clock and the muleteers have orders that at that time they can take down any tent without inquiring whether the occupants are ready.

At half-past six comes the summons to mount, and ten minutes later the whole company is in the saddle and on the road.

An early start is both an advantage and a necessity. The cool morning air is delightful. And it does not mean a shortened rest. For all the members of the party, unless I am much mistaken, were sound asleep by ten last night, and many of them an hour earlier. Our tents, furniture and baggage of all kinds have to be packed and loaded. The pack train cannot start until two hours after we leave. Now, if we should start two hours later, at half-past eight, everything during the day would perforce be so much later. Dinner could not be served until eight instead of six, and the whole day, instead of being a success and a pleasure, would be ruined. I know what I am talking about.

The new carriage road is considerably longer than the old path. But that is so execrable, so inexpressibly bad, that I think it is best to choose the longer route.

We are now in the mountain country of Ephraim, often called simply Mount Ephraim. At the time of

the conquest under Joshua that tribe and a part of the tribe of Manasseh, their brethren, had pushed themselves forward and arrogantly claimed first choice in the promised land. They selected this part of the country. It had been thoroughly conquered by the whole nation. It could easily be defended. It was also by far the most fertile tract, for the coast plain and Esdraelon were still to be wrested from the Canaanites.

We are not very far from Jerusalem. Yet we notice a change in the character of the land. The little fertile plains are larger and more frequent, the great fields which seem to produce nothing but stones are not so prominent and all-pervading.

After about two hours we stop for a brief rest at a spring with the suggestive name of Ain el-Haramiyeh, or Robbers' Fountain. A little further on we see the village of Sinjil on the hills to the left. The name is the modern Arabic form of the Crusader's name, Saint Giles. This is the usual place to camp for the first night.

At Turmus Aya a path diverges to Seilun, the site of Shiloh. The carriage road keeps straight on up the hill, where at present it comes to an abrupt end. I advise the detour to Shiloh. It adds only about half an hour to the journey. There is merely a tree and a portion of a building to mark the place. But if the site of any place famous in the Bible and in Hebrew history is inspiration to you, then surely you must go to Shiloh.

This is the first great national sanctuary. The Ark of the Covenant, the symbol of Jahve, was established here. After the conquest under Joshua had been practically completed, that is, after all organized resistance of the Canaanites had been subdued, the tribes came to

Shiloh and the tent of meeting was set up. A committee was sent out to view the land. When they returned with their report the lots were drawn and territories assigned to the seven tribes who were not yet settled.

The temple of Jahve was built, to which a body of priests was attached. Here the boy Samuel was brought by his mother to be educated for the service of the Lord. It was here that he had his first visions.

We remember the story, how the children of Israel went to fight the Philistines at Ebenezer. Feeling some lack of confidence, they sent to Shiloh to get the holy ark. With the presence of Jahve in their midst, they felt sure of victory. But their Jahve was against them, and not only were they utterly defeated, but the precious ark was captured by their enemies. A swift runner came with the tale to Eli, the high priest, who was sitting at the gate of the sanctuary in Shiloh. He told him all. The mention of the death of his two reprobate sons, Hophni and Phineas, did not affect him. But when the old man heard that the ark of God was lost, he fell over backward, broke his neck and died. The ark never returned to Shiloh. It was carried to the various cities of the Philistines, bringing evil and misfortune in its train. The Philistines returned it to the Israelites. But it had no fixed home again until Solomon built the temple at Jerusalem.

Shiloh seems to have fallen into the position of merely a sacred and revered village. Then apparently came a great calamity, which utterly wiped it out. In Jeremiah it is referred to as an example of the great and total destruction which Jahve can and does bring upon the people and cities which incur his wrath.

We lunch at Khan Lubban. This is the ancient

Lebonah. It was here that the girls from Shiloh came to dance at a yearly festival and were seized by the Benjamites and carried to their homes. All the tribes of Israel had, in a fit of anger and self-righteousness, sworn that they would not give their daughters in marriage to the tribe of Benjamin. Later they repented and were appalled at the prospect of the extinction of one of their tribes. In order to furnish the Benjamites with wives and yet not break their oath, this harmless plan was arranged with the consent of all concerned.

Our afternoon ride is comparatively short. The road is rough and apt to be muddy. But it serves well to show us the condition of the way before the building of the carriage road. From the top of the last hill we look down into the plain of Mukhna, the ancient Moreh. We camp at Huwara, a modern village with no biblical associations. It has something better, however, namely, a good supply of chickens and eggs for our commissary department. It is fortunate that each village supplies us with refreshment of its own peculiar kind.

I always dread this second day with a camping party. It is really the hardest day of the entire trip. Having passed in comfort and safety, we can now look forward with pleasure. For henceforth the road is better, and, moreover, we are now somewhat used to the horseback riding and to the life and conditions of the camp. Our journey has been full of interest and the country ahead of us promises even more.

On Wednesday our morning ride is along the edge of the plain. On the hillside toward the east we can see a well, said to be the burial place of Eleazar and Phinehas, the sons of Aaron. These are not personages of sufficient importance for us to cross the plain. We skirt

the slopes of Mount Gerizim and come to the deep, cleft-like vale of Nablus, the ancient Shechem. We stop at Jacob's Well. This is one of the most revered places in all Palestine. The patriarch Jacob had purchased a "parcel of ground" here and had dug a well. At the time of the captivity this property, of course, fell into the hands of the Samaritans. It was here that Jesus in his passage through Samaria stopped and conversed with the Samaritan woman. She had come from Sychar to draw water. This was not Shechem. It was probably the small village which we see directly in front of us on the slope of the hill, and now known as Askar. Professor George Adam Smith devotes an entire chapter to the discussion of this subject. It is sufficient for us to know that we are at the well and to read and ponder over the prophetic conversation of the Christ.

Joseph's tomb is not far away. We know that the body of Joseph was embalmed in Egypt, carried through the forty years' wandering in the wilderness, and finally buried in Shechem in the same property with the well. There is, however, nothing to be seen at the tomb, and I think it is just as well to rest content with the view of it from Jacob's Well and hasten on to Nablus in order to have plenty of time for Mount Ebal.

CHAPTER VII

NABLUS AND SAMARIA

A PART of a day is an insufficient time for ancient Shechem. Did I not know the demands of the country before us, I should insist upon staying longer. But Samaria, Esdraelon, Galilee, and Nazareth, to say nothing of Phœnicia and Damascus, forbid us to tarry.

Shechem is another of the ancient cities of Palestine. Nablus is the modern Arabic form of the Greek name Neapolis. It is rather rare to find a Greek or Latin name which has ousted the original Hebrew. Abraham sojourned for a while near here on his way southward. Jacob and his sons spent some time in the neighborhood and had pleasant and unpleasant experiences with the inhabitants.

According to the book of Deuteronomy, while the Israelites were yet on the further side of the Jordan, before they entered the promised land, Moses selected Mounts Gerizim and Ebal for the reading of the blessings and the cursings, and even assigned the places of the different tribes. And after the defeat of the Canaanites before Ai all Israel came hither as Moses had commanded. An altar of unhewn stones was set up on Mount Ebal and sacrifices offered thereon. And the people stood between the two mounts. The blessings were read from Mount Gerizim and the curses from

The Jordan

Ebal. Modern visitors have often sought to test this, with, as might be expected, varied results. Some have found it impossible to hear at all and gone away certain that the story is false and prepared to argue against it, offering their single experience as proof. Certainly conditions of wind and weather must be favorable. In all parts of Palestine shepherds will call to each other on widely separated hills and carry on a conversation with perfect ease. It is idle to try to find the exact spot where all this took place. It seems likely that the place of assembly was in the great amphitheater-like bay east of the modern city. Several times, high up on either mountain, I have plainly heard the noise of the city, being able almost to pick out the words.

Shechem was the scene of many of the tales narrated in the book of Judges. Little is known of it in the time of the united kingdom, as all eyes were then directed toward Jerusalem. Rehoboam, son of Solomon, came here to be anointed king. Jeroboam organized a successful opposition and made Shechem the first capital of the kingdom of Israel. It was laid waste by the conquering Assyrians in 722 B.C., and the inhabitants carried into captivity. But it was soon reoccupied by a mixed population drawn from the surrounding country. Their descendants became known as Samaritans. When the Jews came back to Jerusalem after the exile, they offered their friendship and assistance in rebuilding the temple. They were indignantly and insolently repulsed. Thenceforth the Jews and the Samaritans were bitter enemies.

If the traveler spends but one day at Nablus, he ought not to attempt to ascend both mountains. It is hard to advise which to choose. Gerizim is easier and has the

greater historic interest. It commands a fine view. Ebal overtops it. We have the same view and much more. In fact, Ebal offers the most extensive survey to be found in Palestine. Only Hermon can compare with it, and that giant peak is really too far away to give a satisfactory outlook over Palestine. Moreover it is practicable only for the robust climber, and even to him only in the summer months. Ebal offers nothing but the view. So if you are so fortunate as to have a clear, bright day, by all means ascend Mount Ebal. It will prove perhaps the finest experience of the whole trip. But if the weather is unfavorable, ascend and enjoy Gerizim. Fortunate is the traveler who can do both under favorable auspices.

Gerizim can be ascended on horseback, and is a comparatively easy jaunt. Less than an hour suffices to reach the place of sacrifice of the Samaritans. In the spring of 1906 I was delayed by a storm and did not reach Nablus until late on Friday afternoon. We went up on Gerizim and found the entire Samaritan community encamped there. They were to celebrate the passover the following evening. I had been here several times, either a few days before or just after the great event. The chance could not be allowed to go by, and four of us stayed over to attend the ceremony.

This is perhaps the most ancient annual religious festival in the world. As far as I know, it has been celebrated every year for more than twenty-five hundred years. Persia and India may be able to outrank it, but Judaism, Islamism and Christianity cannot. When Christ talked with the woman at the well down in the valley, she said, "Our fathers worshiped in this mountain," referring then to the distant past. Nearly two

thousand years have since rolled away, and yet the remnant of the once numerous people still worship on the same mountain and with the same ceremonies.

On the next day we again climbed the mountain, arriving at the encampment about four o'clock. We were welcomed by the son of the high priest, who invited us into his tent. Then we went to the tent of his father Jacob, the high priest and head of the community. Their most precious possession, the Pentateuch roll, said to have been written by the grandson of Aaron, is always taken up into the mountain with them. I have seen this famous volume several times. It is undoubtedly old. It seems difficult to believe that it is really as ancient as its possessors claim. The manuscript has never been critically examined. The general opinion of scholars is that it dates from the early Christian centuries.

The high priest causes arrack and nuts to be served. He apologizes for not offering us coffee, for a fire is unlawful on this holy day. In response to our request, some of the unleavened bread is brought in. Permission is freely given to take photographs of the encampment, but we are asked not to try to get pictures of the ceremony.

Shortly before sunset all the people gather at the place of sacrifice. The high priest leads in reading the old Mosaic ritual and the people respond. Seven lambs without blemish are ready for sacrifice. As the sun reaches the horizon the priest takes the sacrificial knife, said to be the same which was used by Aaron, and at the moment of sunset slays the animals. It ought to be, and is, an impressive scene. It is, however, marred by the presence of a jeering group of hoodlums from Nablus.

There is a soldier, armed with a harmless-looking whip, who is expected to keep order. He does his best in a good-natured way, but the boys have little fear or respect for him. A huge fire is burning in the oven or pit and the carcasses are thrown therein. Soon after midnight they will be solemnly eaten. It is hardly worth while to remain for this part of the ceremony.

On the eastern summit of Gerizim we find the ruins of the castle. There are evidences of the existence of a large village. There is also a weli, that is, the tomb of a Muslim saint. We have an interesting view of the plain of Mukhna, of the country to the east, including the Jordan valley and the mountains of the Hauran. Those who do not climb Ebal should also get the view toward the Mediterranean.

The view from the summit of Ebal is to my mind the finest view in all Palestine. We look over the whole land, from snowy Hermon on the north to the Dead Sea, and from the Mediterranean to the mountains far beyond the Jordan. I hesitate to say all that I feel. For some travelers will be unable to ascend it; and others will be prevented by unsuitable weather. I do not wish to augment their disappointment. Ebal is only for the strong and vigorous and rewards them only when the skies and horizon are clear.

A Syrian horse is as good a climber as any man. It is not impossible to ride to the very summit. But in that case you lose all the joy of mountain climbing. A fair compromise is to ride to the upper cactus groves and then continue on foot, sending back the horses. On some accounts it is well to take a man from Nablus as a guide. He will repel impertinent stragglers who demand bakshish and tobacco and sometimes pretend own-

ership of the land in order to extort payment for trespassing or damage to growing crops. But see to it that the Nablus guide takes you to the highest summit. The southwestern peak is lower and easier to ascend. Moreover, it boasts a superior sanctity, as it possesses the tombs of several Muslim saints and also the skull of John the Baptist. But it does not have the grand view which we are seeking. We must go to the round northeastern peak. It requires about an hour and a half to reach this point from the valley. After about an hour we find that we are on a level of the Gerizim plateau, and as we get higher and higher the grand panorama unfolds itself. On the very top is a ruined building, said to be the tomb of a Frenchman who died in Nablus and arranged that his body should be conveyed hither for burial.

No one will climb Ebal in unfavorable weather, and still less will any one stint himself for time to see and enjoy the reward of his toil. We can or must afford plenty of time. Both of the great objects of the tour, pleasure and instruction, are utterly defeated by haste.

We instinctively look first toward the north. For that is the unknown land to us who come from the south. Moreover the great snowy mass of Mount Hermon is there attracting and compelling our attention. Hermon is visible on clear days from the hill above Khan Lubban, where we lunched yesterday. Henceforth for the rest of our tour it will be the dominant feature of the landscape. From here, with the aid of a glass, its whole mighty form can be seen and comprehended even better than when we are nearer. On a clear day we can see the great ravines filled with snow and ice like a cap or mantle ended abruptly by a dark line of earth and rock.

Let us wheel right about and look in the opposite direction. We see here the hollow which we know is filled by the Dead Sea. Beyond it are the blue mountains of Moab, now a familiar sight to us. A little to the right and directly south of us is a square building which looks like a sentry box; or, allowing for the distance, it might be a house. In truth, it is our dragoman's hotel at Ramallah, where we took our noontide rest two days ago. Just beyond it we see the minaret of the mosque at Neby Samwil, and we know that Jerusalem is close at hand. The vast blue ocean fills the horizon on the west, and on the other side the eye looks over the rift of the Jordan and sweeps the plain of the Hauran. Truly we have all Palestine and a great part of Syria spread out before us. A map seems puny and insignificant, the handiwork of man before the creation of God. We need not despise the map. We can at least get some help and knowledge from it.

Let us turn again to the north. To the left of Mount Hermon we see rather indistinctly another snowy mass. This is Mount Lebanon. We are somewhat surprised, for we have not thought of Lebanon as a great snow-covered mountain. Our idea of it has been rather of a mountain range covered with forests of cedars. We cannot see the Lake of Galilee. It is too deeply sunken in the earth. We remember that its surface is six hundred feet below sea level. Moreover, Little Hermon and the mountains of Gilboa hide it from us. We can see the hollow where it belongs and can almost make out the northern shore near Capernaum. That large city apparently near Mount Hermon is Safed. Almost directly north of us we see the French orphanage and upper buildings of Nazareth. Beyond is another large

village, Seffurieh, the girlhood home of the Virgin. Nearer is the great plain of Esdraelon, with Carmel pointing its finger to the sea. Tabor is hidden by Little Hermon. The mountains of Gilboa, where Saul met his fate, lie spread out before us.

Scarcely less interesting is the prospect westward. We feel that we are not on an isolated mountain peak, but on the summit of the mountain mass. The eye ranges over a series of terraces, each lower than the other, until it reaches the level coast plain. Carmel bounds it on the north, the Mediterranean cuts it off on the west, while to the southwest it seems to extend away into boundless space. Jaffa, apparently in the midst of a sand heap, and even the vessels at anchor off the port, are clearly visible. It seems incredible that we landed there two weeks ago. We can trace almost our entire trip. We recognize Ramleh, Lydda, and other acquaintances of our first day. On the sea-coast, a little north of west, a dark spot marks Cæsarea. Nearer is the hill of Samaria, where we are to camp to-night.

There is not much to be said of the south and east. We have just come from that direction and feel more familiar with the country. The places of interest are hidden in the valleys. Our view is of a vast expanse of mountain ranges with the depression of the Jordan. The side of Ebal is so steep, or rather the valley between it and Gerizim is so narrow, that Nablus is completely hidden, and we feel as if we were far from the haunts of men.

The country does not seem to be very fertile or productive. Our view is mostly of mountains. Here and there we see evidence of a small forest of oak or olive

trees. In ancient times the landscape was richer. Sharon was covered by a great oak forest. All the mountain country was much more wooded than to-day. The crop-bearing land is in the valleys. They are deeply lying and hidden from us. The rich plain of Esdraelon is in sight, but we are too far distant to discern its fruitfulness. And truly Palestine is not a great producing country. There are no exports of importance except the oranges from the coast. The land as a whole barely brings forth enough to support its present rather scanty population.

We cannot spend too long on Mount Ebal. All joys must have an end, and sooner or later we must descend. In my usual itinerary we go up the mountain as soon as we arrive at Nablus. Leaving our camping place at Huwara at half-past six, we reach Jacob's Well by eight, and can be well started on our climb by nine. We must have at least an hour on the summit. So it is after noon when we reach our lunch tent in the olive grove beyond the city. A good morning's work!

I have already spoken of the Samaritans and of their ancient copy of the Pentateuch. Ordinarily after luncheon we visit their synagogue. It is small and scrupulously clean—a great contrast to the street without, and indeed to the whole city. The high priest is a pleasant, affable man, quite intelligent when judged by the standard of his fellow-citizens. He gets a small fee for exhibiting his book. He also makes an appeal for funds for the Samaritan school. He has done so for many years and must have collected quite a sum. There are yet no visible signs of the school. He also issues no report of these funds. The Samaritan community undoubtedly is poor. But they do not seem

to be conscious of the dignity of respectable poverty. It is to be hoped that they will not discover that wealth comes easier through shameless begging than by honest labor. I would not discourage any one from helping them. But I cannot think that their lot is worse than that of the people around them, or that they have any claim upon charity, except that they are descendants of the ancient Samaritans.

It is somewhat surprising to learn that Nablus is famous for its soap factories. Certainly the inhabitants do not use much of it. Nablus is also noted for its springs and fountains. One spring or well in Palestine generally is sufficient for a large village, and few places can boast of more than two or three. Nablus has no fewer than twenty-two, the larger part of them flowing throughout the entire year. Almost every street rejoices in a stream of running water.

I do not like to encamp at Nablus. It is a large city, and a center of government. This always means officials to collect bakshish tribute, and beggars and troublesome children galore. Nablus is especially noted for these plagues.

On the other hand, Sebastiyeh, the ancient Samaria, is one of the finest camping grounds on our entire route. We leave Nablus as soon as possible after luncheon, for the camp must have reached Sebastiyeh by noon. We want to have some time to visit the hill of Samaria.

We follow the Jaffa carriage road. It descends through the broad and fertile Wady esh-Sha'ir, or Vale of Barley. Several picturesque ruined aqueducts bear witness to the development work of the Roman colonists. We shall see many others on the plain from Acre to Tyre. In the time of Christ, even in spite of the pres-

ence of the heretical Samaritans, this valley must have been a series of gardens in bloom and bearing fruit at all seasons of the year. We have left the high land of Judea, where winter is rigorous with frost and storms of hail and snow. We have descended nearly one thousand feet. Moreover, the valley is well protected from the north and has an abundant water supply. This was carefully distributed through aqueducts and canals. This valley is one of our first pleasing and smiling pictures of the land.

Sebastiyeh lies a short distance north of the carriage road. The easier path ascends the floor of the side valley until it reaches the foot of the hill. It runs through olive groves and wheat fields, strengthening our impression of the fertility of Samaria. But I much prefer the path over the hills. It skirts rather the edge of the hills. In the late afternoon, when the sun is lowering toward the tops of the western hills, we have a continuous succession of landscapes, any one of which is worthy of the highest skill of the artist. And it is not less beautiful in the early part of the day, when the sun is behind you, hardly above the mountains on the right and sending its rays down into the vale, lighting up the olives and the grain. In April it is all a bright green, but in numberless shades. In May the predominant color is yellow, also of varied hues, though the olive trees are still a dusty green and the hilltops are gray and brown. Comparisons are always odious and sometimes difficult. I hesitate to make the sweeping statement that this is the most beautiful ride of the whole camping tour. But I do say that I do not recall anything surpassing it. We shall come to other places, each beautiful and satisfying in its own way.

I ought to say that this upper path is rough and difficult in places and that it is not to be chosen after heavy rains. We seldom find anything really enjoyable that does not demand some toil or present some difficulty.

We have already had a strenuous and busy day. But we have yet to see the hill of Samaria. I should like to stay here a day, did not Galilee and Nazareth forbid. And it is inadvisable to wait until the morning. For the late afternoon and the sunset time show the glory and beauty of the country. And to-morrow has its own work and pleasure.

Afternoon tea is an important and appreciated feature of our camp life. Personally I do not care for this mild beverage, and prefer a modest plate of chicken livers in the kitchen tent. We have early breakfast and usually also early luncheon. So a little light refreshment carries us triumphantly through the afternoon, and when, as to-day, we still have some sightseeing, revives the drooping animal spirits and furnishes the required stimulus for further exertion.

Let us look for a moment at the history of our hill. It is one of the few places about the identity of which no controversy rages. This is the very hill which the usurping king Omri purchased from its owner, Shemer, for two talents of silver. Shechem had been the first capital of the northern kingdom. After a few years Jeroboam moved his court to Tirzah. Omri began his reign there, and after six years moved his capital hither. It was an excellent choice. The hill rises steeply from the valley and is entirely detached from the range. In ancient warfare it was impregnable. Hence sieges were always long and the city had to be conquered by famine.

Omri also seems to have been intent on increasing the

power and prestige of his kingdom among his neighbors. His new capital was not only capable of defence against enemies, but also on the western slope of the land and open to the sea coast. This meant an easy communication with the Phœnician cities. Omri made an alliance with Eth-Ba'al, King of Tyre, and married his son Ahab to the latter's daughter, the notorious Jezebel. So the kingdom of Israel turned from its brethren in Judah and connected itself with the Gentiles, even the polytheistic and idol-worshiping Phœnicians. The people exchanged the sturdiness and good habits of the wandering shepherd tribes for the luxury and sloth of the nations of the world and fell prey less than two centuries later to the conquering Assyrian. Even then it required a siege of three years, and the city yielded only to hunger and famine. With its fall in 722 B.C. ended the northern kingdom, and the ten tribes passed out of history.

During the Greek period the city revived. Herod the Great built his great palace here. As Omri looked toward the coast cities for friendship and support, so Herod looked to the lands beyond the sea, and therefore he wished to command the road to the seaport and thence to Rome. Herod renamed the city Sebaste, the Greek word for Augusta. In Arabic this became Sebastiyeh. Again the city lost its importance and dwindled to a mere village. Palestine was no longer one of the stages of the world's history. In the time of the Crusades it arose again, for a tradition located the execution of John the Baptist here. His tomb was a most valuable possession. A great church was erected, and for a time the city flourished. With the return of the Muslim it again fell to a village, as it is to-day.

We walk around the hill, starting on the northern side. Looking over the edge of the plateau we see a few columns which mark the site of Herod's hippodrome. We cannot venture to praise the view on this side, or rather this one of the views. For we have a beautiful outlook on all sides, in every direction, and each picture has its own charm, and while we are looking at it seems to deserve the first place.

On the east we come to the ruins of an ancient gate. This is known as the lepers' gate. The story is told in the second book of Kings. Benhadad, King of Syria, made war against Israel and besieged Samaria. And the famine waxed sore in the city until Ahab was near yielding to his enemy. Then Jahve came to the help of his people. An unaccountable panic seized the Syrian army and they fled, not only raising the siege, but even abandoning their camp with its stores and provisions and a quantity of treasure. This last circumstance must have greatly added to the joy of the people at their deliverance. Jahve wanted to make his gift and the evidence of his power complete. Now the people in the city at first did not know of their good fortune. Although it was foretold by the prophet Elisha as the spokesman of Jahve, they hesitated to believe it. Certain lepers had established themselves at this gate. They were never cordially welcomed in the city, and now, when no man had sufficient for his own wants, they could expect nothing. So they reasoned that death by starvation would be their lot if they went into the city to beg or if they remained passive at the gate. No worse fate could befall them from the invading army. So in the gathering darkness they descended to the valley, seeking their fate. To their surprise they found the camp

abandoned and deserted. Of course their first duty was to satisfy their hunger. Then they helped themselves to the plunder. But fear of the possible consequences impelled them to return to announce the good tidings to the king and the city. At first a ruse was suspected. But when it was clearly established that the invaders had actually fled in panic, the entire people swarmed through this gate and hastened to take possession of the stores of food and plunder, and the king's favorite captain, who had sneered at Elisha, perished under the feet of the multitude pouring through the gate as the prophet had foretold.

On the southern side we see long rows of columns, the remains of the great colonnade street of Herod. The church of St. John is now a mosque. We can go down into a kind of pit and see the tombs of John the Baptist, Elisha and Obadiah. But the Muslim school in the court is more authentic and more interesting. The boys are bright and eager to see the visitors. Of course they would appreciate a bakshish. They seem to have a certain independence, and at any rate do not plague the visitor. The schoolmaster is courteous and rather more intelligent than most of his brethren.

Each year the peasant, turning over the soil, finds coins, cameos, rings, and other small treasures of the ancient city. If the visitor wishes to obtain such a souvenir, he will have ample opportunity. Most of the coins are Roman and of no great value. Those known as the "widow's mite" and those with an ear of corn or a palm tree are most highly prized. In purchasing, it is best not to pick out a single coin and bargain for it, as that raises a strong suspicion that it is valuable. It is better to purchase a mixed lot, even if you throw

away the poor ones. If you want to find a genuine souvenir, simply look on the ground and you will see numerous square bits of stone, shaped like dice, which once formed the mosaic floor and walls of the palace. You will then have a real memento, gathered by yourself and without price. It seems probable that exploration on this hill would be well rewarded.

We have had a full and busy day. I think it is too much for one day. It is difficult to lessen it and pay due regard to the claims of the places ahead of us. But it has not been a hurried day, merely a complete and full one, which makes a person feel at night that he has done his whole duty, accomplished a good work, and earned a good repose.

CHAPTER VIII

THE PLAIN OF ESDRAELON

YESTERDAY despite the fact that we accomplished a great deal we did not advance far upon our way. We probably rode some twelve or thirteen miles. Actually, Sebastiyeh is but nine miles as the crow flies from Huwara. But what a change in the country! Huwara is just at the beginning of the fertile grain-producing land. We noticed a gradual improvement in the soil as we went northward. Nevertheless, until we got to Huwara the prevailing character was stony, treeless, cropless and generally worthless. A field of wheat or a grove of olive trees excited our notice and comment. But from Huwara all has been changed. Fruit orchards, grain fields and gardens of every kind have surrounded us. And to-day we shall continue through the same fertile region until we reach our camp at Jenin on the edge of the great plain of Esdraelon, rich in crops and in history.

There is not much to call attention to during our journey. We descend the steep hill of Samaria and mount the range to the north.

I was once ascending this hill after a long rain when the streams were swollen and the road muddy. A palanquin occupied by a nervous elderly lady had considerable trouble and finally was upset in trying to cross the stream. She was taken out uninjured and before there was the least danger. I hastened up and found her weeping bitterly and exclaiming, "I've got mud on

my rubbers, what shall I do?" I heartlessly expressed my satisfaction that there was no further injury. She explained afterwards that her rubbers were new and clean and she did hate to get mud on them.

On the same trip a horse fell into a brook on the other side of this hill and was with difficulty saved from drowning. The stream was not more than four or five feet wide, but it was ten feet deep and running like a mill race.

We lunch at Tell Dothan, bearing the same name as when Joseph was sold here by his brethren to a band of trafficking Midianites. Note how well the scene answers to the Bible narrative.

Jacob and his family were dwelling in the south country, probably near Hebron. In the summertime the scanty pasturage of the barren mountain range gave out and the patriarch sent his flocks in charge of his sons northward to Shechem, where he knew they would find good pasture in the fertile valleys. When they arrived at Shechem they decided to go on to the vale of Dothan. After they had been absent some time Jacob sent Joseph to find out how they were getting on. The young man came to Shechem and, learning that his brethren were in Dothan, proceeded thither. The elder sons of Jacob had been annoyed by their father's partiality toward him and by the airs which he himself had put on. Their first thought on seeing him was that now they could easily put him out of the way. Judah, the eldest, persuaded them not to kill him at once, but to place him in a pit so that he might die a natural death and his blood not be on their hands. While they were eating their noonday meal they lifted up their eyes and saw a company of Midianite traders coming down the main valley.

Having had something to eat, Joseph's brethren were feeling a little better-natured. They had also had time to reflect and soften a little. They knew that these merchants would pay them for the youth and take him to Egypt. So they would make something and free themselves from the guilt of even indirect murder. We are in the side valley which looks out upon the broad and open plain of Dothan. The great caravan route from the plain of Esdraelon to the maritime plain followed, as it does to-day, the broad valley. We sit here at our luncheon, and the chances are good that if we lift up our eyes we shall see a similar train of camels making their way to the north or to the south.

On one occasion I was riding with three gentlemen from Nablus to Jenin. We began to feel like luncheon some time before reaching Dothan, but agreed to restrain ourselves until we reached there, on account of the fine spring. When we rode up to the well the first thing we saw was a native youth taking a bath therein. Blank dismay settled upon our faces. I reminded the others that they had had much to say about the general uncleanliness of the people and that it would be inconsistent to reprove the first one they saw taking a bath. I also told them that, had we come ten minutes later, we should not have seen the bather and should have drunk the water with great satisfaction.

The main route continues northward through the broad plain of Dothan until it comes out into the greater plain of Esdraelon. But we ride up the side valley and pass through a fine olive grove belonging to the village of Kubatiyeh. Soon we enter a narrow and winding ravine. Suddenly emerging, we find ourselves at Jenin. A few palm trees greet us, reminding us of Egypt and

of the fact that we have seen very few palms in Palestine.

Jenin is a large village with a Turkish post and telegraph office. As usual, an official comes to inspect the passports. What he really wants is a bakshish. Let that be forthcoming and sufficient, and the correctness of the documents becomes a minor matter.

We camp to the north of the town. A little beyond is the native cemetery occupying a low ridge. We go there for our first survey of the plain. In looking over a broad open plain such as we have before us, it is best not to be very high above it. A hundred feet is ample. Thus the eye looks across and over, not down upon it. To-morrow we shall overlook it from Jezreel, a similar eminence on the middle of the eastern side of the plain, and from Tabor we shall see it from an altitude of nearly two thousand feet.

We are looking upon perhaps the most historic plain in the world. When Napoleon fought the battle of the Pyramids he sought to arouse his soldiers by the exclamation, "Forty centuries look down upon you!" He might have said sixty and not been far from the truth. And when his army was fighting on this plain he might have told them that no place in the world had a more ancient or more heroic record of war. And its record of peace and fertility must be still longer. Each year it is plowed by the husbandman and it rewards him with a bounteous crop. The richness of the soil seems inexhaustible. The rain is the only uncertain element.

Let us notice first the boundaries of the plain. It is a triangle. The long, even ridge of Carmel running to the northwest forms the longest side, the base if you will. For the second side, we draw another line through

the village of Jezreel on the point or cape of Gilboa and past the edge of Little Hermon to Mount Tabor. The third side is bounded by the low hills of Galilee.

Those hills right in front of us are the mountains of Gilboa, the scene of Saul's last battle with the Philistines, where his three sons were slain and he himself, seeing that all was lost, died by his own hand. We remember the curse of David, "Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew or rain upon you, neither fields of offerings." And the curse seems to have been fulfilled. Right in front of us, on the spur of Gilboa, is Zerin, the ancient Jezreel. The summit of Gilboa is crowned by the city of Wuz, which, being translated, means "goose." It is pointed out as the city Christ had in mind when he said in the sermon on the Mount, "A city set on a hill cannot be hid." Beyond is Gebel Duhy, better known as Little Hermon, and behind this is Mount Tabor.

Our plain is far from level. When we ride over it on the morrow we shall find that it is made up of great billowy ridges like waves of the sea.

Perched high up on the Galilean hills we see the upper houses of Nazareth. They are but little plainer than from the top of Ebal, yet we feel that we are nearer. The distance hence, as the crow flies, is about seventeen miles. We could reach the city in about six hours. Though we are so near, our route will not bring us to Nazareth until Monday afternoon. On the southern side of the plain we endeavor to locate Taanuk, the ancient Taanach, and Lejjun, supposed to be Megiddo. It takes a good deal of faith to see them and perhaps it is best to rest content with the knowledge that they are in that direction. We can pick them out better from Jezreel or from the top of Tabor.

We shall skirt the plain on two sides and shall not leave it finally until next Tuesday. But we cannot see too much of it. The plain of Esdraelon must be one of the pictures by which we shall remember the land. We return to our camp, which now seems actually home.

Once when I was encamped at Jenin we had the good fortune to be invited to attend the wedding festivities of one of the principal men of the village. Please note that I say "invited." Any tourist can attend a wedding, for the festivities are usually public, all being welcome guests. The dragoman will easily arrange it. But in this case we were especially sent for by the father of the bridegroom. It was interesting to our company from the West, although there was not much to write about. We were all received in the public room and given places on the divan, and, of course, cigarettes and coffee were passed around. Some musicians exhibited their skill. The ladies were taken into the harem and presented to the bride. After an hour or so we shook hands with the host and departed. The festivities were kept up nearly all night and were prolonged for several nights. To the villagers it was an occasion of great and lengthy rejoicing. Such an experience throws light on many of the customs of the ancient time and illumines especially the well known parable of the wise and foolish virgins.

In the morning we make our usual early start. In fact, the sun is just coming over the mountains of Gilboa as we sally forth. The road is broad and good, although it easily becomes muddy, and after heavy rains it is a veritable morass. We need rather more than two hours to reach Jezreel.

In front of the wretched village we halt to look again

over the plain and review the places which we saw yesterday Jezreel is a rather better place from which to view the plain than Jenin, as it is more central. We seem to be on a platform purposely constructed for the visitor. We see the same places, some of them much more distinctly. One more place must be pointed out, the battlefield of Napoleon. It is on one of the hills in the plain known as Afulch, towards Nazareth.

Passing around to the north of the village, we look over an arm of Esdraelon, or more correctly another plain, the plain of Jezreel. This is even here considerably below the level of the great plain and slopes rapidly toward the Jordan valley. At its eastern end we see the hill on which is the city of Beisan, the ancient Beth-Shean. This was one of the cities especially assigned to the tribe of Manasseh, although it was within the territory of Issachar. Hither the body of Saul was brought and hung upon the wall as an insult to the vanquished and for the glory of the victors.

At our extreme right, close under the mountain range of Gilboa and apparently about two miles distant, we see a bright spot glittering like silver in the sun. This is Ain Jalud or Gideon's Fountain. We could easily ride thither. But we can see it as well from here and can use our time to better advantage elsewhere. The spring issues from under the edge of the hill and is so copious that it forms a large pool. A stream flows thence to the Jordan and is of sufficient strength and volume to operate several mills. This is the fountain where Gideon before the battle against the Midianite invaders caused the men of Israel to drink and selected his band of three hundred, taking only those who scooped the water up with their hands. They showed

that they were bold and wary, for those who bent down to drink directly from the pool might easily be surprised when off their guard.

Jezreel was an important place in scripture times. David married Ahinoam, a native of Jezreel. Let us hope that she was superior to the women who come out of their huts to gaze at and curse us. Ahab made his capital here and seems to have preferred to live here rather than at Samaria. He had a better opportunity here to indulge in the pleasure of driving in his chariot. Poor Ahab had no automobile and had to content himself with a plain chariot and pair of horses. Nevertheless he and a certain Jehu, the son of Nimshi, won great reputations as charioteers. We can picture to ourselves Ahab's furious ride across the plain from Mount Carmel whither he had gone to witness the contest between Elijah and the prophets of Baal. At the first sign of the coming storm he started homeward with Elijah running before him, and they did not slacken their speed until they reached the gates of Jezreel. Naboth's vineyard was here, according to tradition, on the northern slope of the hill. Jezebel, according to the Bible a pattern of wickedness, lived here. Elijah thundered against her, and, even as he had prophesied, the dogs of the city devoured her body by the city wall. No greater punishment could befall her. This plain of Esdraelon was the scene of much of the work of Elijah and of his successor Elisha.

Descending into the plain of Jezreel we cross to Sulem, the ancient Shunem, a small village on the slope of Little Hermon. Here David found another wife, or rather a handmaiden and nurse for his old age. Abishag, the Shunammite, was a famous beauty, and her

charms caused the downfall and death of Adonijah. Solomon had plenty of others, and would perhaps not have minded giving her to his brother but for the fact that to marry a lady who was virtually the widow of their father, King David, might, under favorable conditions, have been considered as giving him a claim to the throne. The maidens of Shunem were renowned for their charms, and it is supposed that Solomon was addressing one of them in his famous love song. Like those of Jezreel they have sadly degenerated.

The great event in the history of Shunem was the raising from the dead of the child of the Shunammite woman. The prophet Elisha had come here frequently and been hospitably entertained by a certain woman. She even had a room added to her dwelling and kept it continually in order and at his disposal. She was childless, the greatest misfortune that can befall a woman in the East. Elisha interceded with Jehovah, and she bore a son. Several years afterwards the boy went with his father into the fields to the harvesting. Overcome by sickness, perhaps from the heat, he was brought back to the home and died. The mother was overcome with grief. Of what avail that she had borne him if he was to die so young But He who gave had taken away, and He might restore. Elisha was the man who had interceded with Jehovah for her, and perhaps he would do so again. So she hastened to him and found him on Mount Carmel. She laid the matter before him, and he at once sent his servant to lay his wand upon the child. But the woman had no faith in the servant, and insisted upon his coming himself. He did so, prayed to Jehovah, and restored the child alive to the mother's arms. Truly Sulem is a place of Bible memories.

On the other side of Little Hermon is another similar village, the scene several centuries later of a similar miracle by our Lord. We have here a good example of the fact that Christian pilgrims busy themselves only with the places connected with Christ and entirely ignore the Old Testament. There is no memorial of the miracle wrought by the prophet. But in Nain a neat Franciscan chapel commemorates the raising of the widow's son.

Nain is a most fitting place for our luncheon. It is high time, and moreover we can enjoy it at an improvised table in a room belonging to the caretaker of the church, or, if we prefer, in the church itself.

From Nain we get our first good look at Mount Tabor. We have known of its existence and location. Hitherto it has been hidden by Little Hermon. Tabor is a peculiar rounded mountain entirely separate from the neighboring hills of Galilee. To-day it is bare and white until near the top, where numbers of green oak shrubs seem to be trying to attain the dignity of trees. Tabor has its own individuality, which impresses itself on the beholder. After we have once seen it we shall always recognize it.

Beyond Nain and still on the slope of Little Hermon is another mud village of ancient fame, Endor, the dwelling-place of a famous enchantress. Even King Saul, who had remorselessly hunted down the witches and fortune-tellers, fell himself into superstition on the day before the great battle and sought her aid. At his request she summoned the spirit of Samuel, who foretold to him the defeat of the morrow.

After luncheon we cross the valley to Deburieh, the large village at the foot of Mount Tabor. I used to

camp here. But now I prefer to encamp on the summit. The water at Deburieh is not good and it is often necessary to send to the top for our table supply. All the party ascend for the view. It is not a difficult ascent for the baggage animals and of course it is much pleasanter to be able to enjoy the outlook at our leisure. We can see both the sunset and the sunrise if we wish. On a clear moonlight night a wondrous scene is spread out before us on every side—not a conscious, wide-awake picture, but a dream or a vision.

Tabor could not fail to be a well-known landmark throughout the history of the land. It is first mentioned in Joshua as marking the boundary of the territory of Issachar. In the great battle with the Canaanites the forces of Israel under Deborah and Barak encamped here and rushed forth upon the Canaanite forces in the plain, putting them to utter rout. Then the two leaders of Israel composed and sang the song of victory which is preserved to us in the Book of Judges. This was one of the most momentous events in the history of the Hebrew nation. It brought all the tribes except Judah together to fight, and their success so overwhelmed the Canaanites of the plain that for a time they were forced to peace. The new nation thus took a great step forward, strengthening their own union and crushing their enemies.

The early Christian fathers placed the Transfiguration here. The Latins and the Greeks could not well use the same spot, so each selected a site, proclaimed it as the only genuine, and built a monastery. The Latin monastery is in the midst of the ruins of the village which sprang up here in the time of the Crusades. The ruins of the church command the best view toward

the north and east. Naturally we go there first, for we have been looking forth on Esdraelon all day and crave a change of scene. The plain will keep for our sunset view and be still more beautiful at that time.

Looking north from Tabor we are reminded of our view from Ebal. The giant snow-covered Mount Hermon dominates everything. No wonder the Arabs call it Jebel esh-Sheikh. This may mean either "lord of mountains" or "old man of the mountains." We are now thirty miles nearer than when we stood on Mount Ebal. The same outlines, the same snowy mass! We see more of the snow and the lower slopes of the mountain are not so prominent. This is due to the fact that we are nearer and at not quite so high an altitude. But we are still fifty miles from the topmost peak of Hermon.

We call to mind how the Psalmist puts these two mountains together when he sings, "Tabor and Hermon rejoice in thy name."

At the foot of Hermon we can distinguish a small hill with the aid of field glasses. It is Tell el-Kadi, the ancient hill of Dan. Looking southward, we can almost see Beersheba, or at least imagine that we see the country near it. The Bible expression for the whole land is "from Dan to Beersheba."

We rather expected to see the blue waters of the lake of Galilee spread out beneath us. But it is too far beneath, or rather the sides of the depression are too steep. We can see only the upper end, near the entrance of the Jordan and Tell Hum.

Down in the plain we see for the first time those two remarkable hills known as Karn Hattin, or the Horns of Hattin. They are the traditional peaks where

Christ pronounced the discourse known as the "Sermon on the Mount," or the "Beatitudes." Around them was fought the great battle between Saladin and the Crusaders in 1187 which broke the power of the latter in the Holy Land. We shall pass near them to-morrow and again on our way from Tiberias to Nazareth.

We now go to the other side of Tabor and look again upon Esdraelon. Last night at Jenin we were at the southeastern angle of the triangle. We have come along its eastern side and are now at the northeastern angle. And we are high above the plain. The view reminds one of that from the Swiss Rigi toward the north. There is the same flat appearance of the land. Each field has its own color, giving the impression of a series of carpets spread out before us. In one section the ground has just been plowed, in another we see the green crop. At the end of April the fields of ripening grain shine with varied golden tints. A brilliant red shows where the poppies grow. A mass of yellow wild flowers, or weeds, as you may choose to call them, is next to a patch of bright blue.

As the sun sinks over Carmel we recall again the cities and villages of the plain and the great battles that have made it renowned. Doubtless there were many others, not important enough to be called great. But to-day we need not concern ourselves with battles and ancient wars. A little white cloud in the plain, followed by a black line, points to the change that has come over the land. This is the twentieth century railroad train crossing the plain on its journey from Damascus to Haifa. It does not require a prophet to predict the transformation of the plain and of the country into a land filled with the spirit of the century. The change is and will be slow, but it is none the less sure.

CHAPTER IX

GALILEE

WE began our journey in the land of Judea and passed thence to the country of Israel or, as it was afterwards known, Samaria. We have now come to the hills of Galilee. They are really the southern foothills of the Lebanon range, and are separated from Samaria by Esdraelon, the natural boundary. This separation must have been always felt, and even long before the time of Christ it became so strongly marked that Galilee was a separate province and its people were considered as a distinct race. In the time of the kingdom, the plain was reckoned to Samaria, and we have seen that one of its cities was Ahab's capital. It was really the center of the history of Israel related in Kings and Chronicles. Issachar dwelt in the plain. Several of the cities belonged to Manasseh. The tribes of Zebulon, Asher and Naphtali lived in the hill country north of it. At the fall of the Kingdom of Israel all these tribes were carried into captivity and thenceforth were lost to the world. When the Jews returned from Babylonia they found a mixed people, known as the Samaritans, in possession of the mountain country which had formerly belonged to the tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh. These people claimed to have Hebrew blood in their veins and offered their help in rebuilding Jerusalem and the temple. But the Jews, poor, and

therefore proud and stubborn, indignantly spurned their assistance, and from that time bitter hatred prevailed between the two peoples. We must not think that the Jews came back from Babylonia only in two large bodies under Nehemiah and Ezra. When the permission had once been given there was doubtless a continual stream of them passing over the well-worn highway from Babylonia to Palestine. They all claimed to be of the tribe of Judah. For the tribes of Israel had gone into exile a century and a half earlier, and moreover they had fallen before the kingdom of Assyria, which in its turn had succumbed to the new kingdom of Babylonia. During this period the children of Israel had entirely lost their identity and become merged with the other captive nations held in slavery in Assyria. The few who survived probably joined the new coming host of captives of Judah and lost themselves in their ranks.

After the first rush of returning Jews to Jerusalem the later bands did not all go to the city, but settled the hill country of Judah and Galilee. In the time of the kingdom, as we have seen, Esdraelon had been reckoned as belonging to Samaria. After the return of the exiles the plain was included with Galilee. All these Jews went to Jerusalem to attend the religious feasts. To avoid the hated Samaritans they used to go down the Jordan valley to Jericho and thence ascend to Jerusalem.

These men of Galilee, men of the mountains, soon gained a reputation for boldness, fearlessness and turbulence. And it was from these people that the human ancestors of Jesus Christ came. In Nazareth, one of their mountain villages, he grew to manhood, and on the shore of their beautiful lake he delivered much of his teaching and performed many of his wonders. In truth,

Tiberias

Galilee, rather than Jerusalem, is the birthplace and home of Christianity. Christ was accidentally, so to speak, born near Jerusalem. His crucifixion took place there, because that city was the political and religious center of the Jewish world. But he spent comparatively few days there. His boyhood and young manhood were spent in Galilee. He also lived here for a large part of the three years of his public ministry, and that the more important part, the period when he was formulating and publishing his teachings.

The traveler who, through indolence, desire to avoid fatigue, or lack of time, omits Galilee from his tour and hovers around Jerusalem does not really see the Holy Land. I cannot too strongly emphasize my advice to see the country leisurely and thoroughly. It is a long distance from home, and that very fact instead of serving as an excuse for shortening the time spent there should cause you to devote sufficient time to really accomplish the object of your journey. The railway makes travel easier and quicker, and the tourist can now go to Damascus via Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee and continue thence to Beyrouth.

I have wandered from the description of our journey. I consider it important to have the right conception of the importance of Galilee to the Christian traveler before entering that district. Even to the non-Christian or to the man who journeys merely for his own pleasure it is a beautiful region, with scenes matched nowhere else in the world. The man whose religious life rests on Christ and who delights in the beauty of nature has a twofold pleasure awaiting him.

From the top of Tabor we have seen the broad plain above the Sea of Galilee. At least it looks like a plain.

Actually it is a series of hills and terraces much rougher and harder to travel over than the plain of Esdraelon. Two enclosures with crumbling walls, known as the Khan et-Tujjar, or Merchants' Inn, are interesting. They are old caravansaries, the halting place on the great highway from Jenin to Damascus. For those bent on business and not interested either in biblical sites or mountain views, it is just a comfortable day's journey from Jenin. Here the merchants found a safe resting place for the night, secure from wild beasts and wilder Bedawin. The next stage brought them to Khan Minyeh, just north of the lake. To-day the bulk of the goods destined to Damascus comes to Beyrouth in great iron steamers and thence by rail. The few caravans still traversing the land skirt the plain of Esdraelon to Beisan and cross the Jordan below the lake. The modern camel-driver must stop at a village where the coffee house exists and where he can gladden his heart and while away the time.

While crossing this plain with a party in 1903 I happened upon an adventure which showed that the real conditions were still those of a land where might prevails and far from the ideal of the twentieth century. Soon after reaching the plain I met a single camel led by a Bedawy youth. This was suspicious and justified inquiry. I learned that a raid had been made during the night by a Bedawy tribe from across the Jordan and that they had fought with the fellahin of a large village called Lubieh some three hours ahead of us. In the fight several men had been seriously wounded and one was killed. His body was being borne to their encampment on the other side of the river. A little farther on I saw two horsemen evidently scouting and avoid-

ing the road. When I came where I could look over the descending wady toward the southeast I saw a large body of men, most of them mounted and driving a herd of black cattle before them toward the river.

I rode on rather briskly and soon got well ahead of our party. On one of the ridges I dismounted to wait for them to come up. I seated myself on a stone and allowed my horse to graze. Suddenly there was an awful racket, or medley of noise, behind me. I looked around and saw the most motley crowd imaginable hastening around the edge of the hill. It was the people, actually the entire population, of the village of Lubieh. In the front rank were the able-bodied men with their skirts girded up so as to be unimpeded in their movements. Some were on horseback. Behind them came an eager mob of women and children. Many of them carried babies in their arms or on their backs. All were yelling and screaming at the top of their lungs. All the adults were armed. Some had guns or rifles, very ancient and rusty, apparently useless except as noise-makers. The horsemen had long spears, veritable weapons of the Arabian Nights. Many had the usual club. Others had sticks or stones. They need not have carried the latter, as they could have easily supplied themselves anywhere on the plateau. They formed a circle around me and inquired if I had seen the robbers who had attacked them and carried off their cattle. I judged it best to disclaim all knowledge of the affair, as I could not help them, and usually it is unwise for a stranger to involve himself in such matters, even on the side of right and justice. Suddenly an impulse seized them and all rushed toward the edge of the plateau. The footmen, accustomed to the ground, easily kept up

with and even ahead of the horsemen. The rabble followed as best they could.

Meanwhile our party were coming slowly along the road. As they reached me I happened to look to the north and saw a white squall which had been hovering there for some time suddenly start toward us. There was barely time to pitch the lunch tent before it was upon us. It was not rain, but driving hail. I will not attempt to estimate the size of the hailstones. I will only say that I have never seen their equal. Our horses tried to stampede. But there was no shelter to flee to. So they had to turn tail to the wind and face it, or rather back it, out. In the midst of the storm the villagers came back rushing to their huts. The old sheikh invited us to go with them. But the storm was already ending, and in a few minutes the sun was shining brightly again. With all these incidents we had an interesting and exciting morning.

There is a straight path from Khan et-Tujjar to the edge of the plateau above Tiberias. It is very rough, with a steep and even dangerous descent to the lake. With a tourist party I think it is best to take the path leading straight toward the Horns of Hattin and there join the carriage road. I shall notice these peculiar hills when we return from Tiberias. The carriage road is really only a wide track and in no sense a constructed road. Soon we come to the brink of the plateau and look down upon the blue lake and the toy city of Tiberias. This is the proper place for luncheon. We ought to spend some time here gazing upon the scene, so full of history and beauty. It is another of the pictures to take away with us. I am sorry for the traveler who catches merely a glimpse of it and then has to bring

his thoughts back to the problem of managing his horse and steering him safely down the hill.

This is our first real and complete view of the lake which we have thought of all our lives and have been looking forward to especially during the last few days. It is one of the goals, objects, and even turning-points in our tour. We are to spend two days on its shores. But this is the only place from which we can overlook the whole lake and fix the relative position of the few known landmarks. My own humble idea is that one can profitably enjoy the scene for a while without any thought of its history. Try to forget all this for a few moments. You will not lose anything. I think you will rather gain from having a plain, everyday conception of the country on which to base and in which to frame the more solemn and soul-stirring emotions. It is truly a beautiful landscape, worthy of a place beside the outlooks from Ebal and Tabor.

After luncheon we can learn our lesson. Right at our feet is the city of Tiberias. Its houses gleam in the sunlight. They are surrounded by a stout black wall which certainly looks ancient even from a distance. And that is the only village on the shores of the lake, indeed almost the only evidence of human habitation. Yet in the time of Christ and for some centuries thereafter nine or ten cities and numerous villages lined the shore. At the southern end of the lake we see Semak, until recently a few huts, but now rapidly growing on account of the railroad. Almost opposite us is a peculiar hill. This is Kala'at el-Husn, the ancient Gamala. In front of this hill and close to the shore is a long narrow stone house. A colony of Persians, of the sect known as Babbites, have settled here and are endeavoring to reclaim

the land and prove its ancient fertility. A little further north is a large, solitary tree. This is said to mark the place where the demons went out from the demoniac at the command of Jesus, entered a herd of swine and straightway caused them to rush into the sea. At the upper end of the lake we can plainly see the entrance to the Jordan and the narrow gorge by which it descends from Lake Huleh. Further to the westward are the house and gardens marking Tell Hum, the probable site of Capernaum. A similar garden shows us Ain et-Tabigha. Far to the north Hermon, now a familiar friend, overshadows the whole scene. It is in a sense an anchor, always fixing the direction and enabling us to steady our picture.

Like most of our views of Palestine, this seems rather bare. Trees are few and one of ordinary size is seized upon as a landmark. In the bright sunlight the glare is often too strong and on a cloudy day the view is gray and colorless. It produces an impression peculiar to itself, and therefore is difficult to compare with other views of the land. I do not think it has the full beauty and richness of light and color of the views from the Mount of Olives toward the Dead Sea, and it certainly does not have the vast extent of the outlook from Ebal and from Tabor. One is compelled to rely more on the emotions aroused by the events to which it owes its fame.

The lake lies in a basin. At our luncheon tent, which is six hundred and eighty feet above the lake, we are practically at the level of the Mediterranean. The altitude is about the same at the northern end where the river comes out of the morass known as Lake Huleh, or the Waters of Merom. At the southern end the land

is raised but little above the lake and it rapidly falls another six hundred feet to the Dead Sea. This whole valley is properly called the Ghor.

It is inadvisable to pitch the camp near the town of Tiberias. A better place can be found on the shore between the town and the baths. There is considerable travel to and fro on the road, but every one is orderly and no annoyance need be apprehended.

The city of Tiberias occupies a long and narrow rectangle bordering on the lake. Though there is now no need of seeking safety behind the ancient walls and they themselves are so dilapidated that they could not afford it, as yet there is not a single house outside. We thought that parts of Jerusalem, Hebron and Nablus were filthy, almost uninhabitable by human beings. But Tiberias far outdoes them. Each alley—there are no real streets —has a channel or gutter running through its center, in which all the refuse and sewage of the inhabitants is thrown. A heavy rain sometimes washes the pavement. A light drizzle produces a liquid mud that can be better imagined than described. And yet we stand in this filth and look into spotlessly clean courtyards whitewashed and scrubbed until they rival the front yards of a Dutch villa. We come to the conclusion that the people have no sense of smell and no desire to look beyond their own property.

In 1903 the cholera wrought havoc in Tiberias. I was told that a large number of the inhabitants had perished. But I was confident that some had escaped, for I knew that many of the citizens were so filthy that no self-respecting cholera germ would come near them.

Tiberias is famed throughout the country as the

capital of the fleas and the residence of their king and his court. If one mentions this to an Arab the usual response is, "Yes, and the queen as well."

The city was founded by Herod Antipas, who named it in honor of the emperor and made it his capital. This was twenty-two years after the birth of Christ. But Jesus is thought never to have entered its walls. The court of a native prince did not attract him. As a good Jew he could not enter the city without risk of ceremonial uncleanness, on account of the fact that the site had once been a cemetery.

After the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, Tiberias became the chief center of Judaism and about two centuries later the Sanhedrim removed thither. Many of the most renowned rabbis lived there and their tombs are shown and reverenced to-day. The disputations between these masters are preserved in the Palestinian Talmud.

To-day the city has a population of about six thousand. The Jews are in the majority. They are, of course, strict in keeping the letter of the law, and on Saturday it is impossible to do business or replenish our larder. The Muslims are well represented, and there are a few Christians. The Scotch mission maintains a hospital which does much to mitigate suffering and open the way for the teaching of the Gospel.

The baths of Tiberias have been famous from ancient times. They are supplied by natural hot springs with a temperature of nearly one hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit. Several of these springs are bubbling forth in the open air. I once saw our head muleteer stop at one and test it with his hand. It was hot, but apparently not unbearably so. He kicked off his shoes and

Mary's Well

jumped in. It reached just to the middle of his calf. Very soon a puzzled and troubled expression crept over his face and he quickly jumped out. It had taken an appreciable time for the sensation to reach his brain, for his skin was so hardened by a life of exposure that the nerves responded but slowly. If one of us had touched a toe to the surface of that boiling spring the nerve would have notified the brain quicker than lightning. Nay, we could not even put our hands into it.

These hot springs possess valuable therapeutic qualities. Some day a large sanitarium will be established here, and patients will come from all over the world, just as they did in the time of the Roman emperors. They belong to the Sultan, and he is reported to be willing to lease them. But as yet the risk and labor involved have been too great to attract the needed capital.

I always like to spend Sunday at the Sea of Galilee. If any of the places of the Holy Land will awaken and strengthen one's religious nature surely the lake, on the shores and on the surface of which Jesus lived and taught, must do so. And those who remain here only a part of a day and hasten on have no opportunity to become acquainted with the lake, to see it in its varied moods and to indulge in any meditation appropriate to the locality. I do not think a quiet row or sail to Tell Hum inconsistent with a right keeping of the Sabbath. But some of our party would hold it wrong, and therefore we make the excursion on Saturday afternoon.

There is not much to see or point out on our way. We have located the various ancient sites as far as possible from the top of the hill. Most of us will have but one sail on the Sea of Galilee, and we want to store it

away in the memory for the future. We must notice a small and wretched village on the west bank. This is Mejdel, the ancient Magdala, the home of Mary Magdalene. Above it is a dark and forbidding cliff full of natural caves. In Roman times these were the haunts of robbers who were the terror of the peaceful citizens. It was finally necessary to lower soldiers in iron cages from the heights above and so storm the caves and exterminate the inmates.

A great controversy has raged and still rages over the identification of the site of Capernaum. It certainly lay at the northwest corner of the lake and that narrows it to two possible places, Khan Minyeh and Tell Hum. The arguments are so evenly balanced that only new discoveries can settle the question. The Franciscan monks have excavated in their grounds at Tell Hum and brought to light the ruins and foundations of several large buildings, sufficient to prove that an important city once stood there. But there is nothing positively to identify this city. Many scholars are in favor of Khan Minyeh. Personally, however, I feel that the weight of evidence is for Tell Hum.

Travelers are allowed to land and see the excavations. It is forbidden to take photographs, as the monks expect to publish a book setting forth the archæological results of their work. If we cannot be sure that Tell Hum is Capernaum, we can still remember that it must have been near here, and that on these shores was the city where Jesus most loved to live and labor. It was here rather than at Nazareth or Jerusalem that he taught the disciples and instilled into them by parable and precept the principles of the religion which was to be passed on through them to the world. As in the case

of the holy sepulcher, it seems possible that it was part of the divine plan that these holy places should be lost lest they become the objects of reverence and so draw the attention of mankind from the great truths to the mere earthly places connected with them. If the wind permits we can go from Tell Hum to the entrance of the Jordan. We can also go westward to Ain et-Tabigha. As the name implies, there are copious springs here. Some authorities regard this place as the scene of the miracle of the feeding of the five thousand. The Germans have a small hospice here with a refreshing garden. This is the only place on the lake where one would be tempted to sojourn. While Tiberias swelters under the high cliffs there is almost always a breeze here. On the edge of the hill is a ruined Roman aqueduct so large that it forms a good path. Following it for a few minutes, we come to Khan Minyeh, the other claimant for the honor of being the site of Capernaum. There is nothing to see except the ruined walls of an old khan. We remember the Khan et-Tujjar and observe that this is the next inn on the way north.

Our camp on the shore of the lake is an ideal place to spend Sunday. We are far enough away to avoid all annoyance from the town. And we are at or in sight of the real center of the land, the part of it from which such great ideas and teachers went forth to the world. We have a rich and full week to look back on, the thoughts of the present to store up in the memory and take away with us, and another week to look forward to.

On Monday we again come back to our good habits of early rising. It is advisable to mount from the basin of the lake before the sun shines down in its full force. In ascending from Tiberias I have a peculiar feeling

that each step brings me nearer sea level and away from the danger of being engulfed if the Mediterranean should suddenly force its way hither. This, of course, is due to a deep realization of our position.

At the top of the ascent we must stop for a few minutes for a final view of the lake. Most of us will never see it again. But the picture which we take home with us will be perhaps the most prized of our whole tour.

The journey from Tiberias to Nazareth is apt to be tedious and even wearisome. There is not much to see. We have been over part of the road before. Carriages occasionally pass us and some of us are not so devoted to horseback riding that we are indifferent to the superior comfort of a seat in the shade of a canopy top. But in time of mud we are better off, for then the riders travel more rapidly than the carriages.

Opposite the Horns of Hattin we make a brief halt. It is possible to ride over to them. But the way is rough and I do not think it pays. There is no authority beyond a feeble tradition for asserting that this is the place where Jesus delivered the Sermon on the Mount. It is rather far from the lake, especially from Capernaum, and the part whence Jesus was likely to have come. The Gospel narrative, however, seems to imply that he had been wandering over the plain for some days, gradually drawing further from the shore. In that case for the first few days the multitude who followed him could easily return to Capernaum or Magdala and possibly also to Chorazin for food and shelter. Karn Hattin is certainly a peculiar hill and would serve admirably as a pulpit. There is another hill toward Magdala which

answers the conditions equally well, and is much nearer the lake.

We know that here in front of Karn Hattin was fought the decisive battle in which Saladin and his enemies won back the land from the invading Crusaders. For two terrible days, July 3 and 4, in the year 1187, the two armies fought with desperate valor. It was an awful time and an awful place for a cavalry battle. The grass was set on fire and the blinding smoke and heat from beneath joined with the scorching rays of the sun to make the place a miniature Tophet. The Saracens, light-armed, and accustomed to the country and climate, had all the advantage. The Christian knights fought bravely. The weight of their own armor stifled them and crushed down their chargers. Victory rested with the Muslim. This is rightly deemed one of the decisive battles of the world.

A little further on we come to Lubieh, a native village already mentioned. Some olive trees invite a brief halt. After four weary hours we leave the plain and ascend again into the hill country. Soon we come to Kefr Kenna, according to tradition and the church, Cana, the scene of Jesus' first miracle. Of course there is a rival claimant to the honor, another small village near Seffurieh and north of Nazareth. But we can leave the discussion and settlement of the question to those scholars who are interested. Until it is settled the ordinary traveler may rest his faith on Kefr Kenna.

There are two churches, each said to mark the site of the house of the wedding feast. The Latin and Greek Christians could not possess and reverence the same place in common. The Latin church is the more elabo-

rate. In proof of the antiquity of its claims, the monks exhibit the foundations of the church of the Crusaders and show the lower walls of a still older building dating perhaps from the fourth century. This has a very ancient and interesting Hebrew mosaic inscription.

The Greeks possess some earthen jars said to be the very ones used at the miracle.

We usually partake of our luncheon in the refectory of the Latins. They are hospitable and bring forward some refreshment of modern vintage. Surely even the strongest temperance advocate can relax and quaff a glass in the place where Jesus so signally showed his preference for wine over water as a beverage on a festive occasion.

The girls of Cana are skilled in needlework and bring their goods to show and sell to the visitor. Travelers who come from Nazareth have usually more than supplied their wants and exhausted their financial appropriation. But when a party like ourselves approaches from Tiberias, the Cana girls have the first chance. It is to be regretted that the habits of trade encouraged and fostered by the conduct of the tourist causes them to push the sale of their wares by a persistence which is little short of annoyance.

On leaving the village we pass the spring. Here is an unchanging landmark which dates from Christ's visit and long before. Such a copious fountain would always determine the building of a village. Near it are several old and broken sarcophagi, evidences of the wealth and importance of the place in the early Christian centuries.

I was once riding from Cana to Nazareth and happened to fall into conversation with a young man whom I overtook on the road. After a time he inquired my name

and then handed me a telegram. It turned out that the message had arrived at Nazareth a few days before and the officials, not knowing the time of my arrival, had given it to this young man on the chance that he would meet me in his walks among the hills. Very thoughtful of them, but a trifle careless!

We must notice Gath Hepher, an ancient town of the tribe of Zebulon and the reputed birthplace of the famous Jonah. The involuntary trip, which that otherwise comparatively obscure prophet took in the stomach of the whale lends a certain luster to all the scenes of his life.

Nazareth is a large and substantial place. It is built in a peculiar hollow among the hills. It is therefore hidden until we reach the top of the last hill and look right down into the city. Our camp is pitched on the threshing floor in front of the town. It is an unpleasant and even filthy place and tends to moderate our interest in Nazareth. Moreover the holy places are, as at Jerusalem, so tawdrily and artificially embellished that I confess to disappointment. My own feeling is that the Sea of Galilee far surpasses preconceived ideas and that Nazareth falls below them.

It is pleasant to record that there is no doubt of the identity of the village with that in which our Lord passed his boyhood and youth and from which he went forth throughout Galilee and then throughout Judaea.

We go first to the Latin church and monastery. Here we are shown the Chapel of the Annunciation with the exact spot where the angel Gabriel and the Virgin stood. Near here is Mary's kitchen and the foundation of the holy house. In 1291 (note the exactness of the date) the house was carried by the angels to Tersato near

Fiume in Dalmatia and three years later it was taken across the Adriatic to Loreto, where it remains to this day and is visited by large numbers of pilgrims. In the presence of our monkish guide it is both impolite and irreverent to show incredulity or to betray amusement.

Joseph's workshop belongs to the monastery. There is a small chapel built only fifty years ago. But we are shown the foundations of a Crusaders' church to prove the antiquity of the tradition locating here the carpenter shop of Joseph. Really the tradition is of recent origin and has nothing to support it. On the other hand no other site is brought forward. In the chapel is a celebrated painting by a modern French artist showing Jesus assisting Joseph in his work.

From the garden we have a fine view of Nazareth. We are part way up the hill and the city surrounds us. A view like this is, to my mind, worth far more in every way than the mere sight of places where great events occurred long ago. The events and their present effect on the world are important, not the spot where they took place.

The church of the "Synagogue" belongs to the United Greeks. Here Jesus worshipped on the Sabbath with his people and when he attained young manhood himself expounded the scriptures. The tradition locating the synagogue here is ancient, reaching back to the sixth century. I believe in it and look on this place as the most authentic in Nazareth connected with the life of our Lord.

High up on the hill is a church built over a rock known as the "balata" or table of Christ. The tradition is that this was a favorite resort of Jesus and that he dined here with his disciples both before and after

the Resurrection. Actually the tradition has little authority and even if it were correct I cannot consider the place of much importance.

The village spring, known as Mary's Well, is in the eastern part of the town and near the Greek church of the Annunciation. Of course the Greeks must have, as far as possible, their own holy places to which their adherents pin their faith. No man can point out the exact spot where the angel Gabriel stood and made the momentous announcement to the Virgin. But there is usually no difficulty in finding some place and putting the seal of ecclesiastical approval on it. A goodly crop of legends easily springs up.

Sometimes, however, nature refuses to supply the necessary material for more than one place. So here there is only one spring and therefore all the various sects must agree that this was the place to which the Virgin Mary, in common with the other girls of the village, came morning and evening to fetch the family supply. Doubtless she carried it in an earthern jar on her head, just as we see the women and girls doing to-day. The spring actually arises under the Greek church and the priests pride themselves on possessing the source. The water is conducted in pipes to the trough or fountain shown in our picture. This masonry does not date from Mary's time. I do not know that we have definite knowledge as to when the fountain was built, but I do not think it is ancient. So we cannot say that it was just here that the Virgin filled her pitcher. But we can be sure that the scene at the well was much the same as we see to-day.

The women of Nazareth are much praised for their beauty. The traveler who is interested in studying the

human race and the types shown in the various countries will find much to interest him here. There is a ceaseless stream of women and girls filling their water jars, poising them gracefully on their heads, and moving off in single file to each quarter of the village. Most of them are young. All of them have beauty, not necessarily of face, but rather of figure. The few old women only serve as a contrast or background to the others, making their youthfulness and grace stand out more strongly and also reminding us of the early decay of woman's beauty in these eastern lands. The women of Bethlehem are also much praised by the traveler, and it is usual to add that the women of these two cities owe their excellence of form to their Christianity. I doubt this. I do not think that Greek Christianity has anything either in its teachings or customs to produce physical superiority in its adherents. We could find the same female beauty in the Muslim villages if equal opportunities for observing it were offered.

From the top of the hill back of the French orphanage we enjoy a famous view. We look again over the plain of Esdraelon and even to Mount Ebal. We can again pass in review our route and so fix it more firmly in the memory. And if any one is anxious to see the places where Jesus spent his time, I can assure him that this was one of them. No lover of nature and of the beautiful in nature, as Jesus undoubtedly was, could live in Nazareth and be insensible to the opportunity here. Toward sunset we see his solar majesty declining toward the western sky and sinking into the waters of the Mediterranean. We have seen Mount Carmel on several occasions. Heretofore it has been an indistinct, shadowy

mountain mass. Now for the first time it stands out clear and distinct, showing every outline of its form. It is like a thumb, pointing from the great plain and from Palestine to the ocean and to the world beyond. The white line of the breakers and the sand marks the bay of Acre, at the northern end of which we see the city where the Crusaders landed. The whole country from Carmel north and between us and the sea is new to our eyes. This is the southern part of Phœnicia, the land of which we have heard much and which we are soon to visit. There are the "coasts of Tyre and Sidon" the only foreign country our Lord ever visited. Directly north of us lies the large city of Sefurieh, the ancient Sepphoris. This was the home of Joachim and Anna, the parents of the Virgin. To the Roman Catholic, the scenes of her childhood are objects of equal interest and reverence with those belonging to the life of Jesus. It was the capital of Galilee while Nazareth was a poor country village. Later the Great Sanhedrim was established here. It was therefore for a time the center of Jewry. Another place which we have not yet seen is the Mountain of the Precipitation. This is a hill looking toward Esdraelon and with a steep, almost precipitous face. It is said to be the place from which the people of Nazareth wished to throw Jesus when they were displeased at his teachings. There is nothing to support the identification except the tradition and the fact that if the event occurred at all it is the most likely and suitable place.

I must not forget Mount Hermon. We have found him the prominent feature in every one of our mountain views since we left Jerusalem. And there he is again

filling the northeastern horizon, and ruling triumphant over the whole land. He lords it over all Syria and over most of Palestine.

Nazareth is a rather large city, boasting a populaiton of some twelve thousand. The Christians are in the majority. Most of them belong to the Greek church. About a third of the people are Muslims. But they are very different from their brethren at Hebron. Conscious of the superiority of their faith, they are indifferent to the noisy Christians. Yet they are proud of their city as the home of Jesus, for was he not a great prophet, second only to Muhammad? There are very few Jews. The chief business of the Christians is to ring bells and say masses and prayers. Nazareth is a great center for schools and orphan asylums of the various confessions. There is even a little circle of foreigners and of natives who have traveled and been educated abroad. This gives some color of a higher civilization. But life to one who is accustomed to the environment of European civilization must be very slow in Nazareth. The delight of beholding the holy places must soon wear off even in the most enthusiastic and religious. With many it disappears in one afternoon. When this is gone nothing remains but a quiet peaceful village. Of course teachers and missionaries have plenty to do and are interested in their work. Like all eastern villages the life of the day ends at the coming of darkness. There are no saloons, for the Muslim does not drink, nor does the Christian of Nazareth. Except on rare occasions there are no religious services in the churches. There is little social life either among Christians or Muslims. The people lead a peaceful existence, ence, doubtless satisfying to those who know no other.

Nazareth

From Nazareth to Haifa we have a carriage road. I do not think it is any easier for a horse or for his rider than the country path. But at any rate it is a road and gives to some a sense of security. There are no cross roads, hence once started right the traveler cannot get lost. Moreover we have another advantage in that it has been measured and we can know that the distance is twenty-three and one-half miles. We are in a country where distance is usually measured not in miles, but in hours. And an hour's ride does not always mean the same distance. An hour through marshy and difficult ground would not mean more than two miles, while a good horse and a good rider can make five miles an hour under favorable circumstances. An ordinary camping party will average from three to four miles per hour. I usually allow seven hours for the trip from Nazareth to Haifa.

As we proceed our attention is mostly occupied with the outlook over the plain of Esdraelon on our left. This is one of the great features of the land, and we cannot see too much of it. We have already ridden along the eastern edge of it and now we are traversing the second side of the triangle. The third or southern side is the least important to us and moreover we are able to view it from our more elevated position on the Galilean hills.

Our road passes through several villages. They seem more substantial, more civilized, and as though more twentieth century comfort were to be found in them than in the villages, or even in the cities, which we have seen earlier in our tour. This may be partly due to the fact that the people are Christians. But I am more inclined to attribute it to their life in the highlands and

possibly to the good example of the German colonists who have now been settled for many years at Haifa. We pass through the village of Semuniyeh, the first settlement of the German Templars, but now almost deserted.

A little farther on we come to Hartiyeh, the ancient Harosheth of the Gentiles. Our luncheon is spread in a beautiful oak grove, the first we have seen in our journey. We might almost imagine ourselves in New England.

Harosheth is named in Judges as the site of Sisera's camp before the great battle. We remember that the Israelites under Deborah and Barak were mustered on Mount Tabor. And near the foot of the hill must have been the scene of the fighting, or rather of the destruction, of the Canaanite army. Caught in the mud, their chariots were a source not of strength, but of weakness. The unencumbered highlanders pounced upon them, inflicting defeat and death. The seemingly unimportant rivulet of the Kishon became swollen by the storm into a mighty torrent, which swept them away. Doubtless there is some poetic exaggeration in Deborah's description. A flood which would so utterly sweep away the Canaanite host would have brought some damage to the victorious Hebrews. But a heavy rain and flood must have added greatly to the terror of the vanquished and could not fail to be interpreted by the Hebrew as a welcome evidence of the assistance of Jahve, his God.

CHAPTER X

THE COAST OF PHŒNICIA

THE coast north of Carmel was assigned by Johua to the tribe of Asher. They never gained actual possession of the coast and its cities, for the hardy Phœnicians were established there. The latter were the great mariners of the ancient world and did not care for inland possessions. Conversely the Hebrews did not care for the barren strip of coast land. The harbors were of no use to them. The Hebrews were never a seafaring people. And it was not until many centuries later that they became a commercial people. Up to the time of the Captivity they were distinctly an agricultural people, tillers of the soil and owners of flocks and herds. They seem to have allowed the Phœnicians to remain in peaceful and undisturbed possession of their harbors, an arrangement satisfactory to all concerned. The tribe of Asher was not prominent either in the wars and history of the nation or in the development of its religion. Therefore we shall not find many places of biblical interest—at least after we leave Mount Carmel. But the people of these coast cities were much further advanced in civilization than the rude mountain tribes. So we shall see here more evidences of great cities, of roads, of reservoirs, of aqueducts and similar works of a skilled and intelligent people. It is true that much of this was due to the

Romans, but we may safely assume that they found the land here more developed, more ripe for such artificial improvement of nature, than elsewhere in Palestine.

We perhaps ought not to include Carmel and the Bay of Acre in Phœnicia. In Old Testament times the promontory now known as Ras en-Nakura and called by the Romans the ladder of Tyre was the southern boundary of Phœnicia and the territory south of that headland belonged to the kingdom of Israel. Tyre and Sidon constituted the kingdom of Phœnicia. But as the kingdom of Israel was nearing its downfall, the Sidonians pressed southward and took possession of the coast, capturing Dor or Tantura, and even Jaffa, if we may believe Eshmunazar's story as inscribed on his sarcophagus.

We reach our camp at Haifa about four o'clock, and after enjoying a cup of tea mount our horses again to ride to the monastery on Mount Carmel. At last we have come to the famous mountain which we have beheld for several days past. The Arabs call it Jebel Mar Elyas, the mountain of St. Elijah. This is most appropriate, as Carmel was the scene of much of the prophet's life and work.

We do not see the scene of Elijah's most famous exploit, the test of the comparative power of Ba'al and Jahve. The priests of Ba'al throughout the entire day in vain had implored their god to consume and accept their sacrifice. Jahve at once answered the prayer of his servant Elijah, sending down fire from heaven. The people thus convinced of the divinity and might of Elijah's God, fell upon the heathen prophets and slew them. The idea that Jahve was a merciful and compassionate God, abhorring violence and murder, had not

occurred to Elijah and still less to his audience. The place where all this happened is at the other end of Carmel, some four hours' ride from the monastery. It is known to-day as El Muhraka, that is, the place of the burning.

In the twelfth century, while the Crusaders held possession of Palestine, it was thought fitting to establish a monastery on Mount Carmel in honor of Elijah. From this arose the order of the Carmelites. They spread throughout Europe and at one time were numerous and powerful. After the Saracens regained the country their home monastery suffered greatly from the Muslims. Now the order has fallen in the estimation of the Catholic world and its monks are comparatively few. Napoleon used the old monastery for a hospital. In his retreat he was obliged to abandon it and the victorious Turks slaughtered all the sick and wounded.

Of course we have a fine view. And we are fortunate in being here at sunset. Looking eastward the eye ranges over the plain of Esdraelon, picking out again its landmarks, which have now become familiar to us. And in the west we see the sun sinking toward the blue sea. It is not very long since we landed at Jaffa, and to many of us the sea is a not unfamiliar sight. But those who see the vast sea oftenest love it most. So I fear that it is the view of the boundless waters which most delights us and takes our attention from the scenes which, on account of their biblical and historical interest, should attract us more.

Carmel boasts a lighthouse. Compared with those of England and America it is small and primitive, but for Palestine it does very well. We rather wonder at its existence, as the prevalent idea is that the Turkish

government is too poor and too uncivilized to establish and maintain lighthouses.

From the tower we can see the coast far to the north and to the south. The city of Acre is brilliantly lighted by the rays of the setting sun, making a fine picture. We shall see it to-morrow and recall its stirring history. Beyond is the Ras en-Nakura. Right at our feet is a flat plain from the foot of Carmel to the sea. It would seem to form an easy passage for an army, and we are tempted to wonder why the ancient invading armies did not pass this way instead of through the pass by Megiddo. But a little examination shows that it would be difficult to force a passage if it were defended.

Looking toward the south we see Athlit, the last stronghold of the Crusaders. Cesarea is farther away and visible only under very favorable circumstances. In Roman times Ceserea was the principal port of the country. It was distinctly a Roman and a heathen city, built by Herod and adorned with temples to Roman gods. When the Romans withdrew it speedily became a ruin. In Old Testament times Tyre and Sidon were the great seaports. But they were ship-owning ports, the homes of a seafaring nation rather than ports through which a great commerce ebbed and flowed. The Crusaders made Acre their principal port. After they returned to Europe there was little commerce to or from Palestine. Then an export trade from Syria, principally in drugs and spices, sprang up. The Syrian headquarters for this trade was in Aleppo, an inland city far to the north of us. In the last century commerce arose again with Sidon as the principal port. The railway from Beyrouth to Damascus and the export trade in oranges brought Beyrouth and Jaffa to the front. Now the

completion of the railway from Haifa to Damascus and the great natural superiority of Haifa as a port over the other coast cities of Palestine seem to make it probable that within a few years Haifa will be the great port and commercial capital. Beyrouth is largely an artificial port, with heavy charges on shipping and sea freights. Besides, the railway has to mount nearly five thousand feet over the Lebanon range, descend into the plain of Cœle-Syria, and climb again over Anti Lebanon. The railway from Haifa descends about seven hundred feet to the Jordan valley and then ascends three thousand feet to Damascus.

We have wandered somewhat from Mount Carmel. But we must pause occasionally to gather and store away some of the information regarding the history and present condition of the country. Before leaving Carmel we must take a moment to fix in our minds its peculiar features. On the map we have seen its long, narrow form, like a finger, pointing northwestward. In our various views of it this aspect has become more prominent. The other mountains we have climbed in our trip have not been isolated, but have been parts of mountain ranges. Carmel stands by itself. It is not an offshoot of the mountain country of Samaria. It is totally unconnected with the hills of Galilee. It is not bare and stony like the mountains of Samaria and Judea, but is covered with a luxuriant wild growth of grass, shrubs and even forests of oak trees. It is remarkable for its heavy nightly dews. What a contrast to the mountains of Gilboa, just across the plain, on which no dew falls and which are a symbol of barrenness! Carmel was the meeting point, geographically and politically, of Samaria, Galilee, and Phœnicia. It belonged in turn

to each of these kingdoms. To the Hebrew it was synonymous with richness and fertility. Its very name means vineyard. In ancient times we know that it was one vast garden, and to-day it still has the same soil and climate. And the industrious farmer will not long be lacking.

Haifa is a modern town. The civilizing influence of the German colony is plainly visible. Owing to its situation and natural advantages, it promises, as I have already mentioned, to become the chief seaport of Syria and Palestine. It is a prosperous place, for the work connected with and brought by the new railway gives employment to all.

From Haifa we ride along the beach to Acre. No road is necessary. The sand is rather soft and it is easier for a horse to keep close to the edge of the sea, where it is wet and harder. We have two rivers to cross. The first is the Kishon, now known as the Nahr el-Mukatta, across which has been thrown a rickety toll bridge. This is used only in time of flood, for the ford is cheaper. The other is the Nahr Na'mein, the ancient Belus. Here are only the remains of the bridge, and we are obliged to cross by the ford. A gentleman in one of my parties, hearing of these fords and fearing that his precious films might meet with an accident in crossing with the baggage train, carried them himself in order to insure their safety. His horse chanced to be afraid of the water. After much effort he got into the breakers, where the frightened animal reared and threw him. Luckily he scrambled to his feet and held the films up so quickly that they were not injured. In crossing a river at its mouth it is always best to follow the line of breakers, as this marks the

shallow water. The Belus was celebrated in ancient times for its peculiar shell fish, from which was made the far-famed Tyrian purple.

At last we reach Acre. Seen from a distance, it makes a pretty picture. The sun shines on the white square-built houses and we are reminded of similar cities built by a kindred people on the southern coast of Spain at the other extremity of the great ocean at our feet.

Acre, or Akka as it is now called, prides itself on its interesting and ancient history. It is first mentioned in the Bible under the name of Acco in the book of Judges. It was one of the coast cities which the Israelites did not conquer. We do not know that Christ came here, although we are told that he went into the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, and on that journey he may have visited Ptolemais, as Acre was then called. St. Paul sojourned there for a day on his return from a missionary journey in Greece and Asia Minor, and found a flourishing Christian community. But it is to the Crusades that Acre owes its fame in history. The armies of the First Crusade came overland through Asia Minor and began their conquests in the north. As soon as they had gained a foothold in the country they felt the need of a seaport, for communication with Europe was more easily maintained by ships. So they captured Acre with the help of the Venetian fleet and gave it in charge of the knights of St. John, who rechristened it St. Jean d'Acre, and strongly fortified it. For about a century the center of the civil and military power of the Crusaders was at Jerusalem. Acre was their principal seaport, although Ascalon and Jaffa were nearer the holy city. Soon after the battle of Hattin the Saracens recaptured it. The news of the victories of

the infidel roused Europe, and the Third Crusade was organized in all haste. The first important task was to regain Acre. The siege lasted nearly two years and was marked by numerous deeds of valor on both sides and by the usual story—famine not only of the besieged, but also of the besiegers. For the latter were in their turn besieged by Saladin's army and, moreover, they were dependent upon the provisions brought them by their ships. At length the Saracens surrendered, and for a century Acre was not only the seaport but also the capital of the Crusaders, for they failed to re-establish themselves at Jerusalem. The recapture of Acre by the Saracens in 1291 practically drove out the last remnant of the Crusaders, who by this time had become reduced to petty bands of adventurers engaged in fighting each other rather than in an organized attempt to win back the Holy Land to Europe and Christendom. When there was no longer danger from the Christian warriors the Muslims tolerated the coming of Christian pilgrims, and these continued to enter by the port of Acre. When Napoleon invaded Syria, Acre was an important fortified city. Again it was besieged and at last conquered by the French, who, however, could not hold it long.

It may be news to many of my readers that Acre is to-day honored by the residence of a Persian claiming to be the representative of the Deity on earth. Shortly before the middle of the last century a certain Persian, Mirza Ali Muhammed ibn Ridha, proclaimed himself as the founder of a new religion. He called himself the "Bab," which being translated means the "Gate." We remember that Christ spoke of himself as the "Way." The Persians were never very ardent adherents of Islam,

and numbers of them acknowledged the new prophet. In 1848 the Shah determined to suppress the new sect, and the Bab with many of his principal followers was executed.

He was hung up by ropes passing under his arms and a squad of soldiers was ordered to shoot him. Strange to relate, none of their bullets struck him, but instead they cut the cords and he fell to the ground unharmed. He was immediately fastened up again, and this time the shots hit the mark. The apparently miraculous escape from the first volley was of course looked on as strong evidence that the Bab was under divine protection. His mantle fell upon one of his disciples named Beha Ullah. An attempt upon the life of the Shah was attributed to the Babbites and they were cruelly persecuted. Beha Ullah fled to Bagdad. In 1868 he came to Acre. He died in 1892 and was succeeded by his son, Abbas Effendi.

I regret that I know very little about the character of Babbism—not enough to attempt even an outline of its theology. The teachings of its prophets seem to be largely a resaying of well known and universally acknowledged truths and precepts, such as "God is Love," "Love one another," the Golden Rule, and other similar phrases. And the utterance of these sentiments always finds response among the children of men. When the Bab sealed his faith with his blood, a martyr to his teachings, as might be expected, large numbers of new believers came into the fold. Persecution produced the same result as in the early struggles of Christianity and as it always has done in the religious history of the world. Now the Babbites are numbered by millions. Converts have been made even in England and America.

At a place called Greenacre in Maine, less than a hundred miles from Boston where I am writing, teachers and leaders of this movement hold a series of meetings every summer, expounding their doctrines and gaining new converts. The short history of this new religion or system of theology, making allowance for the conditions of to-day, is not unlike the history of the beginning of Christianity and Islam. The success of Christian Science in America shows that there is always a public not entirely satisfied with the prevailing religion or its expression, and ready to press on to new fields of religious thought or to follow new leaders if their teachings are either general truths that cannot be denied or half-truths so expressed that the fallacy is concealed.

I have twice called on Abbas Effendi, but have been unable to see him. He is reported to be a very affable man, and indeed must be if he practices his own precepts. He has his own followers, to whom every moment of his time is precious, and I cannot blame him for denying himself to the American tourist. In Acre he has certainly, according to Eastern ideas, a very pleasant place of residence.

Beyond Acre we leave the sea coast and turn inland. The country shows evidence of a large population in ancient times. We again approach the sea and at last reach our camping place Ez-Zib, or ancient Achzib.

At the edge of the hills is a large Christian village called Bassa. It chanced that on one of my former tours I had remained until noon in Haifa, having ordered my men to encamp at Bassa. They went there, but learning that there was more water at Ain Mesherfeh, half an hour further on, they proceeded thither. Not knowing this, I rode to Bassa and was somewhat surprised

at finding no signs of camp. Soon I saw at the door of a grain dealer's house a horse which I recognized as one of ours. It belonged to Hajji Najji, my head horseman. I rode up and at once heard sounds of confusion within the house. I dismounted and entered. It seemed that Hajji Najji, forgetful of his pious character, his two pilgrimages to Mecca, and even of his two wives in Jerusalem, had attempted to kiss the proprietor's daughter. She very properly repelled his advances and upset him into the grain bin. He lay there on his back, unable to defend himself while she was throwing the barley over him.

Hajji Najji, despite such occasional lapses, was one of the most faithful men I ever knew. When I rode alone with him he was always respectful and never tried to presume or push himself forward. He never shirked a hard day, either for himself or for his horses. When I inquired for him two years ago I was sorry to learn that he had gone with the recruits to Yemen, taking the place of a brother who had a large family. Later I heard that he died in Yemen. He was an ignorant Turk, a true Muslim or heathen if you will. But I could better have spared several Christians.

Beyond Ez-Zib the spurs of the mountains again reach to the sea. The path across them is apt to be rough. We cross the Ras en-Nakura, and at the end of the cape take our last look at the plain and city of Acre. Across the wide bay we see Haifa, the rapidly growing rival of Acre, nestling under the mighty Carmel. We also bid adieu to Carmel, our landmark for many days. From the next headland, also part of the Ras en-Nakura, Tyre is visible if the atmosphere is clear. It does not seem to be far away; but we shall find that it is actually still about four hours distant. Soon we come

to another promontory, Ras el-Abyad or the White Cape. The road is hewn in the hard white limestone and it is even rougher than that over which we have just come. In fact, I think it is the worst piece of road on our whole journey. The marks of Roman chariots prove its antiquity, and if the principle that what was good enough for our fathers will do for us is to prevail, we must rest satisfied. But there is considerable talk among the German colonists at Haifa of the desirability and even necessity of a carriage road from Haifa to Beyrouth. It would be necessary only to make the road around these two headlands passable for carriages. Then it would be possible to reach all the important places in the country by carriage or train.

In my Sunday school days Tyre was always a city of mystery, the abode of the luxury and civilization of the ancient world. I could not seem to find out much about it. The information obtainable at the Sunday school was to the effect that Tyre was once a wealthy and prosperous city. Its king, Hiram, was a great friend of Solomon, and kindly furnished him with the materials to build the temple. As it was prosperous and wealthy, it was necessarily also wicked, and the wrath of Jehovah was aroused and its destruction proclaimed by the prophets Isaiah and Ezekiel. It was prophesied that the city would be razed even to the bare rock upon which a few wretched fishermen might be seen spreading their nets. It was considered very improper and even impious to inquire of the present state of the city; the prophecy was in the Bible and of course had been literally fulfilled. A prominent missionary society printed in its calendar a picture showing a scene of great desolation and labelled it "Modern Tyre," proving con-

clusively the exact fulfilment of prophecy. Since then I have had the pleasure of showing the modern and prosperous city of Tyre to some of the prominent supporters of that society, and the picture has disappeared from their calendar.

In my study of secular history I found out that Tyre was the chief city of the Phœnicians and that we owe our alphabet, the foundation and first necessity of civilization, to them. I also learned that the Tyrians were the sailors of antiquity, delighting in roaming over unknown seas and visiting strange lands and peoples. All the romance surrounding the Vikings and the great sailor Columbus belonged also to them, with the additional interest of much greater antiquity. They founded the colony of Carthage, and Hannibal, always a boy's hero, was of their race. Their ships penetrated to the Pillars of Hercules and even beyond into the unknown and dreaded Western Ocean. They might even have reached the lost continent of Atlantis. All these things aroused in me a great interest in Tyre. And these facts are all true, except the present desolation of the city. Modern Tyre is a flourishing place of perhaps six thousand inhabitants. I must leave the explanation of the miscarriage of the prophecy to others who are more skillful in such matters.

Tyre seems to have been originally a colony of Sidon. The latter is always spoken of as the elder city. The Sidonians also were sailors. The ocean was the field for their activities. They did not covet the land and asked only to be let alone in peaceful possession of the harbors. And they seem to have been powerful enough to compel respect from the wild and semi-civilized tribes.

Their seafaring life made them acquainted with the luxuries of the world, and their ships brought riches to their home. I am inclined to think that in the centuries before Christ the condition of the citizens of Tyre was more comfortable and nearer our standard of civilization than that of the Hebrews, and even than that of the Assyrians, Egyptians, Greeks or Romans. There were two cities, one on the mainland and one on an island. In times of peace the former spread itself out along the shore, and to the foothills of the mountains. When attacked, the citizens shut themselves up in their island city. This was impregnable to a land army, and as the Phœnicians were masters of the sea, they could and did laugh at their enemies. The great Nebuchadnezzar besieged them unsuccessfully for thirteen years. Alexander the Great solved the problem by building a causeway from the mainland to the island, thus enabling his troops to assault and capture the stronghold. I have already referred to the fact that Christ made a visit to the coasts of Tyre and Sidon. The Christians early established a church here and we know that St. Paul spent a week with them.

Tyre was one of the few cities which withstood the onrush of the first Crusade and was not taken until twenty years after Acre, and then only by the help of a powerful Venetian fleet. Sailors and ships were still essential to a successful attack upon the venerable mistress of the seas. Again, when the Crusaders yielded before Saladin, Tyre alone held out against him. When Acre finally fell in 1291 the Crusaders returned to Europe and abandoned Tyre to the Muslims. It had remained continuously in Christian possession for one hundred and sixty-seven years. Much of the history of

the Crusaders in Palestine—their coronations, marriages, quarrels and reconciliations—took place here.

Tyre is not on the usual traveler's route, and I was not able to visit it until my third tour through Palestine. I left my camp at Tiberias, and with a boy to take care of my horse I rode over the mountains by way of Safed and Tibnin to Tyre. I arrived late in the afternoon, after a rather long and fatiguing journey. It was a showery day and I had been wet through and dried several times. When we at last reached the city, leaving the boy and the horses at the khan near the gate, I threw my saddlebags over my shoulders and went to the Franciscan monastery. Usually the traveler is courteously welcomed at the monasteries, whether Latin or Greek, and everything that can be expected is done for his comfort and entertainment. Tyre was the exception. A rather surly monk admitted me and explained that they did not keep a hotel. I asked where the hotel was, and he said that there was none. I am afraid that I was not in very good humor. Our interview ended by my informing the monk that I would not stay in his place if he gave it to me. I went out into the street and soon found a group of little girls playing. I asked them where I could find a lodging, and they vied with one another as to who should take me to her home. I went home with one of them, the daughter of a Greek priest. The house consisted of three rooms, opening on a court. One was the parlor, evidently used only on important occasions. A tiny room containing two beds was the guest room. The other room was the kitchen, dining-room and general family bedroom. The man of the house was absent. His wife received me hospitably. The family consisted of two girls about thirteen and ten

years of age and a boy about four. An elderly lady and her daughter from Acre were visiting them. The latter was very much interested in America, and even signified her willingness to marry me and accompany me thither. After supper the family gathered in a circle and each of the old ladies told a story. Then they called on me. At that time my Arabic was far from fluent. But it would not have been polite to hesitate or to refuse. So I told them as best I could the story of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, putting together all that I could remember from the Bible and the Quran. Sometimes they failed to understand. Then I would repeat, and finally one of them would see the meaning and explain it to the others. The story was a great success.

As soon as one of the ladies became sleepy she unrolled her bed on the floor and retired, without disturbing the others. At last I sought my bed in the guest room. It seemed spotlessly clean, and a very careful examination failed to show a sign of life. Although I was unable to find anything, something found me very soon. I can truthfully say that I have never yet found an obnoxious insect in a native bed and also that I have never had an undisturbed night in one.

On another occasion at Tyre I was looking at some ruins on the shore and noticed a coin partly embedded in the mass. I could not reach it. But I climbed above it and knocked it off with a stone. It was an ancient bronze coin, probably of little value, but worth much to me as a genuine ancient coin found by myself.

There is nothing of especial interest between Tyre and Sidon except Sarafand, the ancient Zarephath. This was a large Phœnician city, with its own harbor and fleet. It is memorable as the residence of the widow

who entertained the prophet Elijah and whose jar of meal and cruse of oil were kept miraculously full during the three years of famine.

I have already spoken of Sidon as the mother of Tyre. The two cities are usually mentioned together, though they each had their own rulers. Like Tyre, it was famous not only for its sailors but also for its artisans. Homer speaks with great reverence of the art of the Sidonians. Queen Hecuba had a splendid robe made by Sidonian women. Metal work of especial excellence is attributed to them. Menelaus possessed an embossed silver bowl with a golden rim, the " work of Hephæstus " which the king of the Sidonians gave him. Achilles offered as a prize " a mixing bowl of silver, chased; six measures it held; and in beauty it was far the best in all the earth; for artificers of Sidon wrought it cunningly and men of the Phœnicians brought it over the misty sea."

It was a large city, though without strong natural defenses. So it easily fell a prey to a hostile army, and when taken was never made a capital or military headquarters. In the eighteenth century it was the residence of Fakr ed-Din, a famous Druse emir. He was practically an independent ruler and did much for its commerce and growth. At that time Sidon was the port of Damascus.

To-day Sidon is much larger and more openly built than Tyre. Its orange and mulberry groves have brought wealth to the people, and an easy communication with Beyrouth has done much to introduce European ways and comforts. The missionaries have taught not only the elements of education and the Christian religion, but have also opened trade schools, to the great

practical advantage of the people. We are now nearing Beyrouth and the Lebanons and find a different race and type of people from those in lower Syria and Palestine.

There is a new road from Sidon to Beyrouth. As it is a rather long journey, I recommend the traveler, unless he is fond of horseback riding, to arrange for a carriage. The interest is mainly in the views of the mountains and the sea and in the gardens rather than in places of biblical or historic fame. We even see mills and factories. The people seem to be busy, prosperous and happy. Most of them are Christians. But I think their prosperity is due not to their religion, but to their comparative energy, thrift and industry.

Our only place of historic interest is the Khan en-Nebi Yunus, marking the place where the whale landed Jonah. Unfortunately the tradition is of late origin and is not believed by all scholars.

CHAPTER XI

EYROUTH AND DAMASCUS

BEYROUTH is to-day the real capital of Syria and Palestine. To be sure, Damascus is larger. But Beyrouth is its seaport, the gate through which it communicates with the world. It is the center of learning, both Christian and Muslim. The American college furnishes a Western education not only to students from Syria, but from the interior of Asia Minor, many days' journey away, and even from Egypt. The Catholics have several schools and institutions. The American press and the Catholic press are the only important establishments of the kind in the country.

The situation of the city is beautiful. It lies right on the shore of the blue Mediterranean. Boston, New York and Philadelphia are seaports. But none of these cities actually commands a view of the ocean. The great mountain mass of the Lebanon with its numerous peaks forms the background. In winter the whole range is covered with snow; in spring the majestic Sannin still reflects the sun from its white top, and in summer great snowbanks among its bared rocks lend an air of coolness to the whole western slope. Beyrouth boasts a delightful climate; in winter sufficient rain and storm to give variety, and in summer every day is so sure to be bright that the weather furnishes no material for conversation. The heat is dry and seldom oppressive. Those who wish

to escape it entirely can easily take refuge in the Lebanon at any desired altitude, even to the snowline.

The commercial and educational importance of the city has brought to Beyrouth a comparatively large number of Europeans and Americans. The American teachers and professors, the foreign consuls and the prominent business men with their families form a European society which makes it an agreeable place of residence.

Beyrouth is an old city, although it became prominent only during the last century. It is mentioned in the Tell el Amarna tablets, about a century before the arrival of the Israelites in the land. Its people were evidently artisans and sailors like their kinsmen of Tyre and Sidon. In Roman times it became a great and important city, famous for its silks and for its schools. But it was never independent and also it was never strongly fortified. So it could have no glorious military history. In the seventh century an earthquake almost completely destroyed it. During the Crusades it was an unimportant village, not considered worth defending or attacking. Even up to the middle of the last century it was still a place of small importance. About that time the trade in spices, carpets and other Oriental goods, which had hitherto been a monopoly of Aleppo, was diverted to Damascus. Sidon was declining. The work of the American missionaries was beginning to give prestige to Beyrouth. Then the construction of the carriage road and later of the railway to Damascus made its position as the port for the inland city secure. A French company has built a mammoth breakwater, giving it a secure harbor. Of course this must be paid for by the merchants. As I have

already remarked, I think the position of Beyrouth as the seaport of Damascus is seriously threatened by Haifa. But a new line of railway has just been opened, connecting Beyrouth with the important interior cities of Homs, Hama and Aleppo. This line will eventually connect with the Asia Minor and Euphrates Valley lines and perhaps may be the means of preserving Beyrouth's present commercial supremacy.

In Beyrouth we are again in a land of roads and carriages. After a rain the mud detracts greatly from the pleasure of driving, and when the weather is fine the dust is a great annoyance. But any road is worth something, and it does not become us to find fault. Perhaps the most interesting drive, and one which no traveler should fail to take, is that to the Dog River. As we leave the city we may stop for a few minutes at the Church of St. George. This marks the scene of the hero's famous fight with the dragon. We remember his tomb at Lydda. The great bay before us is also named after him. The Dog River is famous for its tablets commemorating expeditions of famous Egyptian pharaohs and no less famous Assyrian monarchs. There are eleven tablets carved in the solid rock. Three of them are Egyptian and tell us of the exploits of Ramses the Great. Six are Assyrian, one is Greek, and another is Latin. One of the Egyptian inscriptions was cut out and the panel used for a French inscription commemorating an expedition in the reign of Napoleon III. I do not know why they did not make their own panel, unless it may be that they thought it would add to their fame to appropriate something historic. All of the figures and inscriptions have suffered from the weather and some of them are almost illegible.

There are no antiquities in the city of Beyrouth. But the American Syrian Protestant College, though modern, claims a visit from all American travelers. There are different opinions as to the value of mission work. But no one acquainted with such institutions as this has any doubt of their civilizing and therefore Christianizing power. Nearly a thousand young men, not only from Syria but from the whole Turkish empire, are gathered here. They come to learn and they take back with them to their homes an education which, acting as a leaven, does a mighty work in civilizing the land. There are four great missionary colleges in the Levant. That at Assiut in Upper Egypt is managed by the United Presbyterians; this one at Beyrouth is under the Presbyterian Board; and the American College at Smyrna and Robert College near Constantinople are under Congregational influence. Each of these institutions is doing a great and praiseworthy work. An important rule which they have adopted is not to attempt to drive a student from his own religion to Christianity. He is required to attend Christian services and to show proper respect when its teachings are presented to him. But the young Muslim can come, learn, and go away a Muslim. I heartily approve of this course. Otherwise the Muslim simply would not come. Now he comes, learns what the Christians have to teach him, and returns home at least grateful to them and with some knowledge of their faith which tends to eliminate or at least mitigate native bigotry.

President Bliss told me of a young man who heard of the college and became filled with a desire for an education. But he was poor and found it impossible to do more than support his wife and family of three children,

if I remember the number rightly. At last zeal for knowledge conquered family ties and he presented himself at the college. "I just had to come, so I divorced my wife and here I am," said he, conscious of merit. It is needless to say that the college does not encourage this type of zeal. But the man thought his action was praiseworthy. And it would not shock the public sentiment of his people.

Christians predominate to such an extent in Beyrouth that Sunday is observed as a day of rest. On a fine Sunday everybody, Christian and Muslim, may be seen riding, driving or walking in the country. Some visit the famous pine forest, others prefer the shore and go toward Ras Beyrouth and the lighthouse or to the resorts northward.

The people as a whole are peaceful and law abiding. But the hand of the law is not very strong, and under such conditions a few lawless spirits can make their presence felt. The ruffian element is generally armed and ready for trouble. So the streets are not considered very safe at night. A murder is not uncommon, and the discovery and bringing to justice of the criminal is unusual. Not long ago a bullet passed through a carriage occupied by Mr. Magelssen, the American Vice-Consul. A report spread abroad that he was killed and an American fleet was sent to Beyrouth in all haste. According to the newspapers, a general massacre of foreigners and Christians was imminent. But I have been unable to find that there was any evidence of a plot either against the Christians or against Mr. Magelssen.

The journey from Beyrouth to Damascus abounds in beautiful views. The railway is narrow gauge and is

not famed for speed. The express train averages a little more than ten miles per hour. But we must remember that it climbs to an altitude of almost five thousand feet.

As soon as we leave the coast we begin to ascend, and the views of the mountains and of the sea coast unfold themselves. Ba'abda, only five miles from Beyrouth, is the winter capital of the Lebanon. As a result of the religious troubles in 1860, the Lebanon was taken away from the Beyrouth vilayet or province and made into an independent "liwa," governed by a pasha sent from Constantinople. According to the terms prescribed by the Great Powers he must be a Christian. The general opinion is that the Lebanon is more honestly governed, the taxes more fairly levied and collected, and justice more easily obtainable than in the neighboring provinces of Beyrouth and Damascus. Certainly the people seem more prosperous.

Nineteen miles from Beyrouth, but only thirteen in a straight line, is Ain Sofar. Opposite the station is a large hotel said to be the finest in the country. It is a fashionable summer resort, and rumor has it that fortunes can be made and lost as well here as at Monte Carlo. Soon we have our last view of the sea. I was once coming from Damascus and happened to be in a car filled with people from the interior, many of whom had never seen the sea. But all had heard of it and at the first glimpse there was a joyful shout, "El-bahr, el-bahr" (the sea, the sea).

We pass through a tunnel and emerge on the other side of the range. The train descends slowly to the plain now called El Bika, but better known by its ancient name of Cœle-Syria or "hollow Syria."

Just before we reach El Muallaka we see the large Christian village of Zahleh. This is the largest village in the Lebanon. It is famous throughout the country for its prosperous men and vigorous, well-formed women. Many of the former have been to America and come back with a wider view of the world, and better off in this world's goods.

El-Muallaka is the first village in the vilayet of Syria. There is a carriage road from here to Ba'albek, and until recently travelers used to drive thither. Now we can go by rail from the next station, Rayak. The latter is also the place for luncheon. We must not expect too much, for the town has only a few huts.

A little farther on is the station of Ez-Zebedani, a place that I feel quite well acquainted with as I once spent half a day here waiting for an engine to be replaced on the rails. We are now crossing the range known as Anti Lebanon. We follow the river Barada, the ancient Abana. If we could stop at Suk Wady Barada, we should see the ruins of the temple, many ancient tombs, a road and an aqueduct, all built by the Romans. But it is inconvenient, even impossible, for tourists to stop over at local stations unless they are provided with tents. At last we arrive at the ancient and famous city of Damascus.

Damascus and Hebron are rival claimants for the honor of being the oldest city in the world. I incline to give the award to Damascus. To be sure there were many older cities in the ancient world which have long since passed away and are now represented only by heaps of rubbish. There are also claimants to the honor in India and China whose claims are rather shadowy and lacking in acceptable evidence. Damascus is

not only an ancient city, but it boasts an uninterrupted and vigorous life and claims a prominent place in the world of the twentieth century. Of course we cannot hope to know the year or even the century of its founding. It is mentioned in many Assyrian inscriptions, and may have been in existence when the armies of Naram Sin, the son of Sargon, came to the western ocean five thousand seven hundred years ago when the pyramids were new. Abraham's steward was Eliezer of Damascus and it is spoken of as a well-known city at that time. It is very probable that Abraham himself stopped there when he came from Haran. In those early times it seems to have been an independent city often attacked by the Assyrians and by the Bedawin tribes of the desert. When the Israelites entered the land they did not at once come into contact with Damascus. We are told in the book of Kings that in the time of Solomon a local chieftain, Rezon by name, gathered a band of marauders, captured the city and established himself as its king. Thenceforward there was almost continual trouble between the kingdoms of Damascus and Israel. Instead of joining forces against their common enemy, Assyria, they fought each other. Whenever they were friends it was only to fight Judah. So the Assyrians first captured and laid waste Damascus and then proceeded southward to the capture of Samaria.

It was the residence of Naaman, the great Syrian captain, who sought out Elijah to be cured of his leprosy. We remember how he extolled the clear waters of the Abana and Pharpar above the dirty Jordon.

A Christian church was early formed at Damascus. One Saul of Tarsus on his way thither to root it out was converted by means of a vision and became the leader

of the new religion. The site of the house of Ananias (not the famous liar), who restored his sight and received him into the church, is still shown. In Roman times Damascus was the starting point for caravans and armies toward Palmyra and Persia. It does not seem to have had any military importance. Soon after the death of the prophet, Damascus was captured by the Muslims under their famous general, Khalid. After the death of the Caliph Ali, Mu'awiya established himself as Caliph at Damascus. He founded the house of the Ommayyads who ruled for nearly a century. This was the time of the splendor of Damascus. We remember that it was the generals of the Ommayyads who subdued the northern coast of Africa and conquered Spain.

Damascus shares with Cairo and Bagdad in the brilliant and fascinating scenes of the Arabian Nights. Bagdad has sunk to the position of an unimportant provincial capital and is no longer a center of gaiety or of learning. Cairo is saved from a like fate only by its superb climate, which has made it a fashionable European winter resort, a very different type of city from that of the Middle Ages. Damascus alone has preserved itself untouched either by the military or by the commercial power of Europe. After the fall of the Ommayyads it fell into the hands of the Cairo sultans who maintained a more or less nominal authority. Just before the First Crusade the Seljuk Turks became masters of the city. It was besieged several times by the Crusaders, but the inhabitants always fought or bought them off.

Under Nureddin and his successor, the famous Saladin, the city again revelled in wealth and splendor. Both of these sultans are buried here, and their renown

still glorifies Damascus in the Muslim world. The Mongols under Tamerlane swept over it and almost destroyed it. But it rose again, for it seems to occupy a position where the demands of commerce require a city.

Notwithstanding its great antiquity, Damascus of to-day does not have many mementoes of bygone ages to exhibit. The house of Naaman the leper, the house of Ananias and the place where the apostle Paul was let down from the wall in a basket, do not offer satisfactory evidences of the truth of their claims, and even if they are the exact places they are not of much interest.

The only important historical building is the great mosque of the Ommayyads. There is evidence that a Roman temple once stood here. This was converted into a Christian church and rejoiced in the possession of one of the heads of John the Baptist. When the city was captured by the Muslims half of the church was still left in possession of the Christians. The Caliph Walid wished to build a great mosque to the glory of God, and he therefore compelled the Christians to surrender their part of the great church and gave them in return certain other churches. He then proceeded to summon architects, artists and artisans from all over the world to carry out his plans. All his empire was searched for beautiful columns to adorn the new building. The result was a marvel of beauty and richness. As usual, after the death of the founder, the mosque, despite its sanctity, was regarded as a treasury by his successors. What they spared other plunderers took and the hosts of the Mongols entirely stripped it.

To the traveler it is still one of the great mosques of Islam, to be ranked with St. Sophia at Constantinople,

and the great mosque at Cordova. The plan of St. Sophia was unaltered when it was transformed into a mosque, so we can only speak of its beauty and richness. To-day St. Sophia far outshines the Damascus mosque, for it has the advantage of being the cathedral mosque of Turkey and of all Islam. Since it was made into a mosque it has never been plundered by friend or foe. And it is not yet five centuries since the taking of Constantinople. The day of the Ommayyad mosque was over before that of its rival had begun. The mosque at Cordova is of the same age and of the same style. It was never so rich in treasures and ornament and so had not so much to lose. I think that in the time of its glory, the Ommayyad mosque must have been the richest and finest the world has ever seen, the highest type of Muslim art and magnificence.

Although the Muslims of Damascus have the reputation of being fanatical and Christian-hating, visitors are freely admitted to the mosque. Of course slippers must be worn and the proper bakshish given to the sheikh who conducts us.

Most travelers allow themselves to be hurried too much by their dragoman, who is usually anxious to finish the mosque quickly and get his charges back to the bazaar. But we must take time to enjoy this great Muslim and Christian monument even if we have to disappoint the dragoman. A good compromise would be to omit some of the less important sights already mentioned.

As we have already been in Cairo we notice upon entering the court that the general plan is the same as that of the mosques of Amr, Ibn Tulun and others of the early period at Cairo. Perhaps a better comparison could be made with the mosque of El-Azhar. Personally

I always recommend, especially to those who can make only one visit to a beautiful or famous building, that an effort be made to see and enjoy the beauty of the place as a whole, and to devote comparatively little time to the small details, interesting though they may be. Let us pause for a moment in the great court. It is one vast expanse of marble, spotlessly clear and bright. The sun is not yet very high, so the scene is brilliant but not dazzling, as it doubtless will be at high noon. This should be our first picture. Inside, before looking at the pulpit, the carpets and other details, let us get our second picture, the view through the long rows of columns —a veritable forest. This seems to be a feature much to the Muslim taste: witness the Cairo mosques just mentioned and the great mosque at Cordova. I leave the number of columns, their length, circumference and other details to the guidebook. If the reader takes my advice he will leave the guidebook behind. Read over each evening what you expect to see on the following day; make a note of the things that merit especial attention, and any statistics you may wish to learn or to verify. Then in the following evening you can review it and fix all that is important in the memory. Of course if you have to devote your evenings to writing lengthy epistles or numerous souvenir postal cards, you will be at a disadvantage. In that case you will have to choose between neglecting your friends or your own best interests.

But let us return to our subject. It is customary to ascend the western minaret for a view of the city. Damascus is shaped like a spoon. We are nearly in the center of the bowl. To the south stretches the Maidan, forming the handle. We look over the housetops as over

a sea of houses. The long black roofs of the bazaars are the most prominent objects. Near us is the citadel which we may as well examine closely, as we shall not be able to enter it or to get a better view. Lastly, we must take our third picture of the mosque, looking down upon it. The distinctive features are the other two tall, yet delicate, minarets. The one on the north is known as the minaret of the bride. That on the south is called the minaret of Jesus, and there is a tradition that he will stand on it at the Last Judgment.

Near the mosque is the tomb of Saladin, the most famous if not the greatest figure in Muslim chivalry. As befits a great man, the tomb and its surroundings are very plain. The wreath placed there by Emperor William of Germany in 1898 shows the respect of a modern Christian ruler for one who was the enemy of his religion, and typifies the changed conditions of to-day. Not far away is the school founded by the great and pious Mamluke Sultan Baibars, another of the heroes of Islam. He, too, began to rule in Cairo, conquered Palestine and Syria, and ended his life at Damascus.

We have had considerable sightseeing this morning, and therefore it is fitting that we spend the afternoon in a drive to Es-Salehiyeh. This is a village west of the city on the slope of Jebel Kasyun. The village itself is of little interest, but the view of Damascus is charming and helps us to understand why it is called one of the most beautiful cities in the world and why it is so especially delightful to the Arab. The two rivers flowing from Hermon and Anti Lebanon make the plain a great oasis, a very garden. An Arab thinks that to sit in a luxuriant garden in which he can hear the tinkling or

the rushing of a flowing stream is the acme of delight. It needs only a few houris to be Paradise. Such is Damascus. From our viewpoint we see the white city, resplendent in the rays of the setting sun. The square-roofed white or gray houses and the mosques with their graceful and slender minarets, each with its own peculiar form and architecture, make a brilliant and strange picture to Western eyes. It is framed by the green gardens encompassing it on all sides. The barren desert beyond makes a brown outer frame, setting off still more strongly the green and the white. What wonder that the Arab, accustomed to the stony desert where a green spot or a stagnant pool of water is a treasure, looks on Damascus as a vision of Paradise! It is even said that when the Prophet came hither and gazed upon the city, he turned away and refused to enter it, saying that man could have but one Paradise, and he would wait until he reached the one above.

I do not think that any finer view is gained by ascending the mountain. Of course we can see further from the summit and the gardens and city become smaller in appearance. But at Es-Salehiyeh we are just high enough to look over the whole landscape, and I think have a brighter and more vivid picture than from the summit.

We must devote the rest of our time to the life and industry of the city. The bazaars are full of the wares of the Orient. Each trade has its own street. Most travelers visit the bazaars only as objects of curiosity. Others delude themselves with the idea that they can make great bargains there. There seems to be a prevalent idea that money brings much more abroad than at home. The merchant is a firm believer in the converse,

Damascus

that the foreigner has a superabundance of wealth and therefore that he can ask and obtain a higher price than from a fellow-citizen. But the traveler believes that money is merely money and that the price should be the same for all customers. He does not know the local value of things, but hopes to reach it by offering a portion of the sum asked and then proceeding to bargain. But he makes no allowance for the cunning of the wily merchant.

The principles of trade are fundamentally different in the Orient and the Occident. With us prices are fixed by the competition between the sellers. If we go into a store in Boston to buy a certain article, and the price quoted is higher than the price of the same article in another store, we do not offer the salesman a smaller sum but go to the other place. The merchant knows this and fixes his prices accordingly. Prices are lowered by competition between sellers and they can be raised by agreements of sellers. We call this latter procedure a trust, and are apt to rail at it. But the combination is equally open to buyers, although more difficult to bring about. In the Orient the price is a matter of agreement between buyer and seller. The former wants to give as little as he may, and the latter wants to get all he can. This method is fully as equitable as ours. And it seems a fair and just conclusion that when the two parties reach a price satisfactory to each of them it is a fair bargain. But the Western buyer is apt to think otherwise if he learns that some one else has purchased the same article at less price. Why should he be aggrieved? It is the difference in methods. He made his bargain in Eastern fashion and wants, in addition, the benefit of the Western

way. He is unreasonable. But he grieves only himself. What a foolish thing it is for the traveler from America or Europe, ignorant of the language, to think that he can go to the bazaar the day of his arrival in Damascus—nay, even the very hour—and make purchases at bargain prices. Usually he is also totally unable to judge of the quality of the goods. Does a man who has seldom seen a genuine Oriental carpet and really knows nothing about it, consider himself capable of forming a judgment of its value? Is the dealer, who has spent his life in buying and selling them, going to succumb before him and part with several at prices far below their real value? If his carpets are worth more in England or America, can he not send them thither and himself gain the increased price? In fact, it comes down to the point of merely pleasing the eye of the buyer, and that is seldom done by the best or most valuable article.

If you want to purchase a carpet or anything else as a souvenir of your visit to Damascus, I have nothing but commendation. But if you spend part of the short time allotted to your visit to this most interesting city in haggling in the bazaar under the delusion that you are doing a good stroke of business I have only condemnation.

The native merchant sits quietly in his shop waiting for customers to come to him. But those who deal with the foreigner have adopted the "puller-in." So the traveler is pestered by agents and runners at the hotels from the moment of his arrival. If he steps into the bazaar he is almost forcibly pulled in to some of the Greek shops. On one occasion one of my dragomans, who was protecting some ladies under his charge, was

assaulted by the clerks of a certain Greek. As soon as I learned of it I hastened to the Vali, that is, the governor. He was at luncheon, but his secretary received me, and, after hearing my statement, asked me to return at two o'clock when the Vali would be there. I did so. The Vali received me very politely, and as soon as he heard my complaint he summoned one of his officers and bade him arrest the offender. "I knew you would want him, and I have already taken him into custody," was the ready answer. I was then requested to see the Kadi, who would pronounce judgment. I found the learned man and gave him the facts. He said that he would attend to the matter at once, and that I might rest assured that he would attend to it thoroughly. As I was leaving, the culprit was brought in. "Is that the man?" said the Kadi. I identified him. The sentence was prompt. "Take him away," said the Kadi. The prisoner tried to explain that he was not the man who committed the assault, but that it was one of his clerks. But he was the responsible person and the other man only acted under his orders. So he was the proper one to be punished. He was conducted across the court-yard and put into the prison which was crowded with a very wretched and ragged lot of humanity.

That evening I overheard my muleteers discussing his fate as they were eating their supper. One of them said, "—— is not enjoying a very good dinner tonight." Another answered, "There are others eating," a distant and delicate allusion to the insect life of the prison, and to the fact that it is an ill-wind which blows nobody any good. All of them had had experience with Turkish prisons and could appreciate the

remark. Shall we dare to say that the Oriental is lacking in humor?

I learned afterwards that he was compelled to bribe his way out, and that it was sufficiently expensive to make it a real punishment to him.

Let us return to the bazaars. The observant traveler will find a great deal to interest him. We notice a great profusion of goods. Of course everything is exhibited in order to catch the eye of the possible buyer. Each trade has its own place. There is the booksellers' bazaar, showing a wealth of literature in styles which are new to us, and the cloth bazaar filled with the latest products of Manchester, where veiled women are waited upon by Greek clerks in ill-becoming European garments. The goldsmiths' bazaar is a busy scene. The Oriental has his jewelry made to order and the work is done in the bazaar, often while he waits, for his time is of little value. The spice and perfume bazaar has many curiosities to exhibit. The confectioners' bazaar shows that the people have a sweet tooth. You need not despise its delicacies, but should try some of them. I can especially recommend pistachio nuts made into a large sugar cake. Of course loukoum, known to us as "Turkish Delight," is plentiful. But you should wait until you reach Constantinople for this. Ice cream, known as "buza," frozen with snow from Mount Hermon, is a welcome treat. There are cooling drinks which the tourist looks at askance from ignorance of their nature and fear of recently discovered microbes. I can certify that they are harmless and non-intoxicating, but cannot vouch for the microbes.

The baths of Damascus are famous throughout the Eastern world. Personally I do not think the treatment

is as thorough as at Constantinople. After a long camping tour, after the somewhat dusty train ride from Beyrouth, or even on general principles, a visit to one of them can be recommended. The procedure of the Turkish bath is familiar. We can enjoy one in all the large cities of the world but should not on that account neglect our opportunities in Turkey.

It is interesting to visit one of the great khans. These were founded by wealthy families sometimes as benevolent institutions, sometimes as business investments. Such is the Khan of Assad Pasha. We enter the great court. In the center is the fountain, that necessity of the Eastern house. The camels come right in and are unloaded in the court. The merchant or owner takes up his quarters here and awaits his customer, the retailer. When he comes there is the usual skillful bargaining, testing, examining, coffee drinking, and sometimes even a game of chess or backgammon to while away an hour and allow time for consideration.

Damascus is famous for its saddlery. The full equipment of the horseman is a gorgeous affair. The old-clothes market, appropriately called " Suk el-Kumeileh " or " louse market," is a scene of great activity. Most of the goods are auctioned off, the auctioneer running around with them, and rapidly exhibiting and praising them to possible purchasers. There is no lack of interest here. Then there is the tobacco bazaar, where all the brands favored in the East can be seen and tried; the pipe bazaar with its strange assortment of jozeh and nargileh; the Greek bazaar full of articles to tempt the tourist; and other bazaars each with its own specialty. Truly Damascus is the emporium of the East.

Few travelers are sufficiently proficient in the lan-

guage to understand and enjoy the varied conversation to be overheard on all sides. Here are a merchant and patron discussing the merits and proper price of a pair of shoes. The price asked is of course more than the buyer will give. He in his turn makes an offer. "Khudo balash" (take it for nothing), is the polite but meaningless reply. The would-be buyer again examines the shoes and increases his offer. He finally takes the shoes and gives the money to the merchant. It is not quite up to the latter's figures, but nevertheless he accepts it. If he were not satisfied he would refuse to accept the money. In matters of greater value such as carpets, horses, jewelry, the process of finding the right price is longer and more complicated. Sometimes days are spent in such a transaction. On the other hand smaller objects of everyday use have a well-known value, and it is not customary to bargain about the price. The cook knows the right value of the provisions which he buys for the household, and though he may insist on having something thrown in as bakshish it is not necessary for him to waste much time.

In the grain market it is the custom that the buyer shall do the measuring. The seller of course watches to guard his interests. He furnishes the measure which must be properly attested. The buyer puts a little grain in the measure and slowly shakes it to settle the kernels into the smallest possible place. Then he puts in some more and repeats the process. He presses it down and carefully heaps it up until it is not only a full measure but "running over." We recall the Scripture expression.

The bazaars are full of itinerant venders of cooling drinks, bread, sweetmeats, fruits and similar articles.

Their cries are picturesque and expressive. Rarely is the object for sale baldly shouted out. The lemonade man calls, "itfi elharara" (take away the heat), or, "berrid ala kalbak" (cool thy heart). Others have orangeade, licorice water, sweetened or plain water, and call attention to their wares by the tinkle of a few bells or the rattling of brass cups. Sometimes a Muslim will pay one of them for his whole supply, directing him to distribute it to the public. This is known as "sebil," and he cries, "ya atshan, es-sebil" (O, ye thirsty, [free] distribution).

The fruit and vegetable peddlers add some choice phrase to their calls. "O, ye people, I have tender watercresses! If an old woman eat of them she will wake up young." A flower-seller shouts, "salih hamatak" (appease thy mother-in-law)—that is: take her a bouquet.

Horsemen, donkey riders, porters with their loads, camels, carriages are pushing in all directions. There is no sidewalk and each makes his own way. "Dahrak," literally, "thy back," means, "look out for your back," or, "get out of the way." "Yeminak" (thy right side), or "shamalak" (thy left side), signify that that portion of your body is in peril and should be removed at once. Generally an address is added. "Ya bint" (O girl); "Ya sheikh" (respected sir); "Ya howaja" (O foreigner), and the like. Often a man will be addressed by some distinguishing mark, as "ya abu-l-arabiyah" (O father of the cart)—that is: O you who are driving a cart; O you with a bundle; O short man; O corpulent one, and similar unmistakable names. No one ever looks behind him for the call is sufficient. If these calls are ineffectual, flattery or abuse must be

resorted to. "Ya aruseh" (O bride), will often stir a particularly ugly old woman. Abuse is resorted to only as a last resort, and then it is voluble and vile, for it is not expected to be effectual. Orientals, particularly the women, have an astonishing vocabulary of filthy language. Often it is not literally meant, but simply used on general principles. I once heard a respectable looking, closely veiled lady violently abusing a young boy. She seemed to delight in calling him a son of an immoral woman, using the worst and lowest words. She was speaking to her own son, and a little thought might have suggested that her words distinctly reflected on herself.

Rarely does an Arab directly curse the object of his anger. Usually he expends his energy upon the character of the ancestors of his victim, especially on the female side, and sometimes he goes on to speak of his descendants. Often he curses their religion. It borders upon the laughable to hear a man address a donkey or a camel with all due solemnity, "Accursed be the religion of thy father."

I can always enjoy an hour in the bazaar in Damascus. If you would do likewise I can only advise you to learn a little Arabic and keep out of the Greek shops where you will only see other tourists and will learn nothing. Many visitors to Damascus, I fear, do not enjoy the city; few even begin to understand and appreciate it. I know that on my first visit I undervalued it. Now I feel that I cannot exhaust its varied pleasures.

I may, however, venture to give a few words of advice. Two days is the usual time allotted to Damascus. Devote an entire morning to the Ommayyad

mosque and the places near it, such as the tomb of Saladin and the school of Nureddin. The afternoon can be given to the bazaars. If you wish to purchase some souvenir of the city decide upon what you wish and get it. You will not need the dragoman. If you are going to buy a carpet, a piece of brass or inlaid wood or similar articles such as tourists usually buy, the shopkeeper or his clerk will speak French or perhaps even a little English. If you want to buy something in the native part of the bazaar, signs and a few Arabic numerals will suffice. The second morning can be spent in driving through the Maidan cemeteries, visiting the factories near the Eastern gate, and, if you must, the various traditional sites of scripture events. Then take the late afternoon of your last day for the view from Es-Salehiyeh. My word of warning is not to waste your precious time in aimless shopping or in doing it under the impression that you are getting bargains and saving money. That is not or ought not to be the object of your trip.

On our return to Beyrouth we spend a day at Ba'albek. This was the Greek city of Heliopolis, famous for its great temple of the sun, the ruins of which bring us there to-day. I am not going into details. These can be got from the guidebook, and moreover I do not think the visitor for two or three hours can best spend his time on such matters. Of course one wants to know the name of the various buildings and perhaps their purpose. The ordinary visitor has the time to enjoy Ba'albek, but he has neither the time nor the preliminary knowledge necessary to study it. If you get a good idea or mental picture of it, you can, with the help of photographs, do your studying at home. There you will

have, or can have if you wish, leisure and opportunity to study; here you have only a few brief hours. I do not think you can satisfactorily get both the details and the large view. I am quite sure that the latter will give you the most real and lasting enjoyment and benefit. Life is not given us for continual study, and moreover, real knowledge is not attained in that way. There is a saying in the Scripture, "Whosoever shall seek to gain his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it." Changed to suit this case, I would read, "Whosoever devotes himself to study in order to gain knowledge shall fail; but he that alloweth the knowledge to enter unconsciously into his soul shall find himself possessed of knowledge." The knowledge that one toils and strives for comes painfully and does not endure, the knowledge that comes unconsciously endures and delights the soul. The special student of archæology wants to know and learn the details, and should make special arrangements to do so. I have digressed a little. But I trust these remarks are not entirely foreign to the subject.

The temple at Ba'albek was built by the Romans, and therefore is of Roman architecture and dedicated to Roman gods. We do not know to what god it especially belonged; in fact, it seems probable that different gods were worshipped here at different times. Again we have a question for the scholar and not, in its present state, for the traveler. We do know from the inscriptions that it was built in the reigns of the emperors Antoninus Pius and Caracalla. We remember the mighty ruins of the baths of the latter at Rome, in my opinion the most imposing extant memorial of the ancient city. Here, too, it is the great size of the temple which most

impresses us. We have nothing to compare with it in Greece or Italy. Only Karnak and Medinet Habu of ancient Egypt equal its massive plan and proportions. Fortunate is the visitor who can come here by moonlight. As at Karnak and the Acropolis at Athens the roughness of the ruin is lost in the pale light, and we see only the graceful lines of the building and supply by imagination the missing outlines. We cannot study it if we would and simply must enjoy it.

The temple stands on an elevated terrace held up by a stone wall. In this wall are three huge stones, as far as we know the largest ever used in building. These have been and still are the great wonder of the temple. It was once called on account of them, "Trilithon," or "three-stoned." Their fame has even somewhat taken the attention of travelers away from the temple proper. In the near-by quarry we may see another stone, even larger than these, which has been hewn into shape but not removed from its bed.

We return by rail to Beyrouth, again enjoying the beautiful ride from the summit of the Lebanon to the city by the sea.

CHAPTER XII

BEYOND DAMASCUS

USUALLY the traveler returns to Beyrouth and there takes ship for Constantinople or Egypt. Few extend their trip beyond Damascus. Damascus may be regarded as a part of the Holy Land or the land of the Bible, for the Bible story includes the entire country from Damascus to the border of Egypt. But the country north and east of Damascus was populous and important in ancient times, and seems about to become of interest both to the tourist and to the commercial public. Although in strictness it is beyond the scope of my title I feel justified in saying a few words about it.

The ruins of Palmyra are about one hundred and sixty miles east of Damascus. It is rather a hard ride on horse or camel back, requiring about five days each way. Although there is no carriage road, the country is so level that the journey may be made in a carriage. An easier route is via Homs, which can be reached by rail. From there a carriage can go to Palmyra in two days. I have heard that it has been done in fourteen hours. There is even talk of an automobile service. The distance is less than ninety miles and could probably be covered in less than ten hours. Thus it would easily be possible to spend three days at Palmyra and only add a week to one's tour. In these days of hurry, time

seems to be the only question at issue. The rushing tourist does not ask, "Is it a pleasant and interesting trip?" or, "Shall I see something beautiful and worth my while?" but, "How quickly can I do it?"

As I cannot describe Palmyra from my own observation, and it lies so far outside of my subject, I shall content myself with indicating its location and expressing the hope that I may soon visit the famous capital of Zenobia. I hope to get there before it becomes a haunt of the globe-trotter.

I am sure that the traveler who enjoys traveling for its own sake would find much to interest him in northern Syria. Two days beyond Ba'albek are the famous Cedars of Lebanon, a small remnant of the great forest which once covered the whole mountain range. Those who camp at Ba'albek could go thence and continue to Tripolis, taking steamer there or following the coast to Beyrouth. This is a very interesting and beautiful tour, but it takes time.

Farther north are other large cities famous and populous in ancient times but whose very names are almost unknown to-day. Ancient Antioch was founded by Seleucus and rapidly rose to be the principal city of the East. It rivalled Alexandria and Athens and even Rome. The apostle Paul came here soon after his miraculous conversion and abode for a whole year. We are told in the book of Acts that the followers of Jesus Christ were first called Christians in Antioch. From here Paul set forth on his first missionary journey. Surely all these facts ought to be sufficient to bring the traveler to Antioch!

I have promised to give some account of the journey from the Sea of Galilee over Mount Hermon to Damas-

cus. This is the usual route for tourist parties. It was, however, originally selected not because of its interest, but because before the time of the railway from Damascus to Beyrouth it was the logical route. Under present conditions and bearing in mind the fact that the traveler wishes to see as many places of Biblical and historic interest as possible, as well as the more beautiful natural scenery, I much prefer the way which I have followed in this book.

Last spring (1907) I went over the old route. We reached Tiberias as usual on Saturday, and as we were to visit Capernaum on our way north we spent the afternoon in visiting the southern part of the lake.

On Monday our horses and camp went by road to Tell Hum. We embarked at our usual starting time. As we passed the city of Tiberias with the rays of the rising sun shining upon it we almost thought it looked clean and might be a delightful place of residence. But it was only the day before that we had picked our way through its filthy lanes and we remembered that all is not gold that glitters. Still it is pleasant to take away this brighter picture with us.

It usually takes about three hours to reach Tell Hum. Sometimes with a good wind it can be done in half the time. But a good wind or even a little breeze is apt to excite the lake and this in turn excites the timid traveler. So, much as I myself enjoy a dashing sail, I usually pray for a quiet trip. I find the sacred memories of the lake afford little or no consolation to the sea-sick, and the fact that Jesus once walked upon its waves does not calm the timid woman of to-day.

I have already spoken of the lake and of the Franciscan monastery at Tell Hum. It is a rough and steep

ascent to the level of the hills surrounding the lake. On our left is a group of ruins known as Kerazeh, perhaps the site of Chorazin. We lunch at Khan Jubb Yusuff. This is an ancient khan on the direct caravan road from Acre and Esdraelon to Damascus. The tradition that this was the scene of the selling of Joseph to the Midianites does not merit serious consideration. We camped at Ja'uneh, one of the modern Jewish settlements. The houses are neat, and there are many evidences of European skill and agricultural methods. I came here first several years ago soon after the colony arrived. It could not then be fairly judged, for the people had not had sufficient time to bring the land under cultivation. The people seemed rather discouraged. But this time I found that they had succeeded in accomplishing a great deal. Several large fields had been cleared of stones and bore a fine-looking crop. The people seemed prosperous and contented. I went away with a higher idea of the success of Jewish agricultural colonies in Palestine.

We are now in the land of Naphtali. The country was not an unsuitable one for a tribe devoted to agriculture and rich in flocks. The way to Khalsa, our next camping place, is level and in dry weather can be quickly ridden over. But even a slight shower makes it a morass to be considered ridable only when proved so by experience. There is little of Biblical or historic interest on the way. We pass no towns and do not see even a village of settled inhabitants. We are in the country of the Bedawin. Their black camel's hair tents remind us not of the time of the kingdom of Israel, although they were doubtless to be seen here then, but of the still earlier times of Abraham and Lot,

and even of their forefathers. They are not unpicturesque. But a close examination introduces us to a people about as far from our standards of civilization as can be imagined. I have visited and even lived with the Bedawin of southern Palestine, Moab and Egypt. They are Arabs of the type of which we read, people of intelligence and spirit even if they do dwell in tents. But these Bedawin of Lake Huleh are simply dirty savages with no redeeming features and no evidence of civilization except a faint idea of the use of tobacco. We saw one large village numbering I should think nearly one hundred tents. Small black cattle, black goats, mongrel dogs and half-naked children, naming the animals in order of cleanliness, filled the huts. It was raining and everything was wet and sticky. In a few of the tents a fire smoked cheerfully, possibly giving out a little warmth. And yet this was a spring day in the middle of April. What must have been the condition of these people in a snowstorm in January!

Khalsa is a miserable village, although in comparison with the Bedawin tents it seems quite comfortable. It is one of the few places where I consider the drinking water unwholesome. Even if it is brought from the foot of the hill I advise against it. We have been going north parallel to Lake Huleh and the Jordan. Now we must turn east and cross the rivers which flow from Mount Hermon. Our path from here to Tell el-Kadi is about the worst in all Palestine. It had been raining at intervals during the night although it was clear when we started. The regular path in the plain was reported impassable and we secured a native to show us a drier route over the hills. I did not say much about the conditions before the party, as we had to get on and

there was no other way to do so. But I made a resolve never again to try to take a camp over that route unless I could be reasonably sure of dry weather.

Tell el-Kadi is the ancient hill of Dan. This was the northernmost town of the kingdom of Israel, hence the expression "From Dan to Beersheba." We remember we tried to pick it out from the top of Mount Tabor. The story of how a part of the tribe of Dan came here is narrated in the book of Judges. There was some delay in conquering the inheritance which had fallen to the lot of the tribe of Dan. For the Philistines were dwelling there and refused to move or to be conquered. The Danites got possession of some of the hill cities but were unable to go down into the rich plain of Sharon. The other tribes gradually withdrew from war and settled in their portions. No wonder the Danites felt a little aggrieved. Clearly there was nothing for them to do but to seek out some peaceful city weak enough to be an easy prey and without any related tribes or allies who might help or avenge them. So they sent five men to try to find such a place. Now there was a certain man named Micah who had made a graven image and a molten image and, it appears, other gods also. In fact, he had gotten together quite a pantheon. He had also engaged a young Levite to act as priest. When the five Danites passed by on their way north they honored Micah by staying over night with him and inquiring the will of Jahve through his priest. After a time they came to this hill and found a city called Laish. It seemed to be just what they were looking for. The people were living quietly, content with their own possessions and keeping very much to themselves. Their only blood relatives were the Sidon-

ians who lived on the other side of the mountain. The latter were, as we have seen, a seafaring people who were not very likely to trouble themselves about the fate of their relatives. Moreover, the Danites calculated that the Sidonians would not hear of the affair for some time. Evidently Jahve had created the people of Laish expressly for his worshippers, the Danites. The spies returned and reported to their tribe. Six hundred men started at once for Laish. On the way they bethought themselves that they would need a religious establishment, and so they went to the house of Micah and took possession of his silver images and the Levite belonging to him. The latter seems to have concurred in this robbery of his friend and master. Soon Micah gathered his fellow-townsmen, overtook the Danites, and demanded the return of his property. But he was significantly told that he might unfortunately get hurt if he persisted in making a disturbance. Recognizing the truth of this remark, Micah was obliged to return home, leaving his whilom guests to pursue their way with his gods and the recreant Levite. When they arrived at Laish they at once proceeded to slay every one of the peaceful citizens, burned their city and established themselves in the land. The whole tale is delightfully told without a hint of disapproval on the part of the righteous god, Jahve, or of the pious writer. What a light this and similar tales throw upon the life of the Hebrew people at that time and their early conceptions of God! According to our best scholars, the actual writing of this tale took place much later than its occurrence, but there is nothing to cause us to doubt its truth. It could have easily been transmitted orally for many generations without material change.

From the hill of Dan we get a fine view of Lake Huleh and the country of Naphtali. We are on an isolated hill, and are just high enough above the lowland for the eye to sweep over it rather than to look down on it. The principal features of the landscape are the beautiful and varied colors. There is the blue water in the center, surrounded by a fringe of low trees in its turn bordered by the bright green pastures and the whole framed and enclosed by the frowning mountains. There is very little sign of life or of the habitations of man. We do not see a single village. Here and there a house or hut, a few black tents and an occasional herd of cattle are the only indications of life.

Baniyas is the ancient Cesarea Philippi, so called to distinguish it from the sea coast city of Palestine. Both Matthew and Mark record the fact that Christ visited this city, and so far as we know it marks the limit of his travels in this direction. The Greeks called it Paneas, whence we have the modern name. After the decline of the Roman power it was not necessary to maintain the name in honor of Cæsar.

Usually we camp in a beautiful olive grove. But this time the weather was threatening, and we went to the house of the sheikh, where we were most hospitably received. The sheikh had recently died, leaving a son of some eight years of age. He was still under the care of his mother, and a male relative represented him. The ladies of our party had an opportunity to pay their respects to the ladies of the household and to see the harem apartments of a well-to-do village sheikh.

At Baniyas we begin the real ascent of Mount Hermon. The path is rough and stony, but it is nowhere dangerous. For centuries it has served as the public

highway and apparently it will continue to do so. As we ascend, our view becomes more and more extensive until we can see the depression of the Sea of Galilee and follow the Jordan valley still further southward. There is a huge castle perched high on the spur of the mountain known as Kala'at es-Subeibeh. It is now only a ruin but well worth visiting, as it is one of the largest and finest in Syria. It dates from before the Crusaders, although it was greatly enlarged by them.

Mejdel esh-Shams, our camping place, is called Mejdel of Syria to distinguish it from the village of Mejdel near Tiberias. It has substantially built houses, for it is four thousand feet above sea level and suffers from a rigorous winter. Even now in the middle of April snow is on the ground, and our party and camp attendants complain of the cold. Mejdel esh-Shams is a Druse village. These people have their own religion and of course are hated and slandered by their Christian and Muslim neighbors.

Our way now leads over the slope of the mountain. In fine weather it is a very pleasant trip and in time of storm it is quite the reverse. We cross the mountain plain known as the Merj el-Hadr and very like a Swiss or Norwegian alp. Henceforth our views are ahead of us and to the right, over the plain of Damascus and the Hauran.

Our last night in camp is spent at the village of Kefr Hawar or "Village of Wind." It is said that it is always windy here. The tomb of Nimrod, the mighty hunter, is shown here and thoroughly believed in by the natives. On the hill opposite are numerous ancient tombs which have lately been opened. There is also

an interesting altar, evidently used for sacrifice in Roman times and possibly earlier.

At last we approach our goal, Damascus. We see the Jebel Kasyun and know that at its foot is the great city. It looks near, but we have learned to distrust our ideas of distance. Even after we reach the outlying gardens it is still a good two hours' ride and apt to be very hot. Yet only yesterday morning we were complaining of the cold.

CHAPTER XIII

PALESTINE IN EARLY TIMES

I SHALL not attempt a history of Palestine. That would require a volume or rather a series of volumes. Palestine is a land of history and to understand and enjoy it one must often refer to and recall its past. I want to call up this past and put it before the reader in a series of pictures and not as a chronicle. Moreover, just as our picture of the land is a composite photograph of our various views of it, so our historical picture is to be made up of a series of views taken at different epochs.

Despite the statements of the geologist and the tales of the Chinese, we must still place the dawn of authentic human history in the fifth millenium before Christ. Two great nations, Babylonia and Egypt, occupied the stage. The evidences which we possess of their civilization at that time are sufficient to cause us to pre-suppose a lengthy period of development, but as we have no records of this period we cannot speak of it as authentic history.

Let us transport ourselves back to four thousand years before Christ. There are certain prominent features common to Babylonia and Egypt to which each owes its standing as a nation. Each possesses a flat and fertile plain and each has a great river. Each country is really a long valley traversed by a navigable stream.

The fertile plain supplied the people with food and enabled them to abandon a nomad life and settle in towns and villages. The river irrigated the land and made possible internal commerce and communication. Sufficient food was raised by the farmers to supply their own wants and to maintain a non-producing public consisting of soldiers, artisans and traders. The farmer was, as he is to-day, the center of the social organization. The soldier defended him from the raids of tribes who clung to the nomad life and preferred stealing to toiling. The artisan carried the nation forward in civilization, and the trader exported the surplus production and imported other goods from abroad.

Syria and Palestine have neither of these two necessities for a nation. To be sure, there are plains, but these are too small to be capable of supporting a large population. There is no navigable river to knit the people together. So Palestine even in the time of David and Solomon was never the home of a great nation. It was always peopled by comparatively small and unimportant tribes sometimes more or less united. This is just what we should expect from the surface of the land. It is a country of mountains, not permitting a large number of people to dwell together and discouraging communication among the small communities. This is true to-day and has been true all through the ages.

Palestine was the great highway of the ancient world. The sea bounds it on the west and the great desert rolls up on the east. It was and is a road between these two walls. It was always the path for commerce and for war. The Babylonian and Assyrian armies came down from the north like a wave rolling on until forced back

or spent. And the Egyptians did the same from the south. In either case the people of the plain suffered, being naturally despoiled of their moveable property and forced to take refuge in the mountains. The armies kept in the lowlands because of the well-known difficulties and dangers of the mountains. Moreover there was nothing to tempt them thither.

Let us go on to the time of Abraham. The material for our picture can be found in the Bible narratives of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and their kinsmen. We see Abraham, a nomad sheikh, coming down from the north, moving through the mountain country with his flocks and herds. He even goes to Egypt. The vale of Mamre near Hebron pleases him and he dwells there so long and enters into such relations with the settled people that he almost gives up his nomad life. But hereditary instinct and the fact that his property is largely live stock forbid him, as well as Isaac and Jacob, to forsake the wandering pastoral life. There must have been other nomad families of the same type scattered throughout the land. We read of many cities and villages, such as Hebron, Shechem, Salem and others. Evidently the general condition of the land and the people was much as it is to-day except that they did not have the blessings of being under one government and the pleasure of paying taxes and reaping the benefits therefrom.

The children of Israel went down into the land of Egypt for a period, during which our information about the state of Palestine is meager. This was the time of Egypt's splendor and glory. Her armies under Thothmes III and Seti I overran Palestine and ravaged even to the Euphrates. The local cities fell into their

Hebron

hands and were placed under Egyptian governors. These endeavored to establish Egyptian civilization. Doubtless the joys of tax-paying were introduced. A considerable yearly tribute had to be raised and sent to Egypt. Then the power of Egypt waned, the cities of Palestine were left ungarrisoned and they gradually revolted and regained their independence. The materials for the picture of the land at this time are found in the Tell el-Amarna tablets. We see the provincial governors endeavoring to hold possession of their cities but they are pressed upon from all sides, and declare plainly that if aid does not speedily come from Egypt they will have to surrender. Amenhotep IV was too busy with his religious conflicts and could not pay any attention or send any help to them.

The children of Israel, after many years of servitude in Egypt, made their escape and spent some time in the wilderness between the Red Sea and the Dead Sea. At last they crossed the Jordan and entered the land of Canaan. They were opposed by single tribes and cities and sometimes by combinations of them. Usually they were victorious with the aid of Jahve their god, but if they were beaten it was easy to deduce that they had offended Jahve. He had to be propitiated and this having been done confidence was restored and a victory was reasonably certain. They gradually got possession of the whole mountain region, even to Mount Hermon. This was the period of the Judges.

We get our picture from the books of Joshua and Judges. The former deals with the invasion of the land and its division among the tribes. Judges is a collection of stories of war and peace which were handed down orally from generation to generation until they were

finally written down probably in very nearly the form in which we now have them. I do not think that they suffered any important alteration during the period of oral transmission. And they are beautifully told. A picture is drawn in a few bold lines, telling all the essential facts yet never padded and filled with unimportant details. The song of Deborah describing the great battle on the banks of the Kishon is, according to the best scholars, the oldest narrative in the Bible. It is a song of triumph with a full description of the battle woven in among the notes of praise and boasting. All the tribes which took part are mentioned, and to each a fitting compliment is paid. The exploits of Gideon and Abimelech, the fable of Jotham, the victory and vow of Jephthah, the deeds and riddles of Samson, and the extirpation of the tribe of Benjamin are masterpieces of primitive tales and are doubtless true history.

We come next to the period of the United Kingdom. There were three kings, each with his own task. When Saul was anointed, the conquest of the land had not yet been completed. The Philistines had not only held out against the Israelites but actually had conquered them. So Saul had to be a warrior king, always at the head of his people, leading them against their foes. He was chosen for this purpose and showed throughout his career that he was the man of brawn, the fighter; not the man of brains, the organizer. We have seen Beit Jala, his reputed birthplace, the scenes of some of his victories, and Mount Gilboa, where he died fighting the Philistines.

His successor, King David, held Ziklag as a vassal of the Philistines and it is even supposed that he paid tribute to them while he ruled at Hebron as king of

Judah. The first years of his reign were spent in warfare. Besides overthrowing the Philistines, David captured the stronghold of the Jebusites and built there his capital, Jerusalem. The mere presence of the Jebusites there at the time of David shows that the conquest was yet incomplete. Doubtless there were other fortresses whose natural strength enabled their inhabitants to hold out against the Israelites. There is some controversy as to the exact site of the fort of the Jebusites. I think it must have been on the hill now known as Mount Moriah. The spring is on this hill and that fact seems to settle the question. The higher and steeper hill could never have held out long without water. A supply of water was the first requisite for a stronghold that was likely to be besieged, and had it not had a good and unfailing spring the Israelites would have captured it much earlier than they did. There was probably also a lower town situated in the Tyropean Valley. We are told that this was readily surrendered and the Jebusites withdrew into their fortress which was thought impregnable until David's warriors took it by storm.

David was the greatest king of Israel. At the beginning of his reign the nation was far from united and was still under the actual as well as nominal rule of the Philistines. He threw off this yoke and not only united the tribes of Israel but brought under his sway the neighboring and kindred peoples of Moab and Ammon on the east and of Edom on the south. In the early years of his reign he was a warrior and conqueror, afterwards he was an organizer and builder. He made preparations for the building of the temple, though he was compelled to leave the honor of actually doing the work

to his son and successor, King Solomon. He was a musician and introduced vocal music into the national form of worship. According to Jewish tradition, he contributed the book of Psalms to the Bible. Modern scholars deny this, but think it probable that he composed a number of lyrics and that songs by late authors were incorporated in David's book and lost their identity. Examples could be cited from modern literature where a collection of stories shows a tendency to become known under the title of the first one and to be credited to its author.

Solomon found his kingdom secure and does not seem to have had to do much fighting. His great work was the building of the temple. According to the description given in the book of Chronicles, it was the most expensively adorned building ever erected. Fabulous quantities of gold and precious stones were used to adorn it. However, we can considerably modify the statements in this book without pronouncing the Bible untrue or impeaching the character of the chronicler.

As all the songs of the nation were attributed to David, so all the proverbs and so-called "wisdom" literature were placed under the name of Solomon. Legends which sprang up later among the Hebrews represented him as a mighty magician, the king of supernatural spirits as well as of birds and beasts. These tales passed over into Arabic literature and of course lost nothing in the transition.

Solomon married a daughter of the king of Egypt and also other ladies of royal blood from far and near. Probably we should reduce the size of his harem as well as of his dominions. The number of his wives was made large merely to show forth his greatness. Noth-

ing would impress an Oriental people more than to be told that King Solomon had seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines, more than any other ruler had ever been able to brag of. All that we can safely say of the reign of King Solomon is that it was a time of comparative peace and that he devoted himself to the building of the temple and of Jerusalem, and that, as would befit an Oriental monarch, he was surrounded by all that an Oriental heart could wish.

Under the rule of David and Solomon the Hebrew kingdom reached the zenith of its power. We are told that it reached from the river of Egypt and the Red Sea even to the Euphrates. A kingdom so extensive could hardly have been brought under his rule and retained without important wars. We have no information of any great wars at the time, either in the Bible or in secular history. Had such occurred, we should undoubtedly have more information about them. So we must conclude that the writers of Kings and Chronicles probably went beyond the strict truth in their natural desire to set forth the greatness and glory of the ancient kingdom. Probably David ruled over a larger domain than Solomon, though even in his time it never could be considered as in a permanent condition of conquest and organization.

All our information of Solomon's kingdom comes from the Bible. Some statements in the books of Chronicles are so extravagant that no scholar now literally believes or attempts to defend them. These books, as is well known, were written several centuries after the events they describe. The nation had recently passed through a period of captivity to a foreign foe and, though free, it was in such a state of actual poverty and

depression that the tendency to look back to the days of their great kings, David and Solomon, and then to magnify and exalt them and their own forefathers could not be resisted. It has been thought that all this might be true of the books of Chronicles, but not of the books of Kings. The latter are much more soberly written, and it is true that the exaggerations are not so numerous or so great. I think, however, that even the author of Kings gives an exaggerated view of the power and glory of Solomon. If we examine the account of his reign closely we shall see that Philistia was not brought under subjection by David and still less by Solomon. The only explanation of this is that they did not have the power to conquer it. Edom revolted from Solomon and won its independence, and it is probable that Moab and Ammon did likewise. Rezon, a local chieftain, obtained possession of Damascus and laid the foundation of a new kingdom which naturally would be hostile to Israel. It is inconceivable that all this occurred with the consent of Solomon, and that it did occur without successful opposition from him shows that he lacked the power to compel submission to his will.

The plain fact is that the kingdom founded by David was already crumbling during the reign of Solomon and fell into pieces at his death. The northern tribes would not accept Rehoboam and seceded from the kingdom. Rehoboam was not able to compel their allegiance. The cities and kingdoms of the north and east, which still remained under the dominion of King Solomon speedily threw it off after his death and do not seem to have met with any opposition.

The next two centuries are filled with the usual history of raids from the north by the Assyrians and from

the south by the Egyptians. Syria and Palestine were again divided into numerous petty states, all jealous of each other, fighting among themselves on every possible occasion and a prey to the despoiling armies of both great empires. In 722 B.C. the Assyrians, under Sargon III, captured Samaria and put an end to the northern kingdom. According to the Bible account, the ten tribes were all carried into captivity and all trace of them lost. Actually the nation was simply broken up, most of the people carried as slaves to Assyria and the remainder scattered among the cities and tribes of Palestine. In either case their identity was lost.

Judah's turn came a little more than a century later. The orthodox idea used to be that the kingdom of Israel was destroyed first because of the greater wickedness of its people. The fact is that it fell a prey to the invader first because it was first in his path and because its cities and fortresses were less easily defended. It is very doubtful if the kingdom of Israel could claim any advantage in wickedness over the sister kingdom. The people of Judea were carried away as a whole and preserved their national identity even in captivity in Babylonia. The fall of the northern kingdom had removed a friend and brother who was also sometimes a foe. Consequently Judah was left to rely upon its own people and this tended to unite them. Moreover this additional century of national life permitted a great development of the national religion. The tribe of Benjamin was merged with the larger tribe of Judah and I think I am right in saying that to-day all the Jews claim to belong to that tribe. Thence comes the name Jew which was unknown to the people themselves until later.

The importance of the Hebrews and their kingdoms to the modern world is entirely due to the monotheistic theology which they were developing throughout their history and which culminated in Christianity. Therefore we must give a little attention to their religious history.

We need not go back earlier than the time of Abraham, for he was the founder and progenitor of the Hebrews. The tales of his life, which I do not hesitate to accept as coming to us in practically unchanged form from the time of the patriarch, show him to us as a monotheist. He worshipped one god, Jahve. It is not my purpose here to discuss the question whether Jahve actually appeared to Abraham in the form of a man or angel. That does not affect the fact of Abraham's monotheism. There is no doubt that Abraham admitted the existence of other gods. But he did not worship them. This faith in one god distinguished the family of Abraham from the other people of the land and descended to his son Isaac who passed it on to Jacob and his children. They carried it with them to Egypt. In their period of slavery there, as later in the exile, they cherished, strengthened and developed it.

Moses led the people out of Egypt and while they were wandering in the wilderness he formulated their code of laws and did much to shape their theology. We must not think " wandering " means that they were lost, or " wilderness " means an absolutely barren waste. They knew exactly where they were all the time, and had their leaders wished it or had it been part of the divine plan they could easily have gone straight to the promised land. The word translated " wilderness " means rather grazing land or pasture, as opposed to tillable

land. This period of separation from the rest of mankind was necessary not only to give opportunity for their increase in numbers and consolidation together, but also for the promulgation and establishment of their laws and religion. They could then cross the Jordan and enter Canaan as a strong nation, with their law and theology on a firm basis.

The next period of their religious development extends from the entry into Canaan to the building of the temple by Solomon. The visible sign of Jahve was the Ark of the Covenant. It contained the sacred Law of Moses. A sanctuary was built for it at Shiloh and in the time of the Judges this was the holy shrine for all Israel. In the belief that the presence of the Ark would ensure victory, the Israelites took it with them when they fought the Philistines at Aphek. But the hand of Jahve was against them and the precious Ark fell into the possession of the enemy. Jahve, however, soon showed that he would not permit the Ark to remain among idolaters. He so harassed the Philistines that they sent it back with great honor to the children of Israel. We remember how they made ready a rich present as a propitiatory offering and placed it and the Ark on a new cart to which they harnessed two milch cows and let them go whither they would. They brought it to Beth Shemesh where it was joyfully received by the Israelites. But the latter did not take it to Shiloh. In fact it had no permanent home until it was established in Solomon's temple. The tribe of Levi had been specially named as priests of Jahve, and the religious affairs of the people placed in their hands. But at this time they were merely servants and attendants. Jahve spake through the prophets. Such men as Samuel, Nathan,

Gad, besides others whose names have perished, were the men who were shaping the theology.

The period from the establishment of the Ark in the temple to the Captivity witnessed great progress in the development of religious life and thought. Although Jeroboam had set up a golden calf at Bethel and another at Dan, the Ark in the holy of holies at Jerusalem always was the central sanctuary of every Israelitish heart. Until the fall of Samaria, the work of the prophets was largely in the northern kingdom. Elijah and Elisha belonged there. Isaiah, Amos, Micah and Hosea belonged to Judah and pronounced the wrath of Jahve upon both kingdoms. Then came the century when Judah stood alone. Jeremiah, under divine inspiration, warned the people but they would not hearken to him. Under these prophets and their school, the book of Deuteronomy was brought out and the final form given to the greater part of the Old Testament.

Nebuchadnezzar completely razed the city of Jerusalem to the ground and carried away most of the people who survived the siege and assault. He left only a few of the poorest peasants, who gained a scanty living on the hillsides. He positively forbade the rebuilding of Jerusalem. The country was not fertile enough to tempt new settlers. So it remained desolate.

We cannot suppose that the fertile plains and valleys of Samaria lay long desolate and untilled. As soon as the Assyrian host, with its captives, withdrew, the crushed remnant of the people who remained again sought their farms, and the people from the neighboring tribes and cities pressed in and settled wherever they could establish a homestead. Mixed marriages were inevitable and the result was a mixed people. The

inhabitants of the northern kingdom probably never had the pride of race which characterized Judah. We have seen that their country was more open to the world and they had much more intercourse with other nations than the people of Judah.

The Captivity was a period of humiliation and therefore of religious growth and development. The prophet Ezekiel lived and dreamed in Babylon. Many of the Psalms were written there. The Captivity was a bitter experience but it brought the people closer together, strengthened them in their religion and caused them to look back on and pride themselves on their past history.

The Captivity of Judah is usually spoken of as seventy years. Actually it was only forty-eight years, from 586 B.C. to 538 B.C. Soon after Cyrus became king he granted permission to the exiles to return. Many of them did not wish to go back. But a company numbering about fifty thousand, according to the book of Ezra, went under the leadership of Zerubbabel and Joshua. The Samaritans, feeling that they were akin to the Hebrews and also worshippers of Jahve, offered their aid. As we have already seen, it was scornfully rejected and thenceforth the Samaritans did everything in their power to hinder the building of the wall and of the temple. They intrigued with the king at Babylon and obtained a decree revoking the permission to rebuild. After the accession of Darius the Jews again began to build their temple. When the Samaritans again tried to interfere, Darius caused the matter to be investigated and the original decree of Cyrus was found and confirmed. So the second temple was built and the worship of Jahve reëstablished in his chosen city and shrine. Eighty years after the first body of

exiles returned, another company came under Ezra, the scribe. They found that the people had fallen into the same sin as the Samaritans, for they had married wives from among the nations of the land, thus endangering the purity of the race of the chosen people. Measures were taken at once to repudiate these wives and their offspring and to prevent the recurrence of the scandal. All this time the walls were unbuilt. This was a serious matter, for a city without walls was exposed to plunder and derision. Nehemiah, the cup-bearer of the king, sought and obtained permission to go to Jerusalem and to rebuild the walls. The account of the building of the wall and the opposition of the Samaritans was written by him and will be found in his book.

Before the Captivity the people were ruled by a king. After the return the power of the king was seized and held by the high-priest.

When Alexander the Great made his triumphant march through the land of Egypt, the Jews made no attempt to resist him, but offered submission and allegiance at once. In the division of Alexander's kingdom Palestine fell, with Egypt, to Ptolemy Soter, but was speedily taken away from him by Seleucus. It soon fell again into the hands of the Ptolemies and they kept it for a century. Then the country came again under the power of the Seleucidæ. The Jews do not seem to have cared very much who ruled them so long as their religion was undisturbed. Antiochus IV, however, conceived the idea of forcing the Greek pantheism upon the people. A revolt broke out at once, led by the priest Mattathias and his sons. An army of Jews, fired by zeal for their faith and led by Judas Maccabeus, attacked and utterly routed the Greek armies sent

against them. In less than two years they gained possession of Jerusalem and re-dedicated the temple, which had been polluted by offerings to heathen gods. Their triumph was shortlived, for the Greeks, learning that they would not fight on the Sabbath, attacked them on that day and slaughtered thousands of unresisting men, women and children. Several of the Maccabees had fallen, but those who survived succeeded in raising a new army and at last again won the independence of Judea. The period of the Maccabees did not last very long, but it was memorable as a revival of the old national spirit.

About the middle of the century before the birth of Christ Rome began to spread her rule over the nations and tribes of the East. Judea was seized and made into a Roman province, although Herod, the crafty Idumean, contrived to be acknowledged as king.

The second temple built by the exiles who had returned from Babylon was but a poor house of God in comparison with the glorious building of Solomon. But it was a more acceptable building in that it represented the best those poor people could do. It had been added to from time to time and had also suffered in the wars of the Maccabees. Herod was not a Jew and he was catholic in his religious views. He saw that he could win great popularity by building for them a new temple at Jerusalem. This is known as Herod's temple and, though still far below the reputed glory of that of Solomon, it was yet far more magnificent than the second temple and was gratefully received by the Jews.

Toward the close of Herod's reign a child was born at Bethlehem who was later known as Jesus, the Christ.

CHAPTER XIV

WHEN JESUS LIVED

THE birth of Jesus Christ marks the beginning of a new era among the nations. From it we number our years forward and backward. Even aside from this important event, the previous century would still be considered epoch-making in the history of the world.

A momentous step forward had just been taken—the sea had become the highway of the world. We cannot overestimate the importance of this fact. Hitherto the sea had been a barrier, keeping the nations apart. Henceforth it was to be the great agency in bringing them together. Egypt and Assyro-Babylonia, the two principal nations at the beginning of our history, had little to do with the sea. The former navigated on the Nile and even sent a commercial expedition to the far-off land of Punt. We know that the Assyrians reached the island of Cyprus in very early times, but are ignorant as to whether they used their own fleet or went in vessels belonging to Tyre and Sidon. Neither of them ever rejoiced in a navy on the Mediterranean. It is well known that the Phœnicians were great navigators. But their object was always commerce and colonization. The Phœnicians of Tyre and Sidon were never great warriors.

Greece and Rome were the rival world powers. Until the time of Alexander the Great the former country was made up of small cities totally unconnected with each

other and often at loggerheads. Alexander brought them all under his power, but that was a conquest rather than a union. After Alexander's death the kingdom fell to pieces and at the time which we are considering Rome was the undisputed mistress of the world. Palestine had been the center, thenceforth it was an outlying province on the edge of the civilized world. Rome had become not only the political but also the geographical center of the world. The Romans saw the advantage and even the necessity of a navy.

This discovery that the sea was a usable highway not only made it possible for the Romans to conquer the world, but caused an immediate growth of commerce. Not less important was the facility offered to travel. That meant intellectual commerce, the exchange of ideas. So the world was made ready for the coming of Christ and the promulgation of the new religion. Two centuries earlier the rapid spread of Christianity would have been impossible. Think of the difficulties of Jonah's journey, and the fear which he felt at the idea of travel, typical of the time even if not literally true, and compare the nonchalant way in which Paul and others of the disciples traveled.

I have said that Rome had overcome and conquered Greece. This meant far more than a merely physical conquest. It meant that the civilization of Rome—stern, military and commercial—was to predominate in the world for a time instead of the esthetic, philosophical, pleasure-loving civilization of Greece. These two facts, the discovery of a new highway and the predominance of Rome, are the keys which explain the condition of the world and therefore of Palestine two thousand years ago.

At this time Palestine was probably more thickly set-

tled than ever before or since. We read of numerous tribes or nations in early times, but they were small in number, kept so by continual fighting among themselves. These people lived in small villages, and human life had little protection from the natural causes of destruction. The Greeks and Romans, on the contrary, built large and substantial cities. When the people revolted they were put down with a stern hand and numbers perished, but the ruling power was strong enough to prevent all petty domestic fighting. The Romans brought a reign of law and order to Palestine as well as to the entire world.

Jerusalem and its neighborhood probably looked very much as it does to-day. There were the same little villages of Bethlehem, Bethany, Siloam, Ain-Karim and others. The city itself lacked the churches and religious establishments. There was the one great temple occupying the whole of what is now known as the temple area. Of course there was no need of other places of worship. To the Jew the city was as nothing. His thoughts were always on the temple. There was a strong force of Roman soldiers in the fort known as the "Tower of Antonia," just outside the temple area. The possession of the temple meant the possession of the holy city and therefore of the land. The sea port of the country was Cesarea. The port of Jaffa does not seem to have been sufficiently secure for the Romans and they did not want their principal port north of Mount Carmel. Moreover Herod's favorite residence was at Samaria.

Most of the people were Jews. For a time they were crushed and held down by the military power of Rome. But they were a turbulent people, especially in the

country and in Galilee, and always ready to rise. The larger cities, except Jerusalem, contained many Greeks. This was especially true of those which had been lately founded by Herod and other rulers. Long before, the people of Greece had spread beyond their own peninsula, settling everywhere in the Levant. There were more Greeks outside of Greece than in the country itself, and they were the predominating people in the eastern Mediterranean so far as numbers went. The country around the Sea of Galilee and to the eastward was very attractive to them and many large cities grew up. In some the Greeks were more numerous and in others the Jews. Jesus found this country congenial to him, and most of the scenes of his short ministry are laid here.

We are interested in Palestine because it is the land where Jesus Christ was born, lived, taught and died. We are especially interested in the scenes of his life. The very thought that we are looking upon the same landscape upon which He looked, that we are treading the same streets through which He passed is in itself an inspiration. It is easy, however, to carry this feeling too far. Seldom can we be sure of the exact spot where momentous events occurred. Therefore many feel that their faith will be shaken either because those important sites are unknown or because those which are pointed out to the credulous pilgrim to-day are sometimes so palpably false as to awaken ridicule rather than reverence. But it must be a very weak faith which can be so easily shaken. How much better to take a broad view, overlooking these minute and often unimportant details! The main facts in the life of Christ are well known and may be regarded as historically accurate, and the places where the chief events of his life took place can be

pointed out with so much accuracy that we need not hesitate to allow our imagination to carry us back to the actual scenes.

We know these places, I say, with reasonable certainty. No one questions the identity of Bethlehem, Nazareth, the Sea of Galilee, Jacob's Well, or Jerusalem. No one denies the birth of Christ, the fact that He lived and taught, the main facts of His betrayal, trial, death and resurrection. Sure of these facts, and with them as our foundation, we can each day of our journey recall some of the scenes of Christ's life. To us, as we view them in the light of after events and of our own knowledge, His life and work were of momentous importance. They go so far beyond those of any other being in all human history that we cannot even compare them with the life and work of others. But to the people of that time He and His work excited little interest. To them He was a man of Galilee who performed wonderful miracles. Our accounts come from prejudiced sources and many of them are of later date. The crucifixion hardly made a ripple on the life of the time. The world went on as it had gone on before. But Christ's work was done and the seed was sown.

Consciously or not, whether we admit it or not, Jesus Christ is the central figure in Palestine. We ought therefore to review our tour at its close and recall the principal scenes in His life.

We remember His birthplace in the little town of Bethlehem of Judea. No one doubts its identity. I have remarked in a previous chapter that I think the grotto now shown in the Church of the Nativity may reasonably be considered the very place where the Son of God was born of woman that He might become one

Bethlehem

of the children of men. Many of the details of the story are unnecessary and, as the various accounts were written some time after the event, may be either pure inventions or founded on fact but added to and distorted. I refer especially to the tales of the angel host and other supernatural signs in the heavens. It is difficult for the unprejudiced student to believe that they occurred as narrated without awakening more notice. It is, however, easy to understand that they might have been invented later to throw an added supernatural glory around the birth of Christ. And, strange as it may appear, I believe this could have been done honestly by good and pious men. Their object was to glorify Christ, not to deceive the world.

I have said that I believe in the genuineness of the grottoes shown as the birthplace and the manger. But I think that to see the exact spot is comparatively immaterial. Cannot the Christian visitor satisfy his soul with the thought that he is in Bethlehem, the actual city where Christ was born? Can we not picture to ourselves that Christmas evening and the scene in the inn where the young mother was bringing forth her first child? Joseph and Mary had arrived late after a hard day of travel. She knew that the time of her delivery was at hand. Although this fact was made known, no place could be found for them in the inn. Eastern people are generous and hospitable. But in this case everybody felt disposed to keep possession of the good place which he had secured by early arrival, and, if absolutely necessary, to let some one else have the pleasure and credit of going out into the cold stables. Moreover childbirth was not as serious a matter at that time and among those people as it is now in our civilized commu-

nities. To-day in this same land a woman generally goes about her accustomed task up to the very moment of the first pains. Sometimes she goes to the field in the morning and comes back at even with her new-born babe. So we must not accuse the other travelers of gross harshness and selfishness. Joseph was a poor man and all that he or his family got or expected was a shelter from the cold night air. His own dwelling at Nazareth did not offer more.

As soon as the babe was born they wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in the manger opposite. Then came the adoration of the shepherds from the neighboring pasture and of the Wise Men from the East, or rather the incidents upon which these tales were founded. We may readily believe that many came to look upon the babe, probably without any thought of His divinity.

In those days Bethlehem was smaller than it is now and to get a correct picture we must think of some of the villages which we have seen on our camping tour. The khan at best is a bare and desolate place. The stable must have been still more so. Probably a brush fire gave forth a brilliant light which threw its rays on all sides. We can see the grave group of stalwart men surrounding the young mother and her babe and other groups standing near and talking of the scenes before them.

This is our first picture in the life of Christ. I have discussed it rather fully in order to show how we may form our own pictures as we come to each of the places, great and small, connected with Jesus' life.

His boyhood was spent at Nazareth. We know little about it, but we may believe that He grew up in His

human life much as the other boys of the villages. We have only the simple record that "He advanced in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and men." It is true that we know of a visit to Jerusalem when He was twelve years old, and it is probable that the family went there frequently, for the distance was short, they had kindred near there, and a Hebrew household, especially of the seed of David, would be likely to go to Jerusalem for the more important feasts. It is noteworthy that Jesus did not begin His real ministry either in His boyhood or in His early manhood. He waited until He was thirty years of age.

What a short life it was! Only thirty-three years in all and only three of them devoted to active ministry. Most of this time was spent in Galilee. The people of Nazareth, Jews of Galilee and among the most bitter and uncompromising of their race, had spurned Him. He went thence to the beautiful lake and found friends and disciples among the humble fisher folk. It was there in the half-Greek city of Capernaum that He most loved to dwell; there He performed His miracles and spake His parables. So Capernaum and the Lake of Galilee are the earthly scenes most associated with our Lord in the mind of the student and of the traveler.

The last year of His ministry was largely spent in the country known as Perea beyond the Jordan and in the Jordan valley itself. Toward the end and only a month before the crucifixion He came to Bethany to perform His greatest miracle—the raising of Lazarus. He then went back to the other side of the Jordan. His time had not yet come and it was unsafe and unwise for Him to remain near Jerusalem. Just before the Passover He came again to Bethany to the house of Mary

and Martha. He supped with them and the recently resurrected Lazarus. This was the evening before the triumphal entry into Jerusalem. It was Christ's last quiet time with His friends on earth.

I have said that Christ's life was the most important event in the history of the world and His birth and death were the most important events in His life. The latter was the more important because it was the climax and fulfillment of His mission.

Again we are struck by the rapidity of the action. Jesus made His triumphal entry into Jerusalem on Sunday. On the following Thursday he was arrested, on Friday crucified, and buried, and on Sunday rose again from the dead. All this took place within the short space of eight days.

It is not necessary or even important to prove all the details narrated in the Gospels. Take away half or even take away all the less important incidents, leaving only the trial, crucifixion and resurrection, and we should still call this the most eventful week in all history. And if the Christian traveler succeeds in gaining for himself a series of clear pictures of the events of these few days and sets them in their frames his tour will not be in vain.

We can go ourselves on Sunday afternoon to the little village of El-Azariyeh, the ancient Bethany, and follow the path taken by our Lord on that memorable Sunday. Jesus departed from His usual custom and rode upon an ass, probably not as a sign of humility, but rather the opposite. Humble folk went on foot. As He left Bethany some of the village children followed Him, shouting " Hosanna " and waving palm branches. Others joined them on the road, and as they neared the

The Sea of Galilee

city many others came out and met them. But we must remember that it was emphatically a welcome of the people, even of the common people. The Pharisees and priests took no part in it and the Roman authorities and soldiers did not even notice it.

And now we come to the eventful Thursday evening, the beginning of the last three days. Our first scene is the Last Supper.

Luke gives the most complete account, although the tale of the washing of the feet is found only in John. According to tradition, the "upper room" was on Zion Hill not far from the house of Caiaphas. This was a favorite subject for the mediæval artists. We must get our picture from their paintings or from the Bible description. A visit to a dwelling house in Jerusalem will show us an "upper room." The rooms on the upper floor are the living rooms, the proper place for the guest room. In memory of Christ's washing the feet of the disciples, on the Thursday before the Greek Easter, the Greek patriarch washes the feet of twelve beggars in the court in front of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. Of course there is a great crowd to witness it, and the scene recalls its prototype only by contrast.

At the supper Christ announced His coming betrayal and definitely named the betrayer, though in such a way that the disciples did not comprehend it until they afterwards interpreted His words in the light of events.

After the supper Christ and all the disciples except Judas went out from the city and over the Kedron to the garden known as Gethsemane on the slope of Olivet. Then followed in quick succession the tragic scenes of the Agony, the Betrayal and Arrest, the trials before Annas and Caiaphas, the trials before Pilate and Herod,

the final trial and condemnation by Pilate, the scourging and finally the sad journey to Golgotha. All these scenes are so terrible and sad to the Christian that we shrink from picturing them. Yet they are part of the history and must be faced if we are to fully realize Christ's last days. Here again the imagination of the mediæval painters found a fertile field. Every scene has been portrayed by them sometimes with various interpretations.

If the present church of the Holy Sepulcher is on the site of Golgotha the Via Dolorosa must have followed about the course which the Catholics assign to it. If, however, we feel that the hill outside the Damascus Gate must be Golgotha, then the path up which Christ toiled with the heavy cross must have been about the same as the present street leading thither from the Austrian Hospice. In either case it was a steep and painful journey. Worn out by the tortures and scourging, human strength failed Him and we remember that He refused to avail Himself of His divine power for He was to suffer as a man. So one of the crowd, Simon of Cyrene, was roughly compelled to bear the cross. He did not know that it was an honor and would cause his name to live throughout the ages.

At high noon we see the three crosses, each with a human form, set up on the Golgotha hill. It was not an uncommon sight and probably the crowd soon dwindled. Men met a violent death every day. But the centurion and soldiers were obliged to stay and a few faithful followers, among them Christ's mother, stayed to witness the end. We have no mention of Joseph or of the brothers of Christ.

Then comes the darkness and the earthquake. All

nature was in terrible convulsion. Up to this hour everything is perfectly natural. But this earthquake and darkness are not only supernatural but unnatural. Of course an eclipse and an earthquake might have come together as a natural coincidence. But it is not likely and moreover this tale could have very easily sprung up before the Gospels were written and speedily gained such credit that it was later received as truth. It is difficult to understand that such a terrible uproar of nature took place and subsided so suddenly that no mention is made of any effects. The scene portrayed on Easter morning does not show any trace of the ruin we should expect to find. Personally I think the omission of the earthquake adds to the sublimity of the scene.

Sunday, probably April 9, in the year 30, witnessed the resurrection of our Lord. I have already discussed the claims of the tomb at the Church of the Holy Sepulcher and that known as Gordon's tomb. It may be that neither is the true one. But we may say that the evidence judged by human standards is in favor of the latter. On a bright Easter morning to-day we can easily transport ourselves back to that first Easter. The Sabbath was over. A Jew could not have gone to the tomb on the Sabbath, for that would have been unlawful and made him unclean. But no such laws affected the Roman soldier and a continuous watch was kept. On Sunday morning Mary of Magdala came to weep at the tomb. Looking within, she saw two glorious white angels, but no corpse. Jesus then approached and made Himself known to her. Then other disciples came and heard her story. What a glorious ending to the three awful days! That is all the time which has

elapsed since the betrayal at Gethsemane. Yet Jesus Christ has been crucified as an expiatory offering for the sins of the world, been entombed and risen again. The blackest and darkest day of history was followed by the brightest.

The reader may inquire why I would disbelieve the earthquake and yet believe in the resurrection. The former is unnatural, uncalled-for, and does not add at all to the awfulness and sublimity of the day. The resurrection is confessedly supernatural and is the necessary and logical conclusion. To deny the genuineness of the resurrection is to cast down the entire structure, to omit the earthquake removes an unnecessary and improbable detail.

Christ appeared to His disciples on several occasions within the next few weeks. Then comes the final scene in His life—the ascension which tradition says took place on the Mount of Olives on Thursday, May 18, about six weeks after the resurrection.

I have not tried to write a life of Christ, but rather to give the reader a series of pictures which may help to make His life vivid and aid the traveler who visits these scenes to represent them to himself. Many lives of Christ have been written and I have read several of them. But nowhere do I find a life of Christ equal in clearness and excellence of language to those attributed to Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. I prefer the narrative of John, for it is so clear and direct, and moreover has much that is important and passed over by the others.

CHAPTER XV

PALESTINE AFTER CHRIST

WHEN the leader and founder of Christianity had been crucified and, as the judges thought, removed from the world, there was no idea on the part of the Romans of persecuting His followers. These were few in number, almost all poor people, and it was assumed that when Jesus died His faith and name would speedily perish. There were doubtless many who, carried along by the enthusiasm of others and by the wonder excited by His works, professed to follow Him without really understanding what they were doing and without any deep-set belief in Him or knowledge of His teachings.

In fact, the only real members of the church who had an abiding faith in Jesus and formed a nucleus of the great organization which was to grow and extend throughout the ages were the disciples and a few personal friends of Jesus. The disciples were confessedly drawn from the lower ranks of the people, had had little education, and it does not appear that any education, in the sense in which we understand the word, was divinely or miraculously given to them. They were good men, consecrated men, men of simple piety and devotion to Jesus and therefore worthy to be apostles and patterns for the church in future ages. But they were not the men to put the teachings and precepts of

Jesus into literary form and to present them to the world. The real human founder of the Christian church was a man who never saw Jesus Christ, Paul of Tarsus. Equipped with all the learning of the Greeks and of the Romans, he was converted to Christianity and speedily became the leader of the church. It was he who put Christ's teachings in order and organized the propaganda, and it was he whose advice to the struggling early churches is the foundation of our Christian law. Paul is to Christianity and the New Testament what Moses was to Judaism and the Old Testament.

The foundation of Christianity was laid in Palestine, or, to be more precise, in Galilee; but its development and growth during the next two centuries was in the Greek cities of northern Syria and Asia Minor and among the Greeks of Alexandria and lower Egypt. The Jews were not then and never have been disposed to receive it, and during those two centuries Judea was so devastated by revolts and internal wars that the new religion could not obtain a hearing.

The gospels were certainly written some time after the death of Christ and the opinion of the best scholars is that they were not committed to writing and put into their present form until the end of the first century or even later. There was in any event ample time for additions to be made to make the true stories of Christ's life more wonderful and interesting to the reader. At first these additions were recognized as such, but they were speedily incorporated with the truth. The gospels received their final literary touches in Alexandria. In "To-day on the Nile" I have shown how many of the tales of the goddess Isis and the infant Horus were transplanted into Christianity and applied to the Virgin

and Jesus. The Apocryphal literature, from which the great artists of the church drew their ideas of His life, originated in Alexandria.

Christianity spread to Greece and Italy and in the third century it became one of the great religions of the day. It would have been earlier received and tolerated but for its inhospitable doctrine of hostility to all other religions. This was a new idea in the world. The Christian was obliged not only to accept Christ but to renounce all other gods. He was also required to defy the national religion. This brought him into conflict with the other gods and also with the authorities. The result was persecution, which however, instead of crushing the church, only gave it renewed life and vigor. The tales of the martyrs brought new converts whose one wish was that they might also gain the martyr's crown. Then there were always secret Christians and those who hid themselves in the time of persecution. When it ceased these declared themselves and the church sprang up again.

The conversion of Constantine made Christianity the state religion. The old paganism still existed, but this was its death blow. When the emperor publicly professed himself a Christian, the soldiers, officials and, in fact, everybody made haste to learn of the new religion and adopt it. Rome was still mistress of the world. Therefore all eyes were turned at once to Palestine, to the scenes of the life of the new god, for to many—nay to most—it was simply a matter of giving up the worship of the numerous old divinities and putting in their stead another new divinity, Jesus Christ.

The Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, was one of the most zealous of the new converts. She

hastened to Jerusalem and devoted herself to the identification and suitable marking of the holy places. Her object was entirely and distinctively the places connected with the life of Christ. The Old Testament was acknowledged and read as a sacred book, but the Christians did not seek for its memorials. These belonged entirely to Judaism and the Christian felt as far separated from the Jew as from the pagan.

It was natural for the Christian to desire to visit the holy places and to think that a special blessing would come to him as a reward for a pilgrimage. The more difficulties and dangers in the way, the greater the blessing. Thus began the series of pilgrimages which have continued unto our day. When the Roman Empire fell, Palestine became a part of the Eastern Empire, ruled by the emperors at Constantinople. Although the Eastern Roman Empire existed for nearly a thousand years after the fall of Rome, it never was a great military power and the outlying territories were exposed to invasion by the new powers in the Eastern world. Early in the seventh century the Persians, at that time fire-worshippers and followers of Zoroaster, under the famous king Khosru ravaged Syria and Palestine, massacred the inhabitants of the principal cities and, more terrible still, carried away the true cross. As Khosru was going on to Egypt, a messenger handed him a letter from Muhammad ibn Abdullah of Mecca. The son of a camel-driver bade the conqueror of Persia, in the flush of his career, to submit himself unto his power and even to abandon his own religion in favor of that proclaimed by the new upstart. Naturally Khosru tore the letter in pieces and even declined to answer it. Muhammad then prophesied that Khosru and his empire would

be destroyed. The Emperor Heraclius gathered his courage and his armies, defeated the Persians and reconquered Syria and Palestine.

Less than twenty years later, the hosts of Islam overran Persia, Syria and Palestine, and continued their victorious career along the whole northern coast of Arabia and across into Spain.

To the Muslim Jerusalem was a holy city. Muhammad had drawn much of his teachings from Christians and Jews. He referred to them as the people of the book and taught that they were to be regarded as far superior to idolaters or fire worshippers. Moreover he had started on his famous journey to the seventh heaven from the great rock in the temple area and had also especially mentioned in the Quran the church of Justinian, now known as the Mosque el-Aksa. Naturally the Muslims took immediate possession of the temple area at Jerusalem, transformed the church into a mosque and built the beautiful mosque of Omar. The Christians were left in peaceful possession of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher and all of their holy places.

Palestine remained under the rule of the Caliphs at Mecca until the death of Ali, the son-in-law of the prophet and fourth Caliph. At his death Mu'awiya refused allegiance to his sons and established an independent Caliphate at Damascus. This endured for nearly a century and then fell beneath the power of the Abbasside Caliph at Bagdad. The most famous of the Abbassides was Harun er-Rashid, well known to all readers of the Arabian Nights. In their turn the Abbasside family grew weak and the governor of Egypt, Ahmed ibn Tulun, established himself as an independent sovereign and conquered Syria and Palestine.

Thenceforth until just before the Crusades the country was a province ruled from Egypt.

During most of these four centuries from the Muslim conquest to the Crusades, Christian, Jew and Muslim lived together in peace. This period was a time of ignorance and darkness in Europe, for the civilization of Rome had fallen and that of the Middle Ages had not yet risen. Europe was, however, Christianized, and at all times men made pilgrimages to the Holy Land impelled by religious devotion and the fulfillment of vows. They were seldom molested by the Muslims, but of course the journey was difficult and full of peril. Many never reached the holy shores, and others perished on the return. These were, however, very fortunate, for death on a pilgrimage secures sure admittance to Paradise to either Christian or Muslim.

We now come to the Crusades. All Christendom confidently expected the end of the world and the triumphant coming of Christ in the year 1000. The times were bad in every sense. Might was right and the life and property of all were at the disposal of the strongest. Men were Christians through fear rather than love of God. The fear of his immediate coming terrified them. When the momentous year passed and the world still moved on, there was a deep sense of relief and an awakening of piety. Another crisis had to be met in the year 1033, the thousandth anniversary of the crucifixion. It was only after this was passed that men began to feel secure. Soon after the middle of the eleventh century, Gregory VII came to the papal throne. Although born in humble circumstances, he was one of the world's great men. He conceived the idea that the pope, the viceregent of God on earth, was above all kings and princes,

and he was powerful enough to proclaim and enforce it. He did not live to take part in the first crusade, but he did much to prepare the way for it.

To Peter the Hermit is given the credit of arousing Europe to embark on a holy war to wrest the Holy Land from the power of the infidel. He had made the pilgrimage to Jerusalem and had come back filled with horror at the thought of the desecration of the holy places. He hastened to Pope Urban II and obtained his sanction for his mission. At about the same time an embassy came from the Greek emperor Alexis begging for help against the Turks. Thus another object was added—the defense of their Greek fellow Christians, or more correctly, the defense of Europe against the oncoming hordes from Persia. A statesman less wise than Urban II would have seen that after the fall of the Greek empire the invaders would rush over Europe. The enthusiasm spread rapidly and in 1097 the Crusader army reached Constantinople. Although the emperor Alexis was very anxious to have them defend his land, he was not desirous of entertaining them long at Constantinople. He wanted them to take an oath of allegiance to him and to swear that they were reconquering Palestine for him rather than taking it away from the Muslim for themselves. After much trouble and wrangling, they passed over into Asia, marched through Asia Minor, and burst upon Syria. They captured Antioch and pushed on to their goal, Jerusalem. The holy city fell into their hands on July 14, 1099.

Godfrey of Bouillon was elected king of Jerusalem, and the Crusaders gradually gained possession of all Palestine and most of Syria.

Toward the end of the twelfth century Saladin

became master of Egypt and Syria. He waged war upon the Crusaders and completely defeated them in the battle of Hattin in 1187. He not only won the victory, but captured their holiest relic, a fragment of the true cross which they had brought with them to insure the aid of God. We are reminded of another battle centuries earlier when the Hebrews sent for the Ark, symbol of Jahve, to insure victory. The battle of Hattin was the deathblow to the kingdom of Jerusalem. Two months later the city itself fell into the hands of the Saracens.

All Europe was again aroused and a third crusade was immediately organized under Frederick Barbarossa, Richard Cœur de Lion and Philip Augustus. Scott's novel, "The Talisman," relates the adventures of Richard the Lion-Hearted and is founded on historical facts. The Crusaders again obtained a foothold in Palestine. The fourth crusade did not reach Palestine, but captured Constantinople for the Venetians.

Frederick II, the leader of the fifth crusade, regained possession of Jerusalem by diplomacy. The Crusaders again lost the city, regained it, and finally were driven out by the Muslims in 1244. Their power in Palestine declined until it ended in 1291.

It is not too much to say that the movement known as the Crusades was the most momentous and important since the birth of Christ. Its importance was not to Syria and Palestine, but to the world. Our present Europe, nay, our present civilization, is largely due to the influences brought into existence or set in motion by the Crusades. We have seen that an important object of the first crusade was the defense of Constantinople from the Turk. Constantinople was preserved for

nearly four centuries and when it did fall finally the Ottoman power was no longer equal to the task of conquering Europe. But for the Crusades, as far as we can see, the military power of the Muslims would have overrun Europe and all Christendom be to-day not only in the condition of the Turkish Empire, but still worse, as it should not have any of the benefits of a higher civilization. The nations of Europe would never have risen mentally from their condition of eight hundred years ago.

The absence of many military chieftains contributed to peace at home, and their fighting side by side with strangers, while it gave rise to many quarrels, at the same time gave them a knowledge of and an acquaintance with other people.

The demand for ships and sailors and the necessity for furnishing them with supplies created a navy. This developed commerce. This commerce, in its turn, aroused a spirit of adventure, which culminated in the voyages of Vasco da Gama and Christopher Columbus.

The necessity for a common language among the Crusaders brought French to the front, and until quite recent times this was the almost universal international language of commerce. The Crusaders awakened and aroused all Europe, brought the people together, and made them interested not only in themselves but in their neighbors and the whole world.

Traces of the Crusaders are still visible in Palestine. The ruined castles everywhere throughout the land recall them. Children with blue eyes and fair hair show the blood of the races from the north. Many proper names, both of persons and places, and many of the words in common use, come from a foreign tongue. The

history of their wars with the Muslims is a black one. They were dealing with infidels and their honor did not require that they treat them justly. In their battles and their truces it was the Muslim who was the gentleman, keeping his faith and honor. The Christians with a few brilliant exceptions were a ruffianly lot, quarreling among themselves and having nothing except a blind faith in Christianity to their credit.

After the expulsion of the Crusaders, the holy places fell into the hands of local Christians. Pilgrims again came from Europe and Christian communities gradually increased.

The history of the last six hundred years has been comparatively uneventful, and may be passed over in a few words. Tamerlane at the head of his Tartar hordes overran the country, massacring and plundering the inhabitants. A century ago Napoleon unsuccessfully invaded the land. Later Ibrahim, the son of Mehemet Ali of Egypt, conquered the country from the Turks, but the powers of Europe forced him to relinquish it.

CHAPTER XVI

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

WE must confine our survey to three subjects: the land, the people and the government.

I have tried to describe the land as we have traversed it in our tour and shall here only attempt to summarize our views. Let me say again that this series of pictures of the land is what we come to get and is the best souvenir to take away with us. We landed at Jaffa and saw first the bright plain of Sharon with the hills and mountains of Judea in the background. Then we climbed those mountains and looked from Olivet over the eastern slope, across the Jordan valley and even to the mountains of Moab. We descended into the valley and returned to Jerusalem. Then we went northward to Nablus where we got that wonderful view from Mount Ebal. The plain of Esdraelon delighted us as a simple picture apart from its historical associations, but with them it has no rival in interest. From Tabor we again looked over the whole land. Afterwards we saw the beautiful sea of Galilee, snow-crowned Mount Hermon, and the coast of the Mediterranean, the terraced hills of Lebanon and the city of Damascus. There is no part of Palestine where the scenery is tame or commonplace. Yet the first words in the Baedeker guidebook are "the country affords little scenic interest." I can explain this statement only by the fact that the editor, like so many travelers, is so absorbed in the religious and his-

torical associations of the land that he entirely fails to see it apart from them. If all these associations were taken away I should still come myself and advise others to come to see the country.

We may feel quite sure that the general features of the land are the same as in the time of Jesus and even in the times of David and Abraham. There has been no great earthquake or other catastrophe to change them. All of that work was done long before by nature. It seems probable that the land was more wooded and more productive, especially in Judea. We can hardly think that a great nation was supported by such sterile land as we see around Jerusalem to-day. In our views of the land we recall and picture to ourselves the memorable scenes of the history connected with each place and thus add to our knowledge of the Bible, the textbook of our religion. Can we then call the country uninteresting?

Nowhere in the world do we find such a mixture of races and religions. Syrians, Arabs, Turks, Jews, Franks, Greeks, Levantines and Negroes all live together, each proud of his race. Muslims, Jews and Christians are each confident of the superiority of their belief and look down upon the others. Each of these religions has its own carefully distinguished sects whose members are sure of their position and jealous of their brethren. Every man must belong not only to a race but to a sect. An atheist would be regarded with horror. Religion is so real here that every one knows the various distinctions and can clearly state his position. I have heard a tale that a missionary traveling in the Lebanon once met a lad about ten years of age. It was plain that the missionary was a Christian and the boy wanted to

The Convent of Mar Saba

know further to what sect he belonged. The missionary would not give him a direct answer, but promised to reply to any questions. "Do you believe so and so?" said the child, referring to some deep theological doctrine. The response was satisfactory. He asked several similar questions and finally shouted joyfully, "Then you must be of the same sect that I am and we are brothers." Think of a child of that age so learned in theology!

The Muslims are the ruling race and far outnumber the others. Of course they feel that they are the true believers, sure of heaven. They are not, however, fanatical, and they live on peaceable terms with their neighbors of other faiths. I consider them more respectable and trustworthy than the native Christians. Their manners and customs often recall and illustrate the Bible much beter than do those of the Christians. This is not because of their religion, but because they are of a race akin to the Hebrews. And many of these customs, when examined and understood, will be found to be founded on common sense. The Muslim does not take off his hat when entering a house but does remove his shoes. He says that the hat does not injure the house, but that the mud on his shoes will. Travelers smile every time when they are compelled to comply with this cleanly custom. Many others might be cited, strange and contrary to our ideas, but nevertheless founded on wisdom. The first principles for an honest and observant traveler to learn is to put himself in an impartial frame of mind, uninfluenced by the ideas and thoughts which belong to his own race and religion. The nearer he can come to this ideal the more correct and valuable will be his judgment and opinion.

I am sorry that I cannot speak more favorably of the Christians. As a class, the native Christians do not rank high. This is due more to racial weakness than to their religion. Most of them are Greeks. But this does not mean that they are of pure Greek blood, the descendants of that ancient people whose art and culture permeated the world two thousand years ago and to whom we still look as our first teachers in art and philosophy. They are rather of mixed blood of Greek, Roman, Syrian, Frank and Crusader. For centuries they have been the under race and religion, sometimes crushed and oppressed and never allowed to rise to an equality with the Muslim. Deceit has appeared to be a necessity and has been so justified that it is looked on as a virtue. Their Christianity is not of a high type. But for the fact that they call themselves Christians and claim Jesus Christ as the head of their church, we would not regard them as of our faith. It is among them that the Christian missionaries from Europe and America are working, and it is a pleasure to feel that they are accomplishing something and are really raising them to a higher plane of life and religion. The missionary should and does represent himself as a richer and more advanced brother of the native Christian and so he can uplift him.

There are many sects of Christians. The Latins come next to the Greeks in numbers. They are the Catholics, acknowledging the Pope at Rome. These two sects control most of the holy places. Then there are the Maronites, Armenians, United Syrians, Jacobites, Nestorians, Copts, Abyssinians, and even more, divided in doctrine or in race.

There is also a sharp distinction between the clergy

and the laity. Greek priests may marry, and in general those attached to the villages differ little in their life or learning from their flocks. Monasteries are scattered throughout the land. The priests in them are celibates and in some of them no woman pilgrim or visitor is allowed to enter. The strictest as well as the oldest and holiest is Mar Saba in a ravine between Bethlehem and the Dead Sea. It is well worthy of a visit, not only on account of its picturesque situation, but for the glimpse which it gives us of the lives of these holy men, so far removed from our own. The scene is especially strange and brilliant on a moonlight night. The cliffs and valleys spread out below us in the pale light, the brilliant whiteness of the monastery buildings, the stillness over everything, broken occasionally by the sound of a tinkling church bell or the cry of a jackal, the memories of the past, not only of this spot but of the whole region, combine to make such a night a memorable one in the traveler's experience. The monasteries scattered throughout the land were necessary for the shelter and protection of the pilgrim. To-day the Russian pilgrims come in even larger numbers each year. Most of them are the poorest of the poor, full of holy thoughts and empty of purse. But for the monasteries, their journey would be difficult and even impossible. The number of Latin or Catholic pilgrims is decreasing, though they still come. The large convents at Jerusalem, Nazareth and Tiberias are seldom filled with genuine pilgrim guests, although the monks are hospitable as of old.

It is difficult to speak knowingly of the Jews, for they are a people who keep to themselves, and perhaps show their worst side to the world. There are old Jewish

families in Jerusalem whose customs and lives are faultless. They have property and their members are famed for Hebrew learning. The Jews who come to Jerusalem from other lands are, as far as the traveler's observation can penetrate into their lives, about as useless and degraded a lot of human beings as can be found. Even in the eyes of their fellow Jews, their only virtue is the fact that they belong to the holy race. The Jews scattered throughout the cities and villages are much the same as their fellows throughout the world—living by themselves, hostile to Muslim and Christian, usurers if they have the means, dirty in their habits, and scrupulous and literal in the keeping of their laws. The Jewish agricultural colonies have not yet been established long enough to be fairly judged. It is safe to say that they have fallen far short of expectations. Some have been absolute failures. Others are struggling along and may ultimately reach some measure of success and prosperity. The modern Jew is not an agriculturist and those who are obliged and are willing to come as assisted paupers are not good material for a philanthropic experiment.

My opinion of the character and capabilities of the people of Palestine as a whole is high. When we consider the difficulties under which they labor, our opinion of them rises. They never have had the advantages of education and civilization which obtain in Europe. They are most industrious. The farmers have to be busy all the time to extract a subsistence from their lands and to meet the taxes. Drunkenness and idleness, the great vices of Europe, are almost unknown. In most of the villages one of the great religions predominates. So Bethlehem is known as a Christian village and Nablus

as a Muslim. The religious character of a place is very evident, and as a result of careful observation I have come to the conclusion that the people of the Muslim villages are quite as clean and well-behaved as in the Christian towns, and vice versa. I have often been struck by the quiet, dignified bearing of the country people. There are no beggars. This statement may cause surprise. In the towns there are professional beggars and sometimes we find the children shouting "bakshish." The former have a claim upon charity because of some affliction and they beg from their own people. Seldom have I seen them receive alms from strangers. The latter are more in fun than in earnest, although of course they do not refuse an offered gift. The peasant on the road and in the field is always gravely courteous. He salutes you and expects to have his salutation returned. He is obliging if you ask for information. His knowledge does not extend beyond the horizon, but he gives what he has cheerfully. So, too, with the wilder Bedawin whom one meets beyond Jordan. Treat them rightly and courteously and they will meet you in the same way. The women are usually to be seen by strangers only at the village well. Their demeanor is above reproach. Veils are never worn among the peasantry, and in face and form the girls and young women need not be ashamed of themselves. Flirting is unknown and would be punished by that severest of all judges, public opinion. Real immorality is also unknown in the villages. The adult population are all married. There is more looseness among the Christians than among the Muslims. The ease of divorce and the institution of polygamy make it easier for the latter to keep within the law.

In my journeys through the country I have been especially interested in observing the people, men and women. On the opposite page is a picture of a group of women from Ramallah, a large Christian village near Jerusalem. They are all upright, honest, sturdy-looking people. Similar groups of Muslim women could be easily got together. I remember noticing one woman who was drawing water for my camp at a miserable mud village. She was probably about twenty-five years old. Her garment was coarse and sprinkled with mud. Her feet and her head were bare. She was just an ordinary village woman. But she carried herself with a dignity and self-possession that compelled attention and admiration. She had her baby down under the shelter of the tent and when she had opportunity quietly took it up and gave it suck. I conceived a great admiration and respect for that woman. On another occasion near Kala'at el Hosn, east of the Sea of Galilee, I met a goatherd, one of the wild Bedawin of that region. He had a glass bowl which he had found in a tomb and which he knew that a stranger like myself would be likely to purchase. He stood before me with the bowl in his hand, a perfect specimen of the natural man—sturdy, self-possessed, eager and wide-awake, not servile or cringing, in no way acknowledging himself an inferior or striving to hide conscious inferiority under savage haughtiness.

Syria and Palestine are now part of the Turkish Empire. The country is divided into provinces known as vilayets, each governed by a vali appointed by the Sultan. Abdul Hamed does more actual and personal work in administering his empire than any other ruler in Europe. Everything, no matter how trivial, is submitted to him and his word is final. All his

Christian Women of Ramallah

valis are in constant communication with him by private wires. No monarch is more carefully informed of the daily condition of his dominions. Contrary to the popular belief, he does his best to appoint able men to represent him, and I, for one, consider Syria and Palestine as well governed. The part of the country with which we are concerned belong to the vilayets of Beyrouth and Syria. Lebanon was made into an independent province at the demand of the European Powers after the massacres of 1860. Jerusalem and the country round about the city is also an independent district and is governed by a mutesarrif responsible directly to the Sultan. The religious importance of the holy city, the turbulence of the people, and the fact that many of them are under the protection of foreign powers makes the situation delicate and the Sultan is very anxious that peace shall prevail there. It needs a firm and resolute man, well supported by military power, to cope successfully with the task. I have known Jerusalem for fifteen years and I must bear testimony to the success with which it has been ruled. And each time I go there I am thankful that the phlegmatic Turk is the ruler. He alone of all the races and creeds represented can deal fairly by all of them. The Muslim has possession of the temple area. That is his sacred place and he intends to keep full possession of it. He is perfectly willing that the Christian should hold the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. He does not know and does not care to know and judge of the claims of the various sects. He holds himself aloof from them, but insists that they keep the peace. So however sorely against their will, the Greeks and Latins are obliged to allow each other to live and even to worship in the holy church.

The administration of justice and the collection of the taxes are the two features of government which most directly touch the people. Unfortunately these are probably the worst features of the Turkish rule. This, however, concerns the people and not the traveler. We generally get beyond our own right and into other people's business when we, as individuals, try to improve the lot of nations. Moreover Turkey is not the only country in the world where bribes and influence can pervert justice. Strange as it may seem in a land without newspapers, there is a public opinion. A decision in the Cadi's court at Jerusalem is published abroad, known and discussed among the people if anything, more than it would be with us where there is so much else to occupy public attention. In the villages judgment is delivered at the gate, and as the Cadi is a resident he is anxious to keep the good opinion of his fellow citizens. Trial and judgment can, however, be delayed just as in our own land. The taxes are high and often a grievous burden. It is the method of collecting them which is the most reprehensible. The tax collector's main object is often not honestly to collect the taxes, but to get as much as possible for himself. The peasant knows this and resists him in every way, so that there is continual strife between the representative of the government and the people.

Just at present the conscription of soldiers to maintain the Sultan's rule in Yemen is looked upon as an especial hardship and is resented. The Arabs do not wish to fight for the Turks and against their own race, so the conscripts practically have to be captured, formed into regiments, and driven to the seat of war. They know that they will not be paid and they are not soldiers by nature.

The name of America is spread abroad as a land of plenty and progress. Many of the people have emigrated and some of them have been successful and have sent home to their relatives glowing accounts of the ease with which wealth may be obtained. Few Muslims emigrate. They do not like to cut themselves off from their native land and plunge amongst the Christians. The government strives to check emigration, but is only partially successful. As in many other countries of Europe, it is only the poverty of the people which keeps them at home.

A word may be said about the introduction of foreign goods, the railroad, telegraph and other necessities of civilization. Railroads are gradually being built, probably as rapidly as capital can be raised and paying traffic provided. Of course this is all done by foreign capital. Carriage roads are being built, and now one can reach all the principal places by rail or carriage. This is of importance to the tourist because it makes his journey more comfortable and more rapid. The resident also feels the advantages in increased facilities for and cheapness of transportation. There are telegraph stations in all the principal cities, and at many of them cables in the European languages can be sent to all parts of the world. The electric light and the telephone are still missing, but will doubtless come in time. I have visited these countries many times and have watched the changes of the last fifteen years. We can no longer speak of "The Unchanging East," but must rather say "The Slowly Changing East."

CHAPTER XVII

PRACTICAL ADVICE

A VISIT to Palestine comes naturally after a tour to Egypt. The tourist season in Egypt extends from the middle of December to the end of March. It is unwise to visit Jerusalem in the three rainy months of December, January and February. Therefore most visitors come in March or April.

The weather in March is uncertain. Sometimes it is very bright and clear, with little rain. If a great deal of rain falls in the winter months there is likely to be more rain than usual also in the spring, while if the winter rainfall is light the deficiency is seldom made up later. Usually after the heavy rains cease there is an interval of about two weeks of very bright, clear weather, followed by about a month of showery weather known in the Bible as the "latter rains."

I feel no hesitancy in saying that it is never unhealthy in Palestine. Of course it is hot in summer and cold in winter, just as elsewhere in the world, but extremes of temperature and the discomfort and danger to health arising therefrom are no greater, but rather less, than in England and America. March and April, the usual tourist season, is the pleasantest time of the year. The season is about a month earlier than in Central and Southern Europe. The rainy season is over, but there

are still some showers and the ground has not yet become parched and dried. The wild flowers are all in bloom, the harvests are being gathered, the air is fresh and clear, the skies are bright and blue, and it is delightful to be abroad in the land. Occasional days of bad weather, from the tourist point of view, only serve to give him time to rest and cause him the more to enjoy the fine days. If there is any objection to this time of the year it is due to the number of tourists in the country, overcrowding the accommodations.

But if you are unable to come in these favored months, do not think that you must, therefore, remain away. May, and even June, are also delightful. The showers have now ceased, but the heat of full summer has not yet come. To be sure, it is warm in the bright noonday sunshine, but it is not an unpleasant warmth, for the greater part of the country is considerably above the level of the sea and the mountain air is never heavy nor sultry.

A visit in the midsummer months is perhaps not so pleasant from the point of view of mere physical comfort, but nevertheless by no means unpleasant or dangerous. It is warm, even hot. But you will not be uncomfortable in the mountains, and even on the excursion to Jericho and the Dead Sea far below sea level you need not apprehend serious discomfort. Arrange to travel in the early morning and to be in the shade during the heat of the day, and you will have no inconvenience. The camping trip in the summer will present no difficulties if care is taken to regulate the journey according to the weather conditions. A start early in the morning will enable you to cover an ordinary day's stage before noon. The afternoon can be spent in

rest and the evening in sight-seeing, either visiting the town in which you happen to be or ascending to some famous view-point to watch the setting sun. The days spent on the Sea of Galilee are apt to be the most uncomfortable, for down in that basin the air is still and heavy.

The fall months are cooler, but the land is dry after the long hot summer and in many places the springs and wells are empty or flowing very feebly. In October, sometimes in September, the first rain falls. As in the spring, there are days of heavy showers with bright intervals, but there is no interval of clear weather between these early showers and the winter rains. Each storm is heavier than the last until in December winter has fully set in. Then there are frequent storms, sometimes extending over several days. In the mountains snow often falls, although it does not lie long on the ground in Palestine proper. In the Lebanons and in Damascus, the snow fall is heavier and the railroad between Beyrouth and Damascus is not infrequently blocked. In the spring of 1906 a heavy snowstorm on the third of April stopped the trains for several days.

Considering only the weather conditions, I would advise that the traveler reach Jerusalem about the twentieth of March, start on the camping tour north early in April, and plan to leave Beyrouth about the twentieth of April. I should advise against coming to Palestine earlier than the middle of March. I should also advise against visiting the country at all in the winter. If, however, one can devote considerable time, say a month or more, to Jerusalem, and is content to spend the rainy days indoors in studying the books on the city and reading the Bible, which is really the best

guidebook, he would find it very profitable and enjoyable.

Even the experienced traveler should not attempt to make a tour through Palestine without a dragoman. It is not a question of safety. You are just as safe there as in any country in the world. I assume that you wish to see all that you can and to learn as much as possible about the people and the land. That you cannot do unless you can talk with the people. And to learn Arabic is a very different matter from learning a language of the same family as English, such as French or German. Of course you can learn a few words, even perhaps a few phrases. These will be very useful, but will not enable you to really converse with the people. Moreover your vocabulary will be the greatest when you are at the end of your tour, not at the beginning. Therefore a dragoman is a necessity. There are many good professional dragomans in Jerusalem and in Beyrouth, and I think the profession stands higher than in Egypt. I always employ Shukrey Hishmeh and regard him as the best dragoman in Palestine. There are doubtless others nearly if not quite as good, but I cannot speak of them from personal experience.

I advise the traveler to join a party for Palestine. This not because I am engaged in the tourist business, but because I am sure that you can get much more out of the trip in every way than by traveling independently. Many persons who would not think of joining a party for a trip through Europe would do so for Palestine. In this land one needs the company of others. Many people plan to join a party at Jerusalem. But this is leaving much to chance. It may turn out well or ill. I think it is better to arrange to join a company of tourists

from your own country managed by a reputable tourist firm. The expense, especially if the camping trip be included, is less than for the single traveler.

I feel that I ought to say a word of warning against the "cruises" which are organized in America and England each year. They have many features which attract the traveler. Of course these are emphasized in the circulars and advertisements while the great disadvantages of such a tour are passed over or treated as of small importance. If your object is to have a long sea trip on a first-class, large, modern steamship with an occasional fleeting glimpse, a kaleidoscopic picture of many lands, probably the "cruise" will suit you. But do not delude yourself with the idea that you can really see Egypt or Palestine in this way. The busy man who feels that he must hasten over the trip as rapidly as possible or he who fears sea sickness on a small steamer thinks that this is the solution of the problem for him. But I am confident that it is a mistake to try to make a hurried trip through these countries. They are not yet equipped for the lightning traveler. These large steamers are expensive, every day must be utilized, and the stay in a port is cut down to a minimum. So the organizers usually allow seventeen to twenty days, that is, less than three weeks, to both of these countries and they tell the traveler that this is ample time.

The low price of the minimum rate also attracts those to whom economy is an object or a necessity. Those who are fortunate enough to secure some of the lowest-priced berths unquestionably get a great deal for their money. But there are very few of these berths, and most people traveling for pleasure would prefer a more expensive and better located stateroom. The prices

charged for accommodations of average comfort and the numerous and expensive extras make the cost per day of such a tour considerably more than that of a much more satisfactory and enjoyable tour. Moreover the large number of tourists on these steamers is a decided objection. It is very pleasant to have a great deal of good company and many delightful acquaintances are doubtless formed. But Palestine certainly is not the country that can accommodate a large number of tourists at once. When several hundred tourists are landed at Jaffa the landing facilities and means of transportation to Jerusalem are entirely inadequate to take care of them. The same is true of the hotels at Jerusalem as well as of carriages, local guides, and other necessities of the traveler. A small party of from perhaps twelve to twenty members, with a first-class dragoman and conductor and using the best hotels and other facilities which the land provides is, I am very sure, the best way to see and enjoy Palestine.

I have said that the ordinary traveler comes hither from Egypt. It is but a short journey from Cairo to Jerusalem. At present the train leaves Cairo at eleven o'clock in the morning and reaches Port Said at half-past three. The steamer sails early in the evening and arrives at Jaffa in the morning. The sights of Jaffa can be seen in two or three hours. The train for Jerusalem leaves at one o'clock up to the middle of March and at two o'clock in the spring and summer. It takes a little less than four hours to reach Jerusalem. This makes, therefore, only a little over twenty-four hours for the entire journey from Cairo to Jerusalem and only about twenty hours of that is spent in actual travel. When the railroad of the future is built from

Port Said to Jaffa there will be no difficulty in making the complete journey in twelve hours.

Most travelers now go from Jaffa to Jerusalem by rail. There is also a carriage road. I think the ideal way, if the weather is favorable, is to drive in the late afternoon to Ramleh, spend the night there and continue the next day to Jerusalem. There is a small hotel at Ramleh with very comfortable quarters. If the traveler leaves early in the morning he may make a short detour to Tell Abu Shusheh, where Mr. Macalister of the Palestine Exploration Fund has discovered and partly excavated the ancient Gezer, once the dowry of Pharaoh's daughter. The hill is slightly raised above the plain and is one of the places from which to get a picture of the land to be taken away and kept in memory. The eye sweeps over the plain of Sharon from near Mount Carmel almost to the border of Egypt. Back of us rise the mountains of Judea in terraces each topping the other. Luncheon can be taken at Babel-Wad and Jerusalem will be reached in good time for dinner.

There are several good hotels in Jerusalem. The Grand New Hotel is just inside of the Jaffa Gate. The word "new" is no longer appropriate, as it is now the oldest hotel. Personally I think that the Lloyd hotel is the most comfortable. The proprietor has four sons who assist him in the management. One of them has entire charge of the cooking, another of the purchasing, and another is the manager. Hughes' hotel is well spoken of. There are two or three smaller hotels and pensions.

There are several hospices intended primarily for the reception of the pilgrim guest, but also open to the traveler. The largest of these is Notre Dame de France,

salem

just outside the northwest wall. This is the finest building in Jerusalem and even boasts of electric lights. The Austrian and Prussian hospices and the Casa Nuova are smaller institutions inside the city walls.

At least ten days should be devoted to Jerusalem and vicinity. I think it is best to ascend first the Damascus Gate or some housetop near there. The topography of the city and the location of the various buildings can best be learned from here. This can be done with the guidebook or with the aid of the dragoman. Descending the Tyropean Valley, we come to the house of the Little Sisters of Zion, where we can see the Ecce Homo Arch and go down to the original pavement of the time of Christ. Then we can follow the traditional Via Dolorosa to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. This is sufficient for one morning. After luncheon and an hour's rest, we can sally forth again and visit the Church of the Holy Sepulcher. The temple area can be best seen in the morning. It is inadvisable, but not impossible, to go there on Friday, the Muslim holy day. Arrangements for escort must be made through the consulate. There is no difficulty about it, although, of course, there are various fees to be paid. If possible, select a bright day, for the full beauty of this sacred place requires the glorious sunlight and bright blue sky. To my mind, it is the most interesting and at the same time the most delightful place to visit in Jerusalem. I recommend two visits. The first visit is necessary to get a general idea of the buildings. Then if the traveler comes back again after an interval he has time to appreciate and enjoy. When one visits such a place as the temple area for the first time everything is so new and dazzling that he is unable to comprehend it fully.

The second visit supplements and completes the first. Then the traveler goes away feeling that he has not only seen the temple area, but that he, to some degree, understands it. Again I warn the reader against devoting all his time and attention to details. The tourist visitor can only, or at least can best, comprehend large outlines. Try to grasp a mental picture of the beautiful whole, stamp it firmly on your mind, and take it away with you.

A morning or afternoon can be spent on Mount Zion. I do not know whether to advise the early morning or the late afternoon for the visit to the Mount of Olives. I am inclined, however, to recommend an early morning visit, another in the late afternoon, and if possible another on a bright moonlight evening. The views on each of these occasions are so different that one cannot be said to have fully seen and enjoyed Olivet unless he has been there under all conditions. The usual way is to drive over the new road, visit the Russian buildings and enjoy the views, then descend the hill on foot to the Garden of Gethsemane and the Tomb of the Virgin. Thence you can drive to the hotel or enter St. Stephen's Gate and cross the city.

One ought to walk around the city and walk or ride on donkey back to Job's Well, coming up the Valley of the Kedron. I do not forget that all of us have not the same physical powers, but nevertheless advise the traveler who really wishes to enjoy and become acquainted with Jerusalem to walk as much as possible. Never mind if it does take a little longer. You have not come to Jerusalem to save time.

The traveler who can spend considerable time, say two weeks to a month, in the city cannot only make several

visits to the principal objects of interest but can also at least see those of minor importance. My emphatic advice to him who can spend only a week or ten days and must give up three of those days to the Hebron and Jericho trips is to spend practically all of his time in the temple area, at the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, on the summit and slopes of Olivet and in a study of the topography and views of the city. If he were a dear friend of mine I should beg him to stay away from the Via Dolorosa, Mount Zion, the Jews' Wailing Place, and similar trash.

I am again in doubt as to whether the morning or the afternoon is best for the visit to Bethlehem and Solomon's Pools. Bethlehem is peculiarly bright and beautiful in the early morning when the first rays of the sun are falling directly on the high, white stone buildings. This is the time to get the view of Bethlehem from the neighboring hills. And it is none the less beautiful in the late afternoon when the sun is sinking behind the little city and casting long shadows down the deep valley toward the Shepherd's Field and the Dead Sea.

I have already said that I believe in the genuineness of the biblical sites shown in Bethlehem. Those to whom the exact identification of ancient sites is a delight ought to be satisfied here. But I myself think that the exact spot where a certain event, even as important as the birth of Jesus Christ, took place is not of great interest. I prefer to gaze upon the city, the fields, the hills, the valleys, and the real country where Christ lived and worked. That we can be absolutely sure of, it is practically unchanged to-day, and moreover it is beautiful in itself.

Under favorable circumstances I recommend a visit to

Hebron. The city itself is full of inspiring memories of the earliest Bible times and the road thither gives a good idea of the land which the tribe of Judah possessed and cultivated. But it is a long and fatiguing trip and often in the winter and early spring the road is in very bad condition. Therefore my advice as to the visit to Hebron must be qualified by the age and physical condition of the traveler and the state of the road.

The trip to Jericho, the Dead Sea and the Jordan has already been described at length. I cannot too strongly recommend that two nights be spent in Jericho, allowing the entire day for the Dead Sea, the sacred river and the ascent of the Mount of Temptation. It is hard to say that one should stay away if he cannot spend time enough to make the trip comfortably and to see, not merely glance at, these interesting places, but I am convinced that anyone who can arrange to come at all can, if he seriously wishes to, arrange to have at least a few days more than the minimum allotment of time.

I strongly recommend the camping tour to all who are not positively unable to undertake it, and there are very few who belong to this class. It is only in the camp, in riding slowly over the land, sleeping at night under the canvas and by day insensibly taking into one's mind the varying views of mountain and valley, plain, river and sea that one gets that composite picture which is the only real thing one can take away. The stages of the camping trip must be arranged so that the tour is a pleasure and not a task. If your only object is to get from Jerusalem to Beyrouth or Damascus, then by all means use the train and steamer. The camping party composed of English and American tourists, who are unaccustomed to out-of-door life and

the saddle and which tries to make what are called the usual camping stages, estimated at eight hours' riding, becomes so fatigued and the physical energy of its members is so exhausted that the trip cannot be called a pleasure and yields little in knowledge of the land. The ordinary estimate of an eight hours' day means a distance that a good rider on a good horse can cover in five or six hours, but that would take an inexperienced rider on an ordinary horse ten hours or even longer. So the first requisite of a comfortable camping trip is to make the day's journey so short that the traveler have surplus time and physical energy to devote to his main object—seeing the land—and that he be not so completely exhausted at night as to be unable to rest and entirely recuperate for the following day.

The comforts of the camp, such as the tents, bedding and table, are usually all that can be desired. Rain and wet weather are to be feared more because of the mud and difficult traveling which they cause, both for the party and for the baggage train, than from any danger from wetness or dampness in the tents. I think it is unwise to camp earlier than the latter part of March. It is certainly foolhardy to set out on such a trip at a time when experience and records show that the weather will probably be unpleasant. We can do much to make traveling comfortable, but we are absolutely unable to influence the weather.

The usual route is via Nablus, Jenin, Nazareth and the Sea of Galilee to Damascus, thence to Ba'albek and Beyrouth. I do not like the latter part of this route, for the way is difficult and there is not sufficient interest to repay one. Therefore I prefer to follow the usual route to Jenin, then skirt the plain of Esdraelon, camp

on the top of Mount Tabor, descend to the sea of Galilee and then cross the country to Nazareth and Haifa. From Haifa we can either follow the coast to Beyrouth, visiting the Phœnician cities of Tyre and Sidon, or go to Jaffa along the historic plain of Sharon. Of course it is also possible to take the steamer from Haifa to Beyrouth. At present steamers are more frequent from Jaffa and the journey for a couple of days along the shore of the Mediterranean gives a new experience and is a delightful termination to the camp. At least a week should be allotted to Damascus and Beyrouth. Damascus has two first-class hotels which are famed throughout the country. Although claiming to be the oldest city in the world, it bids fair to lead not only Syria but the whole Turkish empire in twentieth century progress. A Belgian company has obtained the right to build an electric street railway and an electric lighting plant. These were put into operation last February (1907) and Damascus is therefore the first city in Turkey with these products of Western invention.

Two days are sufficient to see all that the tourist usually cares for or is able to appreciate in Damascus. Of course those who are especially interested in Oriental life and manufactures can spend a much longer time there to their great profit, but unless they are prepared to spend a considerable time to gain some knowledge of the language and settle down as students or observers rather than travelers or tourists, I do not think they will need a longer time.

Of course Ba'albek should have a day. Here again this time is sufficient for the ordinary traveler who does not wish to study.

Beyrouth is a beautiful city with two excellent hotels.

The modern city and the Dog River can be visited in one day. If the traveler wishes to think quietly over his trip through the Holy Land and to gather strength for the rest of his journey, he will never regret a few days at Beyrouth. Let him not try to study the guidebook, but simply take some of the beautiful trips along the shore of the Mediterranean or straight up into the mountains of Lebanon.

Most travelers will go thence to Constantinople. The French mail steamer makes the trip in four days, stopping at Smyrna and at either Rhodes or Samos. The steamers are large and among the best on the Mediterranean. They are much larger and faster than those on the other lines. Of course there is great demand for accommodations, especially on the two dates in April.

At present the Austrian Lloyd has suspended its service from Beyrouth to Constantinople. The only steamers now running on the local service are those of the Russian Company. These steamers are small, but they have very fine accommodations for a few first-class passengers. Their table has and deserves the highest reputation. It is expected that the Austrian Lloyd will resume the service to Constantinople and also that the Italian company will establish a new line during the coming winter.

To those who are not in the clutches of that inexorable demon, Time, I can highly recommend the trip by local steamer. The cabin passengers are few and the steerage passengers are interesting. You go first to the island of Cyprus, stopping at Limmasol and Lamaka. If one wishes to leave the beaten track and enjoy a delightful week among the scenes and civilization of the past he can do no better than to spend it in this

beautiful island. Cyprus cannot be said to be really open to the tourist. But accommodations can be obtained in the principal cities and there are good hotels at Famagusta and Nikosia. Mount Troodos is now becoming a summer resort for people from Egypt and the coast cities of Palestine. Cyprus is now under the English flag, with regular mail communication and direct cable.

The local steamer returns to Tripolis, which is only some sixty miles north of Beyrouth. This was a stronghold of the Crusaders and is to-day a very important commercial port, unvisited by the tourist. It was near here that the British battleship *Camperdown* was rammed and sunk a few years ago. This was one of the great disasters in the history of the British navy.

Latakia is the port of Antioch and Hama, although the commerce of the latter city would probably now pass through Beyrouth. It is also famous for its tobacco.

Alexandretta is the port of Aleppo. The caravan trade from the Valley of the Euphrates and the Tigris reaches the Mediterranean here. Licorice, which is so much used in England and America, is gathered in the interior and brought on camels to the factory. Great hydraulic presses compress it into bales. Sailing vessels carry it thence to our factories and eventually it reaches the confectionery and drug store. All the European manufactured goods for a vast province are disembarked here and carried away on camels to the interior.

Alexandretta is also the port through which flows a steady stream of soldiers and travelers passing to and fro between Constantinople and the Euphrates Valley. On one occasion I met the chief of police of Bagdad

who had been summoned to report at the capital. He was attended by three servants, but nevertheless traveled in the steerage. He felt more at home there among his own people than he would in a fine stateroom furnished according to European ideas. I found him a very interesting man to talk with and learned much about his experiences and the country from which he came. He had a small collection of seals and rings from the mounds of buried Babylonian cities.

On another occasion I landed with a party at Alexandretta and chartered a special train on perhaps the smallest railroad used for passengers in the world. The railroad is used for bringing earth from the hills to fill in the marsh near the town. On Fridays and Sundays, the holidays of the two great religions, the people take a railroad ride at an expense of a cent and a quarter each way. For most of them it is their only experience in railroading.

Across the bay is the scene of the Battle of Issus, where Alexander the Great overcame the host of Darius, king of Persia. This was certainly one of the great battles of the world.

We continue to Mersina. Thence we may visit Tarsus, the birthplace of the apostle Paul and a famous city in ancient times. It is still a large city and is thoroughly typical of Asia Minor. The ancient gateway, now far from the city, and the old mountain monastery called the " tomb of Sardanapalus," testify to its former size and magnificence. Rev. Mr. Christie has lived here as a missionary all his life and has an excellent school. It is my conviction that the best missionary work is done by such schools, whose first object is to bring civilization and knowledge to the people rather than religion.

Rhodes is famous for its colossus, which was one of the seven wonders of the world. It did not, however, stand at the entrance of the harbor, but over the passageway between the two harbors. All trace of it has now disappeared. After the Crusades the Knights of St. John came hither from Cyprus and gained possession of this island and others in the neighborhood. They held out against the navy of the Ottoman Turks until as late as 1522, when they were finally overcome and retreated to Sicily and later to Malta.

It is interesting to know that in one of these sieges a prince of the house of Savoy so distinguished himself that he was given the motto, "Fortitudo Ejus Rhodium Tenuit." The reigning family of Italy is of this same noble house and to-day the letters "F. E. R. T." are stamped on every Italian coin. A yachting trip through these islands of the Sporades would be of great interest, but is the privilege of only a favored few. The island of Patmos, the place of banishment of St. John, is not far from the steamer track and sometimes I have been able to induce the captain to run past it. It has a monastery where a few faithful Greek monks preserve the memory of the Evangelist.

Smyrna is the most important commercial city of the Levant. It can hardly be said to belong to any one nation. Though most of the people are Greeks, it is under the Turkish government, and all nationalities are to be found there. It is a busy city, but its narrow, tortuous and ill-paved streets, although they may furnish entertainment for the traveler, will not delight him.

The International College at Smyrna is incorporated under the laws of Massachusetts. Although founded under the auspices of the American Board of Foreign

Missions it has received very little direct aid from them. Dr. Alexander MacLachlan has really established the college by his own efforts and those of his assistants. The American colleges at Assiut, Beyrouth, Smyrna and Constantinople are civilizing that part of the world. This one at Smyrna although the youngest and poorest financially, is in my opinion, first in the amount of work done, considering its limited resources. I know no place where a philanthropist could place some of his surplus funds to better advantage than here.

Smyrna is known to the traveler as the starting point for the excursion to Ephesus. The ruins are reached from Ayassoluk, about fifty miles distant. The Austrians have made extensive excavations and one of the greatest and most interesting of ancient cities is now revealed to our gaze. If the weather is good and the traveler can arrange to have several hours at Ephesus, I would recommend the trip. But the ruins are some distance from the railroad station, and in wet weather, owing to the marshy soil and high grass, it would be unpleasant for any but the most ardent archæologist. A better way is to devote a whole day to the trip. This cannot be done by those who wish to continue on the same steamer to Constantinople, but can easily be accomplished by waiting over a steamer.

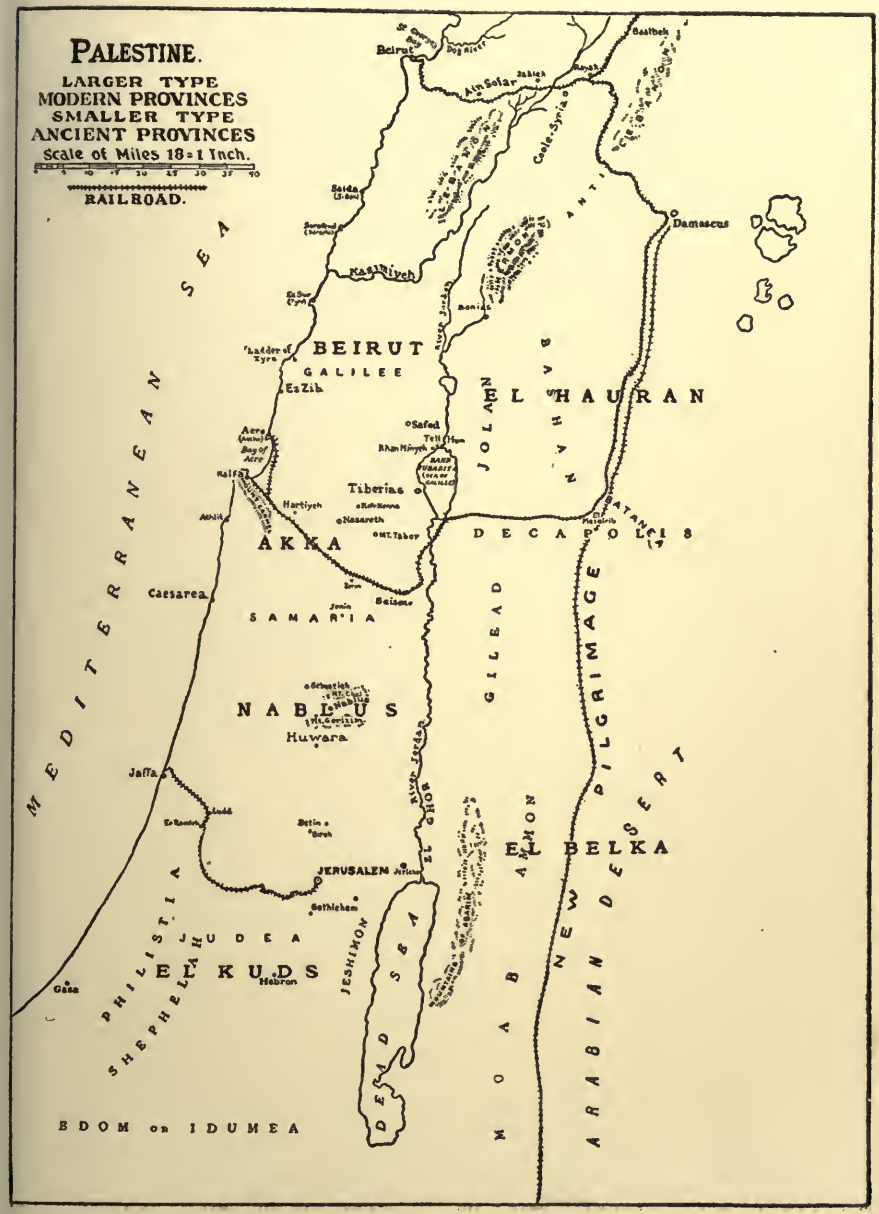
The voyage through the Dardanelles and up the Sea of Marmora is interesting, and the view of Constantinople from the sea is truly magnificent. One cannot see it too often. But I am going beyond my subject. At Constantinople we may fairly consider the traveler as out of Palestine and again landed in Europe.

It is not necessary to go to Constantinople from Beyrouth, but the only other alternative is to return to

Alexandria and thence to Athens or Italy. Beyrouth is merely a local port on the Syrian coast and all steamer lines run either north or south.

Those who visit Palestine in the fall will do well to begin their tour at Beyrouth and reverse the trip which I have here outlined.

As a closing word, let me again beg the reader to take the broad view, both of the land and the history and to look at his trip as a pleasure and not as a task. Syria and Palestine is one of the most interesting countries in the world from the standpoint of its history, because of it's being the birthplace of the Christian religion, and on account of the wonderful natural scenery and interesting peoples which it always has had, has to-day, and always will have.


PALESTINE.
LARGER TYPE
MODERN PROVINCES
SMALLER TYPE
ANCIENT PROVINCES
Scale of Miles 18 = 1 Inch.
RAILROAD.
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
Beirut
Dog River
Ain Sofar
Jebleh
Rayak
Baalbek
Coele-Syria
Saida
Kasimiyeh
Damascus
Banias
River Jordan
BEIRUT
GALILEE
Ladder of Tyre
Ez Zib
Safed
Tell Hum
Rhan Minyeh
Acre
Bay of Acre
Haifa
Tiberias
Hartiyeh
Nazareth
Mt. Tabor
Athlit
AKKA
Caesarea
Jenin
Beisan
SAMARIA
EL HAURAN
JOLAN
BASHAN
DECAPOLIS
GILEAD
NABLUS
Huwara
Jaffa
Ludd
Betin
Bireh
JERUSALEM
Jericho
Bethlehem
EL GHOR
River Jordan
EL BELKA
AMMON
MOAB
NEW PILGRIMAGE
ARABIAN DESERT
PHILISTIA
SHEPHELAH
JUDEA
EL KUDS
Hebron
Gaza
JESHIMON
DEAD SEA
EDOM or IDUMEA

18674

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 000 674 404 9